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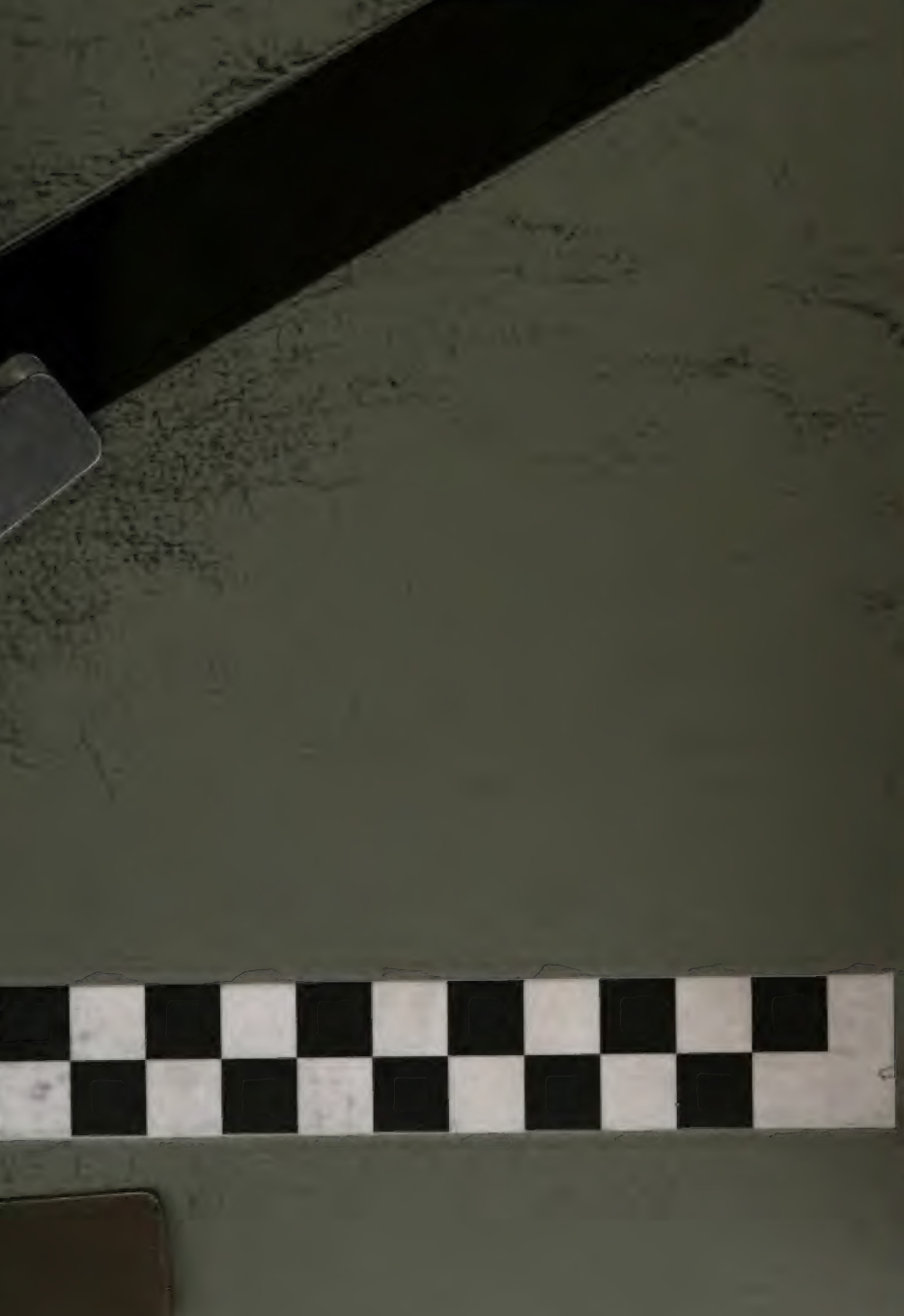
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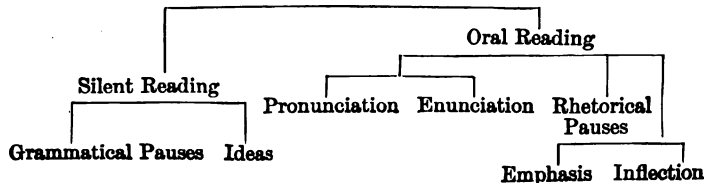
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OUTLINE OF THIS FIFTH READER.

Plan of the Fifth Reader.—While this book is a continuation of the Fourth Reader, "enlarging its scope and broadening its aims," its methods are such as are best adapted to the increased powers of the pupils. It neither belittles their ability by too great simplicity, nor discourages them by unattainable excellence.

Great Variety.—The selections used cover a wide range of time, style, and authorship, in order to give the pupil an acquaintance with the master minds in literature, whose merits make sure that they will survive the temporary literary fashion of their times, and whose fitness for such a book as this cannot be questioned. But no attempt has been made to give examples of all styles, good and bad, alike. This belongs to a history of English literature rather than to a school Reader.

Sources of Extracts.—Extracts have been taken from authors who represent the best there is in literature, without regard to the age in which they lived, their nationality, or their religious views. The present era is well represented, though it is not pretended that selections are made from all the worthy living authors. Besides, there is a literary fashion that authors must follow in order to have a present popularity, and this in our day tends too much to sensationalism of a low order. Such a tendency can be counteracted in our schools, where purer tastes should be cultivated; and to this end many interesting, powerful, stimulating lessons have been chosen from the poets, the dramatists, the essayists, the travelers, and the historians, whose works have survived generations gone and will live in generations yet to come, making their impressions for good on all who study them.

Biographies.—To aid the pupil in gaining a further knowledge of the selections used, and to create a still greater interest in the authors' writings as well as in their personalities, brief sketches have been given, covering the important events in their lives, enumerating their principal works, for collateral reading, and illustrating or criticising their varied styles.

Exercises on each Lesson.—A brief list of words, to be spelled and defined, and a series of suggestive questions, based on the selection, follow each lesson. These are designed simply to lead the way to the oral instruction which every teacher should adapt to each class, using in connection therewith the carefully prepared preliminary matter of this book.

New and Old.—While the selections in these Readers have never been generally used in previous series, there will be found certain old familiar pieces that have been in nearly every Reader for a century, and that deserve a place here. They are mostly dramatic or declamatory, and supply sufficient of this class of literature to meet the needs of pupils. These selections are placed together in Part II., to be used as desired.

Illustrations.—While all the illustrations are artistic and worthy of study, special attention is called to the many portraits of authors which, with their autographs, accompany the sketches of their lives or the selections from their writings. These must prove sources of great pleasure and profit to the pupil.

Acknowledgment is made to the great publishing houses for kind permission to use selections from many standard authors, and especially to D. Appleton & Co. for extracts from Bryant, Bancroft, and Arabella Buckley; to Harper & Brothers for selections from Motley, Curtis, and Lew Wallace; to Charles Scribner's Sons for the lessons from the writings of J. G. Holland, D. G. Mitchell, and R. H. Stoddard; and to J. B. Lippincott Co. for the extracts from Prescott and T. B. Read. The selections from Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, Saxe, Fields, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Alice Cary are used by permission of, and arrangement with, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of their works.



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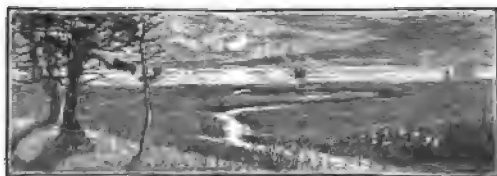
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A GUIDE TO ORAL READING.

Axiom 1.—Know exactly what you are to teach.

Axiom 2.—Know exactly each step in your plan of teaching.

Axiom 3.—Know exactly the action of the pupil's mind at each step taken.

Axiom 4.—Base all teaching on the known, and teach the nearest unknown.

Axiom 5.—Teach one thing at a time, thoroughly.

Haphazard teaching never amounts to much; but a graded plan, followed systematically, slowly, and thoroughly, will produce wonderful results.

READING is twofold: (a) Silent and (b) Oral.

Silent reading is reading for ideas. The power to gain from the written or printed page the ideas of an author, easily, rapidly, and without a conscious naming of the words, is the key to all studies.

Silent Reading stands first in the order of teaching as well as first in importance.

Oral Reading is reading aloud the words of an author so as to convey his meaning to the hearer. But, to express aloud fairly well the proper meaning, the author's ideas must be understood and then naturally expressed.

Oral Reading, then, depends: (a) on the ideas, which are obtained from silent reading; (b) on distinct articulation, which comes from proper phonic drill; (c) on the natural oral expression of the thought, which includes Emphasis, Inflection, and the proper Rhetorical Pauses.

Oral Reading will be treated under two heads: 1. ARTICULATION and 2. EXPRESSION.

A short exercise should be given every day on both Articulation and Expression.

I. ARTICULATION.

Articulation is the utterance of the elementary sounds that are found in spoken words.

An elementary sound is a simple spoken sound.

Speech consists of sounds combined into words.

These sounds are produced by emissions of the breath modified by the Organs of Speech. The Organs of Speech chiefly modifying the sounds are the tongue, teeth, lips, and palate. The nasal passages, lungs, larynx (in which are the vocal cords), pharynx, and windpipe (trachea) complete the list.

Elementary sounds are divided into *vowels* and *consonants*, which terms apply both to the *sounds* and to the *letters* representing them.

A vowel sound is a sound produced by an unobstructed utterance of the breath (as in whispering) or of the voice (as in speaking aloud).

Vowel sounds are *Simple* (having only one sound) or *Compound* (having two simple sounds united in utterance into a single sound).

A consonant sound is a sound produced by the partial or complete obstruction of the breath or voice by the vocal organs.

All sounds are formed or modified by the position of the *tongue*, the *palate*, the *lips*, or by the *motions* of the *lower jaw*; but the breath is not hindered from coming out freely in *vowel sounds*, while *consonant sounds* are produced by a partial or complete obstruction of the breath or of the voice by the tongue, teeth, lips, or palate, and are sometimes named from the organ by which they are formed, AS LABIALS, DENTALS, PALATALS.

The following pages contain a complete vocal drill, covering the entire school course, and should be taught, little by little, slowly, carefully, and thoroughly, and, as fast as learned, should be applied to the Reading Lessons.

With most classes you may not be able to master half of this course. Select the drill suited to your pupils, and do your work so well that the course can be completed in the next grade without taking half the time to review the work attempted now.

TABLES. VOWEL SOUNDS.

Sounds of	macron —	breve ˘	dots ..	dot .	wave ~	circum- flex ^	a = ē; e, o, and u = ī; u = ē; o = wī; u = w; y = ē.
a	māy	băg	{ăre all	{ăsk was	—	căre	any(ē)
e	mē, they	bĕg	—	—	hĕr	thĕre	pretty(ī)
i	mīne	bĭg	polĭce	—	sĭr	—	—
o	mōw	bŏg	dŏ	{wŏn wŏlf	wŏrk	cŏrn	{one(wŭ) women(ī)
u	mŭse	bŭg	rŭde	pŭll	—	fŭr	{quit(w) busy(ī) bury(ē) quay(ē)
y	mŷ	hŷmn	—	—	mŷrrh	—	—
oo	mōon	bŏok	—	—	—	—	—

Used by the International to indicate a long vowel unaccented, as *sĕntĕ, kĭtĕ*.

2. EQUIVALENT VOWEL SOUNDS.

a = ō	was, nŏt	ŏ = ŭ	wŏlf, pŭll
a = ĕ	many, said, mĕt	ŭ = ɔ	rŭde, dŏ
e = ā	they, veĭl, māy	ōō = ɔ	mōon, dŏ
ē = â	thĕre, thĕir, căre	ōō = ŭ	bŏok, pŭll
ī = ē	polĭce, mē	ou = ow	out, cow
ô = â	fŏr, făll	oy = oi	boy, oil
ô = ŭ	sŏn, sŭn		
ŷ = ī	mŷ, mĭne	ĕ = ī = ō = ŷ = ŭ	
ŷ = ĭ	hŷmn, hĭm	hĕr, fir, wŏrk, mŷrrh, ūrge	

The sounds of these vowels (if indeed they have any sound) are so united with the sound of *r* following as to be practically lost; *e* in *servant* is either *e* or *ĕ*.

3. CONSONANTS. REGULAR SOUNDS.

ç soft, like *s* (mercy); *e* hard, like *k* (eat); *ch*, unmarked, as in child; *ch* soft, like *sh* (chaise); *ĝ* (or unmarked) hard (ĝō); *ĝ* soft, like *j* (age); *th* sharp, unmarked (thin); *th* flat, or vocal (thee); *ng*, unmarked (sing); *n* (sink); *ʒ*, like *gz* (exact); *x*, unmarked, like *ks* (extreme); *z*, like *z* (is); *qu*, unmarked, like *kw* (quite); *wh*, unmarked, like *hw* (when).

4. CONSONANTS. EQUIVALENTS.

gh = *p* (hiccough); *gh* = *f* (cough); *d* = *t* (looked); *di* = *j* (soldier); *ph* = *f* (Philip); *c*, *ce*, or *ci* = *sh* (ocean); *s*, *se*, or *si* = *sh* (nauseous, mission, sure); *t* or *ti* = *sh* (nation, partial, patient); *so* or *sci* = *sh* (conscience); *ph* = *v* (Stephen); *x* = *z* (Xenophon); *x* = *ksh* (noxious, luxury); *s* or *si* = *zh* (vision); *z* or *zi* = *zh* (azure, glazier); *t* or *ti* = *zh* (transition); *g* = *zh* (rouge); *f* = *v* (of); *sc* = *zz* (discern); *c* = *z* (suffice); *ss* = *zz* (hussar).

VOWELS. (SOUNDS, NOT LETTERS.)

māy, dāy, sāy, gāy ā, ā, ā, ā (*long*)
 mē, hē, bē, wē ē, ē, ē, ē (*long*)
 pīe, hīgh, tīe, līe ī, ī, ī, ī (*long*)
 lō, nō, sō, gō ō, ō, ō, ō (*long*)
 ūse, cūe, hūe, dūe ū, ū, ū, ū (*long*)

* ā, ē, ī, ō, ū. mā, mē, mī, mō, mū.

m-ā mā m-ē mē m-ī mī m-ō mō m-ū mū

ām, ām ă, ă (*short*) || mēt, mēt ɛ, ɛ (*short*)
 ĩn, ĩn ĩ, ĩ (*short*) || ɔn, ɔn ɔ, ɔ (*short*)
 ŭp, ŭp ŭ, ŭ (*short*) || ă, ɛ, ĩ, ɔ, ŭ.

*mă, mă mē, mē mī, mī mō, mō mū, mū
 m-ă mă m-ē mē m-ī mī m-ō mō m-ū mū

pă, pă ă, ă (*Italian*) || dɔ, dɔ ɔ, ɔ
 lăw, lăw ɶ, ɶ (*broad*) || pull, pull ʊ, ʊ
 ăsk, ăsk ă, ă (*intermed.*) || dăre, dăre ă, ă

*mă, mă mɶ, mɶ mă, mă mɔ, mɔ mʊ, mʊ
 m-ă mă m-ɶ mɶ m-ă mă m-ɔ mɔ m-ʊ mʊ

†ē, ā, ă, â, ă, ă, ɶ, ɔ
 mē, māy, mäst, mâre, măn, mă, maw, mōw, mɔ

†ī, ĩ, ɛ, ɔ, ŭ, ʊ, ū
 fine, fĭn, fĕd, fɔp, fŭn, full fŭme

* Use other consonants with these sounds in the same way as *m* is used in the above lines; e. g., instead of m-ă mă, m-ē mē, etc., give the line, b-ă bă, b-ē bē, etc. Every vowel sound in our language is given on this page. There are many *equivalents*, but no other *vowel sounds*. † These combinations are given to teach the proper discriminations, and to develop the vocal organs. It is a good exercise to sing them to the scale, with one, two, or more utterances of each sound to each tone of the scale.

CONSONANTS. (SOUNDS, NOT LETTERS.)

bābe,	ēbb . .	b, b, b, b . .	b-ā-be,	ē-bb.
eāt,	tāek . .	k, k, k, k . .	e-ā-t,	t-ā-ek.
dāy,	bād . .	d, d, d, d . .	d-āy,	b-ā-d.
fāt,	ōff . .	f, f, f, f . .	f-ā-t,	ō-ff.
gō,	ēgg . .	g, g, g, g . .	g-ō,	ē-gg.
hē,	hāt . .	h, h, h, h . .	h-ā-t,	h-ē.
joy,	āge . .	g, g, g, g . .	j-oy,	ā-ge.
Kāte,	tāke . .	k, k, k, k . .	K-ā-te,	t-ā-ke.
dūll,	lūll . .	l, l, l, l . .	l-ū-ll,	d-ū-ll.
māy,	āim . .	m, m, m, m . .	m-āy,	āi-m.
fūn,	nūn . .	n, n, n, n . .	n-ū-n,	f-ū-n.
pīpe,	pīp . .	p, p, p, p . .	p-ī-p,	p-ī-pe.
rāt,	tār . .	r, r, r, r . .	r-ā-t,	t-ā-r.
sāp,	pāss . .	s, s, s, s . .	s-ā-p,	p-ā-ss.
tāek,	eāt . .	t, t, t, t . .	t-ā-ek,	e-ā-t.
vālvē,	eāve . .	v, v, v, v . .	v-ā-l-ve,	e-ā-ve.
wē,	wīll . .	w, w, w, w . .	w-ē,	w-ī-ll.
yēs,	yēt . .	y, y, y, y . .	y-ē-s,	y-ē-t.
zēst,	būzz . .	z, z, z, z . .	z-ē-s-t,	b-ū-zz.
sīng,	rīng . .	ng, ng, ng, ng . .	s-ī-ng,	r-ī-ng.
thīn,	nōrth . .	th, th, th, th . .	th-ī-n,	n-ō-r-th.
thēn,	wīth . .	th, th, th, th . .	th-ē-n,	w-ī-th.
chūrch,	lūrch . .	ch, ch, ch, ch . .	ch-ū-r-ch,	l-ū-r-ch.
sēizure,	āzure . .	z, z, z, z . .	s-ēi-z-u-re,	ā-z-u-re.
shē,	wāsh . .	sh, sh, sh, sh . .	sh-ē,	w-ā-sh.

NOTE.—Pronounce both words slowly, dwelling on the sound you wish to teach. After giving the word several times, make the word from the sounds. Begin with one easy word, and go very slowly.

REPRESENTATIONS OF ALL VOWEL SOUNDS.

ā : āte, āid, māy, breāk, gāuge, gāol, āye.

ă : ăt, plăid, guărăntee.

ä : ärm, äunt, heärt, guärd, bazäar.

â : dâre, fâir, beâr, prâyer, Aâron.

â : ask (when followed by the smooth *r*, it becomes â).

ą : ąall, ąwe, ąraud, ąwol.

ą : was.

ā : senāte, ravāge (long ā in unaccented syllables).

a : (unmarked = ə) many, said, says ; (a = û) liar ; as in final (marked by Worcester as obscure ; left unmarked by Webster).

ē : mē, ēat, bēef, thiēf, decēit, kēy, pēople, Portuguēse, Aēgis, oēsophagus.

ē : mēt, hēad, diaēresis, hēifer, jēopardy, friēnd, Oēdipus, guēst.

e : they, veīl, mēlee.

é : thère, thérir, mēlee.

ē : hēr, hēard, guērdon.

ē : évent, créate (long ē in unaccented syllables).

e : (unmarked = ĭ) pretty, been ; (= ā) sergeant ; récent (marked by Worcester as obscure ; left unmarked by Webster).

ī : īce, dīe, guīde, heīght, aīse.

ī : fīr.

ī : īt, dutīes, buīlt, captāin, foreīgn, carriāge, tortoise.

ī : īdēā (long ī in unaccented syllables).

ī : police.

ō : nō, ōats, blōw, fōur, hōe, dōor, yeōman, ōwe.

ō : ōn, knōwledge, lōugh.

o : dō, blōom (or ōō), shōe.

ô : bōrn, bōught, brōad, Geōrge, extraôrdinary.

o : wōlf, brōok (or ōō).

ō : wōrk.

ô : sôn, natiôn (ti = sh), tóuch, blóod, dôes, porpóise, cushiôn, dungeôn.

ô : ôbey (long ô in unaccented syllables).

o : (unmarked = ĭ) women.

û : ûse, hûe, jûice, lieû, beaûty, mantûa-maker, neûter, youûth, yûle.

Û : Ûs, nervoûs.

Û : rûde, grouûp, trûe, fruûit, manoeuvre.

û : fûr, scoûrge.

Û : fuûl, woûld.

û : ûnite (long û in unaccented syllables).

u : (unmarked = ĭ) busy ; (= ě) bury ; (= w) quit.

ÿ : mÿ, buÿ, rÿe, aÿe, eÿe (= ĭ).

ÿ : hÿmn (= ĭ).

ÿ : mÿrtle (= ĭ).

y : (unmarked = ě) quay.

ÿ : hÿena (long ÿ in unaccented syllables).

DIPHTHONGS.

A real, or proper, diphthong consists of two vowel sounds in one syllable. When two vowels are written together, and one is silent, it is an improper diphthong. All the long vowels but ě are real diphthongs, while most of the apparent diphthongs are improper.

oi (ô-ĭ or a-ĭ) = oy (ô ô-ÿ ÿ) = eoi, boil, boy, bourgeoisie.

ou (ă-Û or ă-ô) = ow = eo . . . out, crowd, Macleod.

PECULIAR EQUIVALENTS.

hautboy (au = ô), beau (eau = ô), sew (ew = ô).

grew (ew = o = ô), dew (ew = û), few (ew = û).

view (iew = û), ewe = û, beaufin (eau = ĭ or ô).

PUNCTUATION AND DEFINITIONS.

The **period** (.) is used after a statement or a command, and to show that letters are omitted.

The **comma** (,), **semicolon** (;), and **colon** (:) are used between the parts of a sentence to make the meaning plain.

The **apostrophe** (') is used to denote ownership, and to show that letters have been omitted.

The **quotation marks** (" ") are used to denote that the words inclosed by them were spoken exactly as they are printed.

The **exclamation point** (!) shows surprise, astonishment, or alarm.

The **interrogation point** (?) is used at the end of a question.

The **hyphen** (-) connects the syllables of a word, and also the words that form a compound word.

Parentheses () inclose explanations or illustrations of the regular text.

The **dash** (—) is used to denote an unfinished sentence, a break or sudden change in the sense; to increase the length of a pause, and, instead of stars (**), to show that letters or words are omitted.

1. A **name-word** (or **noun**) is the name of anything.

(A noun is said to be in the singular number if it means but one, and in the plural number if it means more than one.)

2. An **action-word** (or **verb**) is a word that expresses action.

3. A **pronoun** is a word that takes the place of a noun.

4. A **quality-word** (or **adjective**) is any word that tells the quality of any object.

5. A **describing-word** (or **adverb**) is a word that tells how, when, why, or where an action is done.

6. **Connecting-words** (**prepositions** and **conjunctions**) are words that connect other words, and show how or why they are joined together.

7. An **interjection** is a word expressing surprise, alarm, astonishment, or pain.

8. A **sentence** is the complete expression of a thought in words. (A sentence must always contain at least two words—a noun or pronoun and a verb—expressed or understood, and should always begin with a capital letter.)

9. A **question** is a sentence used to ask something.

10. A **statement** is a sentence used to state something.

11. An **exclamation** is a sentence used to express pain, astonishment, alarm, or surprise.

EXERCISES FOR DRILL ON SOUNDS.

Be boys, but be not bad boys. Bravely and blamelessly, before the band of brothers, he bore the bright blue banner blazoned with stars. "Come, countrymen, conquer the coming cohorts, or die doing deeds of dreadful daring." Fast flew the fiend, feeding the fiery flames flashing fearfully forth. The great giant gazed gloomily on the glassy glacier, his haughty head heaved high and his hands held heavenward. How had he hired a horse? King Cole kicked kettles and kites. Low lies the lily lingering in the lane. Man, master, maid, made mad by many mishaps, moved much more mechanically 'mid mud and mire. No, not, none, neat, are not nouns. Only on other oceans Ossian oftentimes ordered obnoxious offerings. Put Peter Pepper's prangly pears in pots and pans. Quite queer and quaint, the queen. Round the rude rock the rugged rascal ran, singing soft, sad, sobbing sounds. To teach tom-tit to talk. Vineyards veil vales with vines. We want wide ways well wet. Zounds, zealous zouave!

COGNATE LABIALS.

Two sounds are called *Cognate* sounds when they are made with the organs of speech in the same position; for example, *p*, *b*. As the sounds of all the Italic letters in this exercise are produced with the lips in the same position, they are called lip-letters, or *Labials*. The vowel sounds, being produced in the open mouth, are called open sounds, or *Vocals* (Tonics). When the sound of a letter is made in the throat, it is called a *Sub-vocal* (Sub-tonic). When a breathing (or aspiration) is formed into sound by the organs of the mouth (tongue, teeth, lips, etc.), the sound is called an *Aspirate* (Atonic).

pig, big—pale, bale—pet, bet—pug, bug—pond, bond—pip,
bib—cup, cub—Whig, wig—whey, way—whales, Wales—fail,
vale—fain, vane—life, live—fife, five—tart, dart—tied, died—
tale, dale—tug, dug—tot, dot—hat, had—sat, sad—mat, mad—
fisher, vizier—then, thine—bath, bathe—breath, breathe—gas,
gaze—mass, maize—hiss, his—take, tag—lake, lag—lock, log—
luck, lug—bunch, budge—lunch, judge.

COMBINATIONS.

Brag, brags, brag'st, bragged, bragg'd'st.
Breed, breeds, breed'st, bred, bred'st.
Grab, grabs, grab'st, grabbed, grabb'd'st.
Bluff, bluffs, bluff'st, bluffed, bluff'd'st.
Nibble, nibbles, nibbl'st, nibbled, nibbl'd'st.
Draggle, draggles, draggl'st, draggled, draggl'd'st.
Straddle, straddles, straddl'st, straddled, straddl'd'st.
Frame, frames, fram'st, framed, fram'd'st.
Trifle, trifles, trifl'st, trifled, trifl'd'st.
Smooth, smooths, smooth'st, smoothed, smooth'd'st.
Quake, quakes, quak'st, quaked, quak'd'st.
Crackle, crackles, crackl'st, crackled, crackl'd'st.
Thrill, thrills, thrill'st, thrilled, thrill'd'st.
Plan, plans, plan'st, planned, plann'd'st.
Twirl, twirls, twirl'st, twirled, twirl'd'st.
Grasp, grasps, grasp'st, grasped, grasp'd'st.
Trundle, trundles, trundl'st, trundled, trundl'd'st.
Hang, hangs, hang'st, hanged, hang'd'st.
Thank, thanks, thank'st, thanked, thank'd'st.
Whittle, whittles, whittl'st, whittled, whittl'd'st.
Dwarf, dwarfs, dwarf'st, dwarfed, dwarf'd'st.
Thwart, thwarts, thwart'st, thwarted, thwarted'st.
Judge, judges, judg'st, judged, judg'd'st.
Charge, charges, charg'st, charged, charg'd'st.
Scorn, scorns, scorn'st, scorned, scorn'd'st.
Dart, darts, dart'st, darted, darted'st.
Ask, asks, ask'st, asked, ask'd'st.
Curb, curbs, curb'st, curbed, curb'd'st.
Swerve, swerves, swerv'st, swerved, swerv'd'st.
Pinch, pinches, pinch'st, pinched, pinch'd'st.
Adopt, adopts, adopt'st, adopted, adopted'st.
Herd, herds, herd'st, herded, herded'st.
Arm, arms, arm'st, armed, arm'd'st.

Dazzle, dazzles, dazzl'st, dazzled, dazzl'd'st.
Harp, harps, harp'st, harped, harp'd'st.
Range, ranges, rang'st, ranged, rang'd'st.
Love, loves, lov'st, loved, lov'd'st.
Circle, circles, circl'st, circled, circl'd'st.
Milk, milks, milk'st, milked, milk'd'st.
Help, helps, help'st, helped, help'd'st.
Indulge, indulges, indulg'st, indulged, indulg'd'st.
Lurk, lurks, lurk'st, lurked, lurk'd'st.

His small eyes seemed drowned in his tears.
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.

With all his care,
His two small legs
Could scarcely bear
The weight of two small eggs.

When asked her age, her rage was too great for utterance.
Her heir smooths her hair, but tries to conceal his acts.
She wished him to row her over in her uncle's old boat.
Washington was skilled in war. Who can know the height,
depth, length, width, breadth of eternity?

In a unit there are three thirds, four fourths, five fifths, six
sixths, seven sevenths, eight eighths, nine ninths, ten tenths,
eleven elevenths, or twelve twelfths.

The beasts straggled through the thickest forests.
See this, mother! It is our chain. Its links are over our
own arms. That lasts till night. That last still night.

Amidst the mists, with wildest boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a
sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles
through the thick of his thumb; now, if Theophilus Thistle;

the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of *his* thumb, see that *thou*, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of *thy* thumb. Success to the successful thistle-sifter.

When a twister, a-twisting, will twist him a twist,
For twisting his twist, he three twines doth intwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do *untwist*,
The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twist.

2. EXPRESSION.

Expression will be treated under four heads: 1. TONE; 2. INFLECTION; 3. RHETORICAL PAUSES; 4. EMPHASIS.

Good reading is simply the natural expression of the ideas.

This does not mean that reading should be like talking.

Few people express themselves naturally in conversation.

Children readily fall into the mannerisms of their associates. These mannerisms are generally faulty grammatically and rhetorically (in pitch, inflection, articulation, emphasis, time, volume, and quality). Even if children expressed their own ideas correctly, they should not read as they talk, except when the matter read represents them (or others) as talking.

Reading is different from talking, though having elements in common. In talking, one expresses his own ideas in his own words, with sentences adapted in length and form to his natural habit of speech. In reading, one expresses the ideas of the author, written in his own style. The choice of words, their combinations, and the length of sentences are all his own, and are generally different from the reader's natural form of thought and expression.

Reading matter is divided into two classes, (a) Conversational ideas and (b) Rhetorical ideas.

Conversational Ideas.—These should be read *as the author would say them* in talking, provided he talked naturally.

Unless his form of expression is the same as the reader would use, the latter has no *natural* way of reading, but must try to give the author's meaning as the author *should* naturally talk it.

A child stands before you with a lead pencil in his hand. You ask, "What have you in your hand?" He replies naturally, "I have a lead pencil." Now, if you insist that he shall reply, "I have in my hand an instrument used for writing and drawing, consisting of a strip of graphite enclosed in a small cylinder of wood," do you expect him to say it *naturally* even after he has learned it? Certainly not. He never would have described a pencil in this way, and hence is not natural in his way of expression. He must be taught to express himself as the author naturally would or should.

Rhetorical Ideas.—These cannot be "talked," and, in order to read them well, the reader must understand the meaning, the surrounding circumstances, and the impressions the author seeks to convey. Then the reader will express the thought naturally in a true sense. The drill on the Common Elements of Reading and Talking is given to show what natural expression is, and to correct faults gained by association and example.

TONE.

All vocal sounds are called **tones**. Every person has a natural tone—that is, a tone in which he naturally speaks. This natural tone is the starting point from which to work.

If you notice different persons speaking, you will find that one speaks in a high tone, another in a low tone (called *Pitch* or *Key*); one speaks fast, another slowly (called *Movement*, *Speed*, or *Time*); one speaks softly, another loud (called *Force*); one opens his mouth so that the words come out round and full, while another only half opens his mouth, and the voice is flat and thin (called *Volume* or *Quality*).

These personal peculiarities are often from force of habit, the result of imitation or of improperly trained vocal organs. These

organs should be carefully trained from the very beginning of the course, first by a system of breathings, second by constant drill on the Tables, and third by practice on the elements of expression.

There is a proper medium for pitch, movement, force, and volume in ordinary unexciting talking and reading. This is called *middle* pitch, *moderate* movement, *medium* force, and *common* volume. The variations of these modulations are called *high* and *low* pitch, *slow* and *fast* movement, *soft* and *loud* force, and *full* and *slight* volume.

If the matter read is not intended to arouse or to depress, but simply to please or to inform, it should be read with middle pitch, moderate time, medium force, and common volume. This is the natural way of expressing such thoughts.

When the mind is aroused by joy or indignation or defiance, the natural expression is in a higher pitch, louder tone, more rapid movement, and fuller volume; while pity, sorrow, affection, reverence, and awe generally require low pitch, slow movement, soft force, with common or full volume. Hate and terror may be so great as to be expressed with intensity, and yet almost in whispers, with slight volume, soft force, and either slow or rapid movement. The state of mind producing the expression is the key to its being naturally rendered.

EXERCISES IN BREATHING.

1. *Attitude*.—Perfectly erect, the weight on one foot, arms akimbo, diaphragm raised, head erect, with the chin drawn in as closely as possible to the neck.

2. *Deep Breathing*.—In this position, draw in and give out the breath very fully and very slowly from five to ten times.

3. *Effusive Breathing*.—Draw in a full breath, and give it forth in a prolonged sound of “h.”

The teacher should be careful not to exact too much of young pupils. Their lungs are tender. The time occupied in a single breathing should be from fifteen seconds at first to about two minutes after three years' practice. All inspirations to be through the nose unless otherwise directed. Each exercise should be repeated from five to ten times, with long rests between the different exercises. Only two or three exercises should be tried at first.

4. *Expulsive Breathing*.—Draw in a full breath slowly, and force it out in about half the time of the last breathing.

5. *Explosive Breathing*.—Draw in a full breath slowly, and force it out in a sudden "h."

6. *Full Inspiration*.—Draw in through the mouth a sudden and full inspiration, as in sighing, and force the breath out strongly through both nose and mouth.

7. The same as 6, except that the inspiration should resemble a series of prolonged sobs.

8. A full inspiration, like gasping, slowly breathed out.

9. Breathe in suddenly and fully, like panting, and let the air forth with less violence.

10. Draw in a full breath, and repeat in a whisper as much of the table on page xiii as you can, slowly, without taking a second breath.

11. Draw in a full breath, and whisper the same as in 10, *expulsively*.

12. Draw in a full breath, and whisper the same as in 10, *explosively*.

13. Draw in a full breath, give *do* softly, increase the sound, and then diminish to the end, thus:

d o o o O O o o o

This should be prolonged from ten seconds at the start to about a minute after three years' practice.

14. Draw in a full breath, repeat *do*, beginning softly, and increasing and diminishing as before:

do, do, do, do, do, do, do, do.

15. Draw in a full breath, and repeat naturally this stanza without taking a second breath :

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring.

Now repeat this stanza slowly, in the common pitch, moderate time, medium force, and common volume.

16. Draw in a full breath, and read this stanza with high pitch, rapid movement, loud force, and full volume :

Strike—till the last armed foe expires!
Strike—for your altars and your fires!
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God, and your native land!

17. Draw in a full breath, and read this stanza with low pitch, slow time, soft force, and slight volume :

And now—farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee!

NOTE.—If pupils fail to hold the breath sufficiently to give all of any exercise, let each stop when a single breath is used.

INFLECTION.

Inflections are slides or turns of the speaking voice from one pitch or key to another.

There are two kinds of inflection, **SIMPLE** and **COMPOUND**.

1. A **Simple Inflection** is a single slide of the speaking voice upward, called the *Rising Inflection* (marked '), or downward, called the *Falling Inflection* (marked ').

2. A **Compound Inflection** is the union of the rising and falling inflections, and is called the *Rising Circumflex* (marked ˇ) when it begins with the falling and ends with the rising slide; and the *Falling Circumflex* (marked ^) when it begins with the rising and ends with the falling slide.

3. **Monotone**.—When no inflection is used, and the words are repeated in an even tone, they are said to be uttered in a monotone (marked —), which means *one tone* or *the same tone*.

Whenever any inflection is used, a positive, complete assertion takes the *falling* inflection (simple or compound), and all other ideas take the rising inflection.

I have read my lesson\.

I will not do this again\.

Will you go'? No\.

Do wrong', and you will not be happy\.

When a question that can be answered by *yes* or *no* is asked simply for information, it contains no assertion, and, therefore, always requires the *rising* inflection. And the answers to direct questions always have the *falling* inflection if they simply give the information asked for.

But direct questions and the replies may contain a positive assertion, and, therefore, have the falling inflection.

Are you going now'? No\.

If this question was not answered at first, and was repeated, it might be given: "Are you going *now*'?" because it contains an assertion that it has been asked before. In full, it would read, "I have asked you once, and want you to say if you are going now'." Still, the answer, expressing positive assertion, might be, "No'." But if one were a little doubtful about going just at this time, the answer might show this by the emphasis of time and the rising (or circumflex) inflection: "N—o'."

They have mouths',—but they speak not':
Eyes have they',—but they see not':
They have ears',—but they hear not'.

"They have mouths'," would be a direct complete assertion, but the rising inflection given in the exercise shows that it is incomplete as used, and is to be followed by something else.

The same is true of such sentences as "Will you walk' or ride'?" "Will you take tea' or coffee'?" The rising inflection on *ride* and *coffee* changes the meaning and makes the two sentences direct questions:

Will you ride' or walk'? Will you take tea' or coffee'?

Sink' or swim', live' or die', survive' or perish', I give my heart and my hand to this vote'.

"Sink' or swim', live' or die'," like "Will you ride' or walk'," contains an assertion that one of the two will be done, and, therefore, takes the falling inflection on the last word. The expression means

I shall either sink or swim. I shall either live or die. I am willing to risk either on this vote.

My father, sir, did never stoop so low—
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know.

The assertion in the last line ends in *gentleman*, which therefore has the falling inflection. The sentence really reads

I'd have you know that he was a gentleman.

This shows the reason for reading "I'd have you know" without special inflection.

PAUSES.

There are two kinds of pauses—the GRAMMATICAL PAUSE and the RHETORICAL PAUSE.

1. **Grammatical Pauses** (punctuation marks) are used to show the grammatical formation of the matter, so as to make

the meaning clear. No attention should be paid to them in reading aloud, further than as they help to give the reader the meaning of the piece he is reading.

2. The **Rhetorical** (or reading) **Pause** (| or ||) is a suspension of the speaking voice to give exactness or emphasis to the ideas as read.

Add to your *faith'* | *virtue'*; || and to *virtue'* | *knowledge'*; || and to *knowledge'* | *temperance'*; || and to *temperance'* | *patience'*.

When grammatical pauses are properly inserted, it will be found that each of them, except the comma, has a corresponding rhetorical pause, while there are many rhetorical pauses not indicated by the punctuation. The comma, however, is often neglected in reading.

Oh, the grave', | the grave. || It buries every error, | covers every defect, | extinguishes every resentment.

No, sir! | no, sir! | There can never | again | be peace | between us.

In these extracts three commas have no corresponding reading pauses, and the exclamation points have pauses varying greatly in length. Slight rhetorical pause can also be made after *buries*, *covers*, *extinguishes*, unless the entire sentence is read in a prolonged monotone.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is the mode of calling special attention to one or more ideas in a sentence, as being more important than the rest.

Emphasis is given by speaking the words representing the more important ideas louder or softer (force), faster or slower (time), in a higher or a lower tone (pitch or key), with smoother or harsher tone (quality), with longer or shorter pauses before or after them, and by inflection.

A syllable is called long or short in relation to the time taken to utter it (quantity). *Accent* is force given to a syllable of a word.

1. **Emphasis by Force.**—You are sitting at the window and see a dog in the yard. You say, “There is a *dog* in the yard.” A cow gets into your flower garden. You say, “*Mother*, there’s a cow in the *flower* garden.” You see flames bursting from the barn, and cry out, “**FIRE! FIRE!** the **BARN’S** afire.” Your sister dies, and you say to a playmate who calls to inquire, “She is *dead*,” and the lower tone with which you utter the last word makes it emphatic.

The *dog* was the thing out of place in the first illustration. You said so by speaking the word “dog” louder than the rest of the sentence. You wished to give more emphasis to “cow” than to “dog,” and therefore spoke it louder; while you almost shouted “fire,” to give it the greatest emphasis. The more you vary from your natural force, the greater the emphasis given to the idea.

Did he ride to town *to-day*? No; he went *yesterday*.

Did he ride to *town* to-day? No; he rode to the *shore*.

Did he *ride* to town to-day? No; he *walked* to town.

Did *he* ride to town to-day? No; *she* went in his place.

Did he ride to town to-day? Yes, *he did*; he *would* go.

King Agrippa, believest thou the *prophets*? I *know* that thou believest.

A *good name* is rather to be chosen than *great riches*.

If you touch *fire*, you will be *burned*.

If you touch *pitch*, you will be *defiled*.

If you have *bad* associates, your character will be *stained*.

You *can* succeed if you *think* so and *try*.

Man is the only animal that makes *bargains*.

Reading maketh a *full* man.

Writing maketh an *exact* man.

Speaking maketh a *ready* man.

The war is *inevitable*, and **LET IT COME**. I repeat it, sir, **LET IT COME**.

Treason! cried the Speaker. **TREASON! TREASON! TREASON!** re-echoed from every part of the House.

The ends *I* aim at shall be my **COUNTRY’S**, my **GOD’S**, and **TRUTH’S**.

Our motto shall be, *Our country*, **OUR WHOLE COUNTRY**, and **NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY**.

Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was **DEAD**.

In order to know what to emphasize, you must understand the piece to be read. Every *new important idea* is emphasized. The degree and kind of emphasis depend on the idea and the degree of importance given to it.

Unless additional emphasis is desired, the repetition of an idea is not emphasized. In the above illustrations "FIRE, FIRE" and "TREASON, TREASON" are used as single expressions.

2. **Emphasis by Time.**—Emphasis is sometimes given to a word or an expression by speaking it more slowly or more rapidly than the rest of the sentence, or by stopping before or after it. This calls special attention to it, in many cases more than mere *force* could.

O-h, d-e-a-r! How *hot* it is!

Run for the doctor! Run for the doctor! Mary has hurt her arm.

Hope—ye—mercy—still?

We find him—guilty—of murder—in the first degree.

3. **Emphasis of Pitch.**—Emphasis is often given by using a higher or a lower pitch than usual.

Silence how dead, and darkness how profound.

Strike—till the last armed foe expires!

Strike—for your altars and your fires!

Strike—for the green graves of your sires,

God—and your native land!

Read the second line louder and in a higher tone than the first, the third louder and in a higher tone than the second, and the fourth in a lower key than the other three lines, but as loud as either.

4. **Emphasis of Quality.**—The tone may be sharp and shrill, round and full, clear and smooth, aspirated or guttural. Any change of quality adds emphasis.

If there's anything in the world I hate—and you know it—it is asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thousand times.

I hate him! I loathe him! I abhor him! but I fear him more.

5. **Emphasis of Inflections.**—There is what might be called a natural (or usual) way of modulating or turning the voice in ordinary expression, which gives no emphasis. The same expression may be made very emphatic by a change of inflection.

"I am going home." It is natural to speak these words in an even tone and to drop the voice at the close of the sentence. This gives no emphasis, but simply indicates that the sentence is finished.

Any variation from the usual way of speaking, whether in time, quality, quantity, force, pause, or inflection, gives emphasis

"I *am* going home."

"On *you* and on your *children* be the peril of the innocent blood which shall be shed this day."

"*Hence*, *home*, you idle creatures; get you *home*."

"I said an *elder* soldier, not a *better*."

"My father's trade? Ah, really, that's too bad.

My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?

My father, sir, did never stoop so low—

He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

These various inflections add to the emphasis of force or give an emphasis of their own. Sarcasm, astonishment, sorrow, sublimity, and awe depend for their proper emphasis more on time, speed, quality, and inflection than on mere force.

POETRY.

Poetic Form.—It is difficult to define poetry, but its form is well understood. A great deal of so-called poetry is simply prose put into poetical form. Any ordinary fact can be made to assume that form, but it will be as far from being poetry as ever.

An old mill once stood at the foot of the hill.

At the foot of the hill
Once there stood an old mill.

The prose fact has taken on the poetic form, but it is still prose.

It is said that poetry always unites fiction with meter; but if this were true the “Thanatopsis” would be prose, since it contains the grandest facts clothed in poetic expression.

There may be poetry in the form of prose as well as prose in the form of poetry, since poetry is rather the *im*-pression than the *ex*-pression of the exalted mind.

Any one can learn the mechanics of poetry, and almost any one can change the prose to the poetic form; but the true poet is “born, not made,” and no practice or study could have evolved—

“The conscious water saw its God and blushed”

out of the simple story of the Marriage Feast in Galilee.

Poetic form consists of lines beginning with capital letters, with the syllables arranged according to certain rules in regular numbers called feet.

It has two divisions: Rhyme and Blank Verse. In Rhyme the terminating syllables, including the last accented syllables, in two or more lines, correspond in sound. In Blank Verse there are no rhyming words.

A verse is a line arranged in poetic form.

NOTE.—The word "verse" has four uses: 1. A poetic line. A short division of any composition. 3. A poem. 4. A stanza. The last use is considered incorrect, but it is almost universal among the masses, and, as the meaning of a word comes from the masses generally, it may be expected that the technical meaning of verse will disappear in its second meaning.

Poetic Feet.—A standard poetic foot contains two or three syllables, one of which is long, and is named according to the arrangement of its long and short syllables.

The accented syllables are considered long (—), and the unaccented ones short (˘). There are four standard feet in English verse, as follows:

Regular Feet.—

Iambus	˘ —	"The way was long, the wind was cold."
Trochee	— ˘	"Tell me not in mournful numbers."
Anapest	˘ ˘ —	"I am monarch of all I survey."
Dactyl	— ˘ ˘	"Hark to the bird's morning echo of happiness."

All English poetry is founded on one or another of these standard feet, and there is no poem in the language consisting entirely of the irregular feet that are used to break the monotony of the standard measure.

In the following examples the irregular feet are shown as they occur in connection with the regular feet.

Irregular Feet.—

Spondee	— —	"That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn."
Pyrrhic	˘ ˘	"The minstrel was infirm and old."
Amphibrach	˘ — ˘	"Colliding, projecting, receding, retreating."
Tribrach	˘ ˘ ˘	"When in the dark, deep wave."

Broken Feet.—Broken (or parts of) feet are often used to great

advantage, but only a single syllable is used in this way. In many cases the understood words would make the foot perfect.

"Break, | break, | break
 Ōn thy cold | gray stones, | Ō sea!"

Break is imperative. *Do thou* is grammatically understood. When supplied, it makes the measure regular, but spoils the verse.

"Dawn ōn ōur | darkness and | lend ūs thine | aid."

"The storm | was long, | and in wild | commotion
 It swept | into moun|tains the bil|lowy o|cean."

In the first extract a long syllable ends the line. In the last extract a short syllable is used. Both are broken feet.

In a few cases some writers admit a foot having four syllables, giving the four the same metric time as three.

"The Assyrian came down | like the wolf | on the fold."

Generally, however, if not always, this irregularity comes under what is called poetic license, which allows poets to unite two syllables in a single utterance, or to make two syllables of one.

"The sacred bower | of that | renowned bard."

Bower is here pronounced *bow'r*, and *ed* in *renowned* is made a separate syllable.

"On ev|ery side | with shad|ow|y squad|r|ons deep
 And hosts | infuriate shake | the shud|dering ground."

Here the last two syllables of *every*, *shadowy*, *infuriate*, and *shuddering* are to be sounded as one syllable, or the first syllable should be sounded so rapidly as to seem a part of the second.

Sometimes the meter will help to give the exact meaning by

showing the accented words, and at other times the accented words will show the meter.* The two should be studied together.

Poetic Movement.—There is a certain movement in poetic forms, a peculiar flow of words, a regular irregularity of sounds, that attracts nearly every one, so that a poem in an unknown language, properly read, pleases, something like sweet music; but to be pleased with music and to appreciate it are two very different things. To “like to read poetry,” and to have even the slightest appreciation of exalted sentiment, may be as different as are poetry and prose.

To be a true lover of poetry one must be a poet in his innermost nature; and to study poetry, or to read it fairly well, one must enter into the mood of the poet himself.

Varieties of Poetry.—The principal divisions, or classes, of poetic composition are the Epic, the Lyric, and the Dramatic. The ballad belongs to Epic poetry. The Lyric includes the varieties of song, the hymn, the anthem, the ode, the elegy, and the sonnet. Drama embraces tragedy and comedy. Didactic and satirical compositions form a class by themselves, but are sometimes excluded from the ranks of poetry. The Epic form is the highest type, since it includes the Drama with narration. The characters are made to speak and to act with sustained interest.

The gifts and qualities essential to the greatest poets are, in their order: first, imagination, combined with action and character; next, feeling and thought; fancy, the next; and wit, the last. Thought alone does not make a poet. The mere conclusions of the understanding are only intellectual facts. Feeling, being a sort of thought without the process of thinking, may be the basis of a low class of poetry, which may please the beginner, but is discarded as he grows into a knowledge of and a love for the higher forms of poetic thought.

* The terms Short Meter, Long Meter, Common Meter, etc., as used in hymn-books, indicate the number of Iambic feet found in the lines of lyric poetry, to be sung to music corresponding in accent and syllables.

AIDS TO EXPRESSION.

Language is the medium for the expression of thought or feeling. Human language is expressed in words either written or spoken, and the same thought is expressed by different persons in various ways.

Two men see a horse running away. One of them says, "He runs very fast." The other says, "He runs as fast as a deer." The first uses a direct form of expression, and the second compares the speed of the horse to that of a deer. Both mean the same thing, and the manner in which each expresses it is called his *style of expression*.

Style, then, is the manner in which human language expresses thought or feeling. A *Direct Style* is a literal or simple way of expressing ideas.

A **Figure of Speech** is any departure from a direct mode of expression. "As fast as a deer" is a figure of speech. Figures of Speech are used to give greater variety to the expression of ideas, to make the language more pleasing to the ear or the taste, and to express by *impressions* the nicest shades of thought and feeling that literal expression could not convey. Nearly all the figures of speech are used in ordinary conversation. The most important are the following:

A **Simile**, or comparison, expresses or implies a resemblance between two or more objects; as—

The enemy came down *like a flood*.

A **Metaphor** speaks of one object as if it were another. It implies comparison, while simile expresses it; as—

Thy word is a *lamp* to my feet. (Metaphor.)

Thy word is *like a lamp* to my feet. (Simile.)

Metonymy uses the name of one object in place of another connected with it in thought; as—

Your *gray hairs* save you from punishment.

They smote the *city*.

Hyperbole expresses more or less than the truth, in order to emphasize a statement; as—

He runs *like the wind*.

Were the *world on fire*, her tears would *quench* the flames.

The waves rolled *mountain high*.

Synecdoche is a figure of speech in which a part is put for the whole, or the whole for a part; the species for the genus, or the genus for the species; as—

I own forty *head* of cattle.

The fleet consisted of twenty *sail*.

The *horse* is useful.

Irony taken literally means one thing, but in reality means the opposite; as—

They are *all honorable* men !

Apostrophe addresses some absent person or thing as though present and listening.

If thou, O Washington, art here, strike terror to the hearts of thy country's enemies !

Personification represents inanimate objects as having life, or personality.

The *fierce* wind *swept* the mountain's brow.

Sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem !

An Allegory is a story whose literal meaning is not the real one, which must be inferred from the narration as a whole.

Antithesis states contrasts or opposites; as—

Hatred stirreth up strifes; but *love covereth all sins*.

Ellipsis omits words not necessary to the thought; as—

Whence are thy beams, O Sun ! thy everlasting light ?

Vision describes past events as present, or represents imaginary objects as real; as—

I see Washington as he knelt in prayer amidst the bleak snows of Valley Forge.

Climax is a succession of statements increasing in importance and strength; as—

We have *complained*; we have PETITIONED; we have ENTREATED; we have SUPPLICATED."

Prose is the ordinary expression of thought without regard to meter.

Rhetoric is the art of accurate composition, or of speaking in public with force and elegance. It allows the use of all figures of speech, as well as any change from the natural or direct arrangement of words and clauses.

A Refrain is a portion of a song or poem that occurs at the end of each stanza or division.

Gesture is movement of the body or of some part of it, to convey an idea or to increase the effect of vocal expression. All the higher animals use gestures to indicate what can not otherwise be expressed.

Even children use gestures naturally and effectively. From the extended hand of babyhood, expressing entreaty, to the clenched fist and scowling brow of boyhood, expressing threat, there is a perfectly natural series of gestures covering nearly every sentiment and emotion. While expressing our own thought without being self-conscious, we make good gestures, but when attempting to express the thoughts of others in public we fail, largely because we do not *feel* the ideas or because we are too self-conscious to act naturally.

To read well or to speak well, one must forget himself in the thought of the piece. Then, if he has anything to say worth hearing, he will command attention. Appropriate and culti-

vated gestures will prove almost as essential to success in speaking as the proper use of a cultivated voice.

General Directions.—Practice standing erect with the weight of the body on one foot so that the other may be advanced or thrown back at pleasure. Go through a series of motions (generally in curved lines) with each hand and with both hands, first with open palms, then with clenched hands, simply to get the arms accustomed to move easily. Then take some easy selection of prose or poetry for study and practice. Mark what gestures you think should be used. Learn the piece thoroughly, and, when alone, speak it with force and gesture, again and again, until you have made it almost a part of yourself. Then get some one to listen, and to criticise both tone and gesture. Finally, speak it in school. Continue this practice on other extracts suitable to your years, and you will soon find the school listening to you with interest, and will feel the beginning of a power that is worth gaining.

Do not be discouraged too easily. Do not be thinking of yourself, of what others say, of how you are speaking, etc. Do not confine your gestures to one hand. Do not shake your head so constantly as to spoil your regular gestures. Do not emphasize by tone or gesture unimportant passages, but reserve your power to drive home the strong thoughts. Adapt speed, pitch, force, emphasis, and gesture to the thought of the piece. Practice on the part of the pupil, with careful aid on the part of the teacher, will work wonders.

TABLE OF PREFIXES AND SUFFIXES.

PREFIX.	ADJECTIVE.	MEANING.
un-	un truth'ful	not truthful.
in-	in ac'tive	" active.
dis-	dis sim'i lar	" similar.

PREFIX.	VERB.	MEANING.
a-	a rise'	to rise from.
ab-	ab solve'	to free "
de-	de cry'	to cry down.

PREFIX.	VERB.	MEANING.
fore-	fore tell'	tell before.
ante-	ante date'	date "
pre-	pre oc'cu py	occupy "

PREFIX.	VERB.	MEANING.
af-	af fix'	to fix to.
ad-	ad join'	to join to.
at-	at tach'	to fasten to.

SUFFIX.	NOUN.	MEANING.
-er	bak'er	one who bakes.
-or	sail'or	" sails.
-ar	beg gar	" begs.
-eer	auc tion eer'	" auctions.

SUFFIX.	NOUN.	MEANING.
-ness	dark'ness	being dark.
-dom	free'dom	" free.
-ship	clerk'ship	" a clerk.
-ty	safe'ty	" safe.

SUFFIX.	ADJECTIVE.	MEANING.
-ful	fruit'ful	full of fruit.
-y	grass y	" grass.
-ous	dan'ger ous	" danger.

SUFFIX.	VERB.	MEANING.
-fy	pu'ri fy	to make pure.
-en	hard'en	" hard.
-ize	fer'til ize	" fertile.

Prefixes: UN-, IN-, (IG-, IL-, IM-, IR-,) with adjectives or adverbs, and NON-, DIS-, DI-, DIF-, mean *not* or *opposite to*. ANT-, ANTI-, COUNTER-, CONTRA-, CONTRO-, mean *against* or *opposite to*. AD-, (AC-, AF-, AG-, AL-, AN-, AP-, AR-, AT-, AS-,) mean *to*. BENE- means *good or well*; BI-, *two*; BIS-, *twice*; UNI- and MONO-, *single or one*; MULTI- and POLY-, *many*; OMNI- and PAN-, *all*; TRI-, *three*; HEMI- and SEMI-, *half*; CIRCUM-, *around or about*; SUB-, (SUF-, SUC-, SUP-, SUG-, SUS-,) *under, after, up*; SUPER-, SUPRA-, SUR-, *above, over*; TRANS-, *across*; ULTRA-, *over, beyond*; INTER-, *among, between*; INTRO-, *within, into, in*; CON-, (CO-, COG-, COL-, COM-, COR-,) and SYN-, (SYL-, SYM-,) *with, together*; E-, EX-, (EC-, EF-,) *out of, from*.

Suffixes: -LESS means *without*; -ABLE, -IBLE, *may or can be*; -MENT, -AGE, -ANCE, -ANCY, -ENCE, -ENCY, -ION, -URE, *the act of, being, office, state or quality of being, or place*; -AN, -AR, -ARD, -ER, -IAN, -ITE, -OR, -EER, -NER, -STER, -YER, -ZEN, *one who, skilled in, pertaining to*; -CLE, -ICLE, -ET, ETTE, -LET, -KIN, -LING, -UIE, -CULE, *little, young, dear*; -AC, -AL, -ARY, -IC, -ILE, -ID, -INE, *like, pertaining to* (in adjectives), *the art of, one who, act of, place* (in nouns).

NOTE.—The last letter of a prefix is sometimes omitted or changed to a letter whose sound, taken with the initial sound of the word, will be pleasing to the ear. These changes are shown in parentheses.





PART I.

I. COLUMBUS AT BARCELONA.

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859) was born in New York City. He had only a common-school education, but was a great reader. He studied law at sixteen, and soon began his literary work by furnishing a newspaper some witty articles, under the name of Jonathan Oldstyle. Ill health compelled him to go abroad, and on his return he published "Salmagundi," the joint production of his brother William, Mr. Paulding, and himself. His representative works are "Tales of a Traveler," "History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker"—a witty account of Dutch times in New York, "The Sketch Book," "Life and Voyages of Columbus," and "Life of Washington." He wrote



WASHINGTON IRVING.

with equal facility history, essays, and stories, with a rich, original humor, a refined and delicate sentiment, an easy, accurate style, and beautiful, animated descriptions, which place him among the first of our great writers.

The letter of Columbus to the Spanish monarchs, announcing his discovery, had produced the greatest sensation at court. The event it communicated was considered the

most extraordinary of their prosperous reign. The sovereigns themselves were for a time dazzled by this sudden and easy acquisition of a new empire, of indefinite extent and apparently boundless wealth.

Shortly after his arrival in Seville, Columbus received a letter from them expressing their great delight, and requesting him to repair immediately to court, to concert plans for a second and more extensive expedition. This letter was addressed to him by the title of "Don Christopher Columbus, our Admiral of the ocean sea, and Viceroy and Governor of the islands discovered in the Indies;" at the same time he was promised still further rewards.

Columbus lost no time in complying with the commands of the sovereigns. He sent a memorandum of the ships, men, and munitions requisite, and, having made such dispositions at Seville as circumstances permitted, set out for Barcelona, taking with him the six Indians and the various curiosities and productions he had brought from the New World.

The fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and, as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed, the country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages. The streets, windows, and balconies of the towns were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations.

His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much astonishment as if they had been natives of another planet. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which assailed himself and his attend-

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ants at every stage with innumerable questions; popular rumor, as usual, had exaggerated the truth, and had filled the newly-found country with all kinds of wonders.

About the middle of April Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. As he drew near the place, many of the youthful courtiers and hidalgos, together with a vast concourse of the populace, came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors.

First, were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold. After these, were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities: while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold, which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions. After this, followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry.

The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered.

There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and

buoyancy generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court and the principal nobility of Castile, Valencia, Catalonia, and Aragon,—all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation.

At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world.

As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on their part to permit this act of homage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat himself in their presence,—a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

At their request, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the

islands discovered. He displayed specimens of unknown birds and other animals, of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtue, of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries yet to be made, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

When he had finished, the sovereigns sank on their knees, and, raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence; all present followed their example; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph.

The anthem of *Te Deum laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the accompaniment of instruments, rose in full body of sacred harmony, bearing up, as it were, the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven; "so that," says the venerable Las Casas, "it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights." Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event,—offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

Washington Irving

1. Acquisition, sovereign, viceroy, buoyancy, munitions, requisite, balconies, barbaric, exaggerated, hidalgos, courtiers, harbingers, proselytes.

2. From what work is this extract taken? What books written by Irving have you read? Do you like them? Why? Where is Barcelona? Seville? Did Columbus discover the Indies? There are many long words in this extract: notice their prefixes and suffixes, with the meanings; from what language are most of them taken? Do you remember any writer who uses Saxon words very largely? In all living languages words become obsolete, and new words are yearly added from various languages. From what languages are we now making new words? Trace on the map this journey of Columbus. *Te Deum laudamus*, "We praise Thee, O God."

II. LEXINGTON.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894) was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was graduated at Harvard College, and studied law, but finally became a physician. He was professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth and at Harvard, and followed his chosen profession with a zeal that made his friends wonder how he found time to do any writing. Literature was a recreation and not a pursuit with him; and yet few men have gained the public favor to a greater degree. His poems are as lively and sparkling as was their author, and abound in wit, humor, and pathos. He wrote a few stories, "Elsie Venner," "The Guardian

Angel," and "A Moral Antipathy," with a purpose hardly concealed in the plot; but his greatest success was in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," which, with numerous magazine articles and a few poems like "The One Hoss Shay," kept him in touch with the great reading public.

Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,

When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.

 Waving her golden veil
 Over the silent dale,
Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire ;
 Hushed was his parting sigh,
 While from his noble eye
Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing
 Calmly the first-born of glory have met :
Hark ! the death-volley around them is ringing—

 Look ! with their life-blood the young grass is wet.
 Faint is the feeble breath,
 Murmuring low in death—
“Tell to our sons how their fathers have died ;”
 Nerveless the iron hand,
 Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling.
 From their far hamlets the yeomanry come ;
As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst rolling,
 Circles the beat of the mustering drum.

 Fast on the soldier's path
 Darken the waves of wrath,—
Long have they gathered, and loud shall they fall ;
 Red glares the musket's flash,
 Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
 Never to shadow his cold brow again ;

Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,
Reeking and panting he droops on the rein ;
Pale is the lip of scorn,
Voiceless the trumpet horn,
Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high ;
Many a belted breast
Low on the turf shall rest,
Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale ;
Far as the tempest thrills
Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
Roused by the tyrant hand,
Woke all the mighty land,
Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying !
Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,—
While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
Borne on her Northern pine,
Long o'er the foaming brine
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun ;
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea
Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won !

W. H. May.

1. Blithe, yeomanry, shroudless, emblem, knell, martyrs.
 2. Meaning of "waving her golden veil"? What was the "wild knell"? How was the battle fought? Meaning of "borne on her Northern pine"?
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III. AN EGYPTIAN UNIVERSITY.

More than nine centuries ago the Mohammedans founded at Cairo a University, called El Azhar. It has to-day about ten thousand students, but at times has had twice that number. The main building is a mosque and a university combined, since in this quaint old city, in a quaint old land, religious forms are connected with study, work, and play.

"Let me make a nation's songs, and I care not who makes its laws," is a poor paraphrase of the main thought of El Azhar, which was founded, and has been carried on through all these centuries, in the belief that if the young were educated in the religion of the Prophet, the Moslem religion would always prevail. And so the university stands to-day with scarcely any change in its range or method of study from that which prevailed in the tenth century, and it is the greatest barrier to the advance of European ideas, manners, customs, and religion.

El Azhar is situated near the bazaars in the older and more crowded part of Cairo, where the streets are mere lanes. In one of these a narrow gateway opens into a marvelous porch of carved stones, whose inscriptions tell a history otherwise unwritten. You pass through the porch to the great central court, which is open to the sky and surrounded by colonnades. On the east side is a covered room, thirty-six hundred square yards in area, which is used as a school-room and a sanctuary.

In the open court and in the sanctuary, squatting in groups, is the strangest school the world ever saw. Here are urchins of eight to ten years, and there men of thirty to forty, all wearing turbans, and eating, sewing, or studying, talking, reading, and reciting in a monotonous tone, while they move their heads and the upper parts of their bodies, slowly and regularly, to and fro. Now and then a man passes around with drinking-water, and his melodious cry, "For the thirsty here is water from Allah," does not seem to disturb the general conduct of the school.

Most of the students sleep on their rugs in the two courts, but some have rooms outside. On three sides of the central court there are many chambers filled with wardrobes for the students' clothes. Each Egyptian province has one of these chambers for the use of its students.

The first text-book in this school is the Koran, which is learned and recited, read, re-read, and written, page after page. Whenever the name "Allah" is spoken (for here the pupils study aloud), all students must bow as a mark of reverence. As the name occurs very often in the Koran, the pupils soon become automatic in this respect and bow regularly without regard to what they are doing. This habit follows them through life, and everywhere you will see Mohammedans, even when reading the papers, bowing regularly as they read.

Each student must have a Koran, a slate and pencil, a pen and inkstand, a small desk to write on, and generally a rug to squat upon. Instruction is almost entirely oral, and the only part of it intelligible to the European visitor is in the arithmetic class, when the teacher is putting on his little blackboard the same Arabic characters which fill our arithmetics; and it is not difficult to follow an example on

the board, even if you do not understand a word the teacher utters.

Like all the mediæval schools of note, El Azhar employs a system of mnemonics, based on rhyme or rhythm, in teaching grammar, logic, composition, philosophy, and even arithmetic and law. It is difficult for us to judge in regard to the quality of instruction given in El Azhar, or as to the results; but we know that its main purpose, the support and propagation of the religion of the Prophet, has been successfully accomplished.

M. W. HAZEN.

1. Mohammedans, Moslem, mosque, paraphrase, inscriptions, colonnades, automatic, mnemonics.

2. Where is Cairo? What race lives there? What is the Koran? Why not learn our rules in rhyme? What is the largest school in your state?

IV. A NARROW ESCAPE.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1895) was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, and was graduated at the university there. He studied law, but took no interest in it, and at twenty-two wrote his first story, "Roads." He was compelled by lung troubles to seek a milder climate, and wandered over the world to find a place where life could be prolonged.

He finally chose to live in Samoa, where, among the semi-savages, he made a lovely home for himself and family. He was almost the idol of the natives, and did a great deal for them. At his death, they, with incredible labor, made a road up the mountains and buried him near the summit, overlooking the sea, according to his wishes.

He once described his skill as an author as "a very little dose of inspiration and a pretty little trick of style, improved by the most heroic industry." His descriptions are vivid and interesting, and in some of his works, like "Treasure Island," from which the following selection is taken, his style resembles that of De Foe in "Robinson Crusoe." "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Kidnapped," "David Balfour," and "The Wrecker," are among Stevenson's other notable books.

This story tells of a party that sailed to find a buried treasure. Among the crew were some ruffians who, knowing the object of the trip, enlisted with the intention of killing the others and taking the treasure when found. During the voyage, the boy who is the hero of the story discovered the conspiracy. He told the captain, but the conspirators took the ship. Two men were left on board, and the rest landed. The boy went secretly back to the ship, where he found the two sailors fighting. One killed the other and was himself wounded. The boy had two pistols, and the man had a knife. Each carefully watched the other.

The excitement of these last maneuvers had somewhat interfered with the watch I had kept hitherto, sharply enough, upon the cockswain. Even then I was still so much interested, waiting for the ship to touch, that I had quite forgot the peril that hung over my head, and stood craning over the starboard bulwarks and watching the ripples spreading wide before the bows. I might have fallen without a struggle for my life, had not a sudden disquietude seized upon me, and made me turn my head.

Perhaps I had heard a creak, or seen his shadow moving with the tail of my eye; perhaps it was an instinct like a cat's; but, sure enough, when I looked round, there was Hands, already half-way toward me, with the dirk in his right hand. We must both have cried out aloud when our eyes met; but, while mine was the shrill cry of terror, his was a roar of fury like a charging bull's. At the same instant he threw himself forward, and I leaped sideways toward the bows. As I did so I let go of the tiller, which sprang sharp to leeward; and I think this saved my life, for it struck Hands across the chest, and stopped him, for the moment, dead.

Before he could recover I was safe out of the corner where he had me trapped, with all the deck to dodge about. Just forward of the mainmast I stopped, drew a pistol from

my pocket, took a cool aim, though he had already turned and was once more coming directly after me, and drew the trigger. The hammer fell, but there followed neither flash nor sound ; the priming was useless with sea water. I bitterly blamed myself for my neglect. Why had not I, long before, reprimed and reloaded my only weapons ? Then I should not have been, as now, a mere fleeing sheep before this butcher. Wounded as he was, it was wonderful how fast he could move, his grizzled hair tumbling over his face, and his face itself as red as a red ensign with his haste and fury.

I had no time to try my other pistol, nor, indeed, much inclination, for I was sure it would be useless. One thing I saw plainly ; I must not simply retreat before him, or he would speedily hold me boxed into the bows, as a moment since he had so nearly boxed me in the stern. Once so caught, and nine or ten inches of the blood-stained dirk would be my last experience on this side of eternity. I placed my palms against the mainmast, which was of a goodish bigness, and waited, every nerve upon the stretch. Seeing that I meant to dodge, he also paused, and a moment or two passed in feints on his part, and corresponding movements upon mine. It was such a game as I had often played at home about the rocks of Black Hill Cove ; but never before, you may be sure, with such a wildly beating heart as now.

Still, as I say, it was a boy's game, and I thought I could hold my own at it against an elderly seaman with a wounded thigh. Indeed, my courage had begun to rise so high that I allowed myself a few darting thoughts on what would be the end of the affair ; and while I saw certainly that I could spin it out for long, I saw no hope of any ultimate escape.

Well, while things stood thus, suddenly the ship struck, staggered, ground for an instant in the sand, and then, swift as a blow, canted over to the port side till the deck stood at an angle of forty-five degrees, and about a puncheon of water splashed into the scupper-holes, and lay in a pool between the deck and bulwark.

We were both of us capsized in a second, and both of us rolled, almost together, into the scuppers; the dead red-cap, with his arms still spread out, tumbling stiffly after us. So near were we, indeed, that my head came against the cockswain's foot with a crack that made my teeth rattle. Blow and all, I was the first afoot again, for Hands had got involved with the dead body.

The sudden canting of the ship had made the deck no place for running on; I had to find some new way of escape, and that upon the instant, for my foe was almost touching me. Quick as thought, I sprang into the mizzen-shrouds, rattled up hand over hand, and did not draw a breath till I was seated on the cross-trees.

I had been saved by being prompt; the dirk had struck not half a foot below me, as I pursued my upward flight; and there stood Israel Hands with his mouth open and his face upturned to mine, a perfect statue of surprise and disappointment. Now that I had a moment to myself, I lost no time in changing the priming of my pistol, and then, having one ready for service, and to make assurance doubly sure, I proceeded to draw the load of the other, and recharge it afresh from the beginning.

My new employment struck Hands all of a heap; and after an obvious hesitation, he also hauled himself heavily into the shrouds, and, with the dirk in his teeth, began slowly and painfully to mount. It cost him no end of

time and groans to haul his wounded leg behind him, and I had quietly finished my arrangements before he was much more than a third of the way up.

Then, with a pistol in either hand, I addressed him,—“One step more, Mr. Hands,” said I, “and I’ll blow your brains out! Dead men don’t bite, you know,” I added with a chuckle. He stopped instantly. I could see by the working of his face that he was trying to think, and the process was so slow and laborious that, in my new-found security, I laughed aloud. At last, with a swallow or two, he spoke, his face still wearing the same expression of extreme perplexity. In order to speak, he had to take the dagger from his mouth, but in all else he remained unmoved.

“Jim,” says he, “I reckon we’re fouled, you and me, and we’ll have to sign articles. I’d have had you but for that there lurch; but I don’t have no luck, not I; and I reckon I’ll have to strike, which comes hard, you see, for a master mariner to a ship’s youngster like you, Jim.”

I was drinking in his words and conceitedly smiling away, when, all in a breath, back went his right hand over his shoulder. Something sang like an arrow through the air; I felt a blow and then a sharp pang, and there I was pinned by the shoulder to the mast. In the horrid pain and surprise of the moment—I scarce can say it was by my own volition, and I am sure it was without a conscious aim—both my pistols went off, and both escaped out of my hands. They did not fall alone; with a choked cry the cockswain loosed his grasp upon the shrouds, and plunged head first into the water.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

1. Maneuvers, bulwarks, priming, grizzled, feints, puncheon, scupper-holes, capsized, assurance, conceitedly, leeward.

2. Which is the starboard of a ship? What is the other side called? What is meant by "the tail of my eye"? What kind of pistol did the boy have? Can you outline the deck and place the two parties? Meaning of "goodish bigness"? "struck all of a heap"? Point out the grammatical errors in Hands's language.

V. THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888) was the son of Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby, the famous English educator. He wrote some delightful poems, of touching sentiment, and nearly perfect in form and expression. He was also an able critic and a polished essayist. Nothing unfinished came from his pen. In 1857 he was elected professor of poetry at Oxford University, and filled the chair with distinguished ability until his death. He twice visited the United States, in 1883 and 1886.

Come, dear children, let us away,
Down and away below !
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow ;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away,—
This way, this way !

Call her once before you go—
Call once yet,
In a voice that she will know :
"Margaret ! Margaret !"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear ;
Children's voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again.

Call her once, and come away ;
 This way, this way !
“ Mother dear, we cannot stay ;
The wild white horses foam and fret.”
 Margaret ! Margaret !

Come, dear children, come away down ;
 Call no more.
One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore ;
 Then come down.
She will not come, though you call all day ;
 Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep ;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam ;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream ;
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground ;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail, and bask in the brine ;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye ?
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea ;
She said : " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."
I said : " Go up, dear heart, through the waves ;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Down, down, down,
Down to the depths of the sea !
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings : " O joy, O joy !
For the humming street, and the child with its toy ;
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well ;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun !"
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea ;

And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh ;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children ;
Come, children, come down !
The hoarse wind blows coldly ;
Light shines in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl ;—
Singing, “ Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she,
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea.”

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring tides are low ;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,

And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom ;—
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks, we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills
At the white, sleeping town ;
At the church on the hillside—
And then come back down,
Singing : “ There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she :
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea.”

1. Ooze, aye, whizzing, glistening, anon, strewn, combed, kinsfolk, Mermaiden, blanched, starred.

2. What are *Mermen*? Who is speaking in the first stanza? Tell the story of the poem. What is meant by “the wild white horses”?



MATTHEW ARNOLD.

VI. THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING (1779-1860) had only such an education as he could acquire at a little log school-house in Westchester, N.Y. In connection with Washington Irving he published "Salmagundi." His style was more forcible than Irving's, but less refined. He had great natural humor and a happy vein of description. His works fill many volumes, and are always characterized by their patriotic tone. "John Bull and Brother Jonathan," a selection from which is in the Fourth Reader, and "A Life of Washington," from which this extract is taken, are still widely read. The simple vigor with which he describes Washington's character, together with his estimate of the Father of his Country, make this the best of all the many descriptions published. Paulding held many offices, and was Secretary of the Navy under President Van Buren.

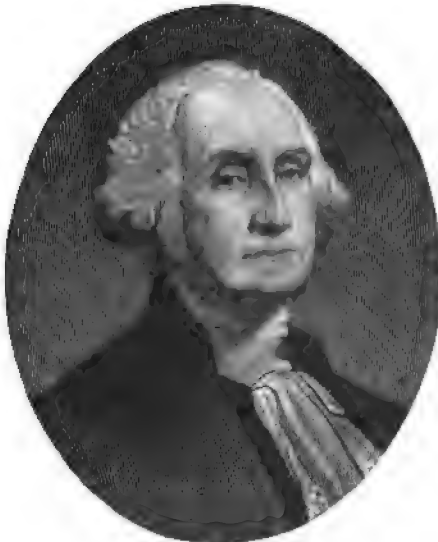
In analyzing the character of Washington, there is nothing that strikes me as more admirable than its beautiful symmetry. His different qualities were so nicely balanced, so rarely associated, of such harmonious affinities, that no one seemed to interfere with another, or predominate over the whole. The natural ardor of his disposition was steadily restrained by a power of self-command which it dared not disobey.

His caution never degenerated into timidity, nor his courage into imprudence or temerity. His memory was accompanied by a sound, unerring judgment, which turned its acquisitions to the best advantage; his industry and economy of time neither rendered him dull or unsocial; his dignity never was vitiated by pride or harshness, and his unconquerable firmness was free from obstinacy or arrogance. He was gigantic, but at the same time he was well proportioned and beautiful. It was this symmetry of parts that diminished the apparent magnitude of the whole.

There are plenty of men who become distinguished by the predominance of one single faculty, or the exercise of a solitary virtue; but few, very few, present to our contemplation such a combination of virtues unalloyed by a single

vice ; such a succession of actions, both public and private, in which even his enemies can find nothing to blame.

Assuredly he stands almost alone in the world. He occupies a region where there are, unhappily for mankind, but few inhabitants.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The Grecian biographer could easily find parallels for Alexander and Cæsar, but, were he living now, he would meet with great difficulty in selecting one for Washington. There seems to be an elevation of moral excellence, which, though possible to attain to, few ever approach. As in ascending the lofty peaks of the Andes we at length arrive

at a line where vegetation ceases, and the principle of life seems extinct ; so in the gradations of human character, there is an elevation which is never attained by mortal man. A few have approached it, and none nearer than Washington.

He is eminently conspicuous as one of the great benefactors of the human race, for he not only gave liberty to millions, but his name now stands, and will forever stand, a noble example to high and low. He is a great work of the almighty Artist, which none can study without receiving purer ideas and more lofty conceptions of the grace and

beauty of the human character. He is one that all may copy, and whom none can contemplate without lasting and salutary impressions of the sterling value, the inexpressible beauty of piety, integrity, courage, and patriotism, associated with a clear, vigorous, and well-poised intellect.

Pure and widely disseminated as is the fame of this great and good man, it is yet in its infancy. It is every day taking deeper root in the hearts of his countrymen, and in the estimation of strangers, and spreading its branches wider and wider to the air and the skies. He is already become the saint of liberty, which has gathered new honors by being associated with his name; and when men aspire to free nations, they must take him for their model.

It is, then, not without ample reason that the suffrages of mankind have combined to place Washington at the head of his race. If we estimate by the examples recorded in history, he stands without a parallel in the virtues he exhibited, and the vast, unprecedented consequences resulting from their exercise. The whole world was the theater of his actions, and all mankind are destined to partake sooner or later in their results. He is a hero of a new species: he had no model; will he have any imitators?

Time only adds new luster to his fame, new force to his example, and new strength to the reverential affection of all good men. Let the children of my country prove themselves worthy of his virtues, his labors, and his sacrifices, by reverencing his name and imitating his piety, integrity, industry, fortitude, patience, forbearance, and patriotism. So shall they become fitted to enjoy the blessings of freedom and the bounties of heaven.

M. B. C.

1. Analyzing, symmetry, affinities, acquisitions, conspicuous, exhibited, reverential, character, unprecedented.

2. For what were Cæsar and Alexander noted? How did their aims differ from Washington's? What was Washington's greatest quality? A facsimile of Washington's autograph is given below:

A large, elegant cursive signature of George Washington, written in dark ink. The signature is highly stylized, with long, sweeping strokes and a prominent 'G' at the beginning. It is centered on the page.

VII. WITCHCRAFT IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832) was born in Edinburgh. In early life he was attracted by the tales and ballads of the Scottish clans, and his character as an author was then formed and molded. Chivalrous deeds of daring, made intensely real by his aptitude for description, are the foundation of his works and fame. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, and was admitted to the bar, but took little interest in his studies or his work as a lawyer. Full of the romance of chivalry, he wrote in rapid succession stories in poetry and prose, which charmed a wide circle of readers both in Europe and America. "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "Waverley," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," and

"Tales of a Grandfather," from which this extract is taken, are among his best productions. To appreciate fully Scott's poems and stories, it is necessary to know the times in which and of which he wrote. Otherwise the action and description may often seem strange and unnatural.

I.

In the seventeenth century the belief in the imaginary crime of witchcraft was general, and the prosecutions, especially in Scotland, were very frequent. James VI., who often turned the learning he had acquired to a very idle use, was at the trouble to write a treatise against witchcraft, as he composed another against smoking tobacco.

Most of the poor creatures who suffered death for witchcraft were aged persons, usually unprotected females, living alone, in a poor and miserable condition, and disposed, from the peevishness of age and infirmity, to rail against or desire evil, in their froward humor, to neighbors by whom they were abused or slighted. When such unhappy persons had unwittingly given vent to impotent anger in bad wishes or imprecations, if a child fell sick, a horse became lame, a bullock died, or any other misfortune chanced in the family against which the ill-will had been expressed, it subjected the utterer instantly to the charge of witchcraft, and was received by judges and jury as a strong proof of guilt.

If, in addition to this, the miserable creature had, by the oddity of her manners, the crossness of her temper, the habit of speaking to herself, or any other signs of the dotage which attends comfortless old age and poverty, attracted the suspicions of her credulous neighbors, she was then said to have been held and reputed a witch, and was rarely permitted to escape being burnt to death at the stake.

It was equally fatal for an aged person of the lower ranks, if, as was frequently the case, she conceived herself to possess any peculiar receipt or charm for curing diseases, either by the application of medicines, of which she had acquired the secret, or by repeating words, or using spells and charms, which the superstition of the time supposed to

have the power of relieving maladies that were beyond the skill of medical practitioners. Such a person was accounted a white witch,—one who employed her skill for the benefit, and not for the harm, of her fellow creatures. But still she was a sorceress, and, as such, was liable to be brought to the stake.

A doctress of this kind was equally^{*} exposed to a like charge, whether her patient died or recovered; and she was, according to circumstances, condemned for using sorcery whether to cure or to kill. Her allegation that she had received the secret from family tradition, or from any other source, was not admitted as a defense; and she was doomed to death with as little hesitation, for having attempted to cure by mysterious and unlawful means, as if she had been charged with having assisted to commit murder.

The following example of such a case is worthy of notice. It rests on tradition, but is very likely to be true. An eminent English judge was traveling the circuit, when an old woman was brought before him for using a spell to cure dimness of sight, by hanging a clew of yarn round the neck of the patient. Marvelous things were told by the witnesses, of the cures which this spell had performed on patients far beyond the reach of ordinary medicine.

The poor woman made no other defense than by protesting, that if there was any witchcraft in the ball of yarn, she knew nothing of it. It had been given her, she said, thirty years before, by a young Oxford student, for the cure of one of her own family, who having used it with advantage for a disorder in her eyes, she had seen no harm in lending it for the relief of others who labored under similar infirmity, or in accepting a small gratuity for doing so. Her defense was little attended to by the jury, but the judge

was much agitated. He asked the woman where she resided when she obtained possession of this valuable relic. She gave the name of a village, in which she had in former times kept a petty alehouse.

The judge then looked at the clew very earnestly, and at length addressed the jury. "Gentlemen," he said, "we are on the point of committing a great injustice to this poor old woman; and to prevent it, I must publicly confess a piece of early folly, which does me no honor. At the time this poor creature speaks of, I was at college, leading an idle and careless life, which, had I not been given grace to correct it, must have made it highly improbable that ever I should have attained my present situation. I chanced to remain for a day and night in this woman's alehouse, without having money to discharge my reckoning. Not knowing what to do, and seeing her much occupied with a child who had weak eyes, I had the meanness to pretend that I could write out a spell that would mend her daughter's sight, if she would accept it instead of her bill. The ignorant woman readily agreed; and I scrawled some figures on a piece of parchment, and added two lines of nonsensical doggerel, in ridicule of her credulity, and caused her to make it up in that clew which has so nearly cost her her life."

Another old woman is said to have cured many cattle of the murrain, by a repetition of a certain verse. The fee which she required was a loaf of bread and a silver penny; and when she was commanded to reveal the magical verses which wrought such wonders, they were found to be the following jest on the credulity of her customers:

"My loaf in my lap, and my penny in my purse,
Thou art never the better, and I never the worse."

It was not medicine only which witchery was supposed to mingle with; but any remarkable degree of dexterity in an art or craft, whether attained by skill or industry, subjected those who possessed it to similar suspicion. Thus, it was a dangerous thing to possess more thriving cows than those of the neighborhood, though their superiority was attained merely by paying greater attention to feeding and cleaning the animals. It was often an article of suspicion, that a woman had spun considerably more thread than her less laborious neighbors chose to think could be accomplished by ordinary industry.

II.

Other charges, the most ridiculous and improbable, were brought against those suspected of witchcraft. They were supposed to have power, by going through some absurd and impious ceremony, to summon to their presence the Author of Evil, who appeared in some mean or absurd shape, and, in return for the invokers' renouncing their redemption, gave them the power of avenging themselves on their enemies. Sometimes, indeed, they were said to obtain from him the power of flying through the air on broomsticks, when the Foul Fiend gave public parties; and the accounts given of the ceremonies practiced on such occasions are totally foreign to any idea we can have of a spiritual nature, and only fit to be believed by the most ignorant.

It is strange to find that the persons accused of this imaginary crime in most cases paved the way for their own condemnation, by confessing and admitting the truth of all the monstrous absurdities which were charged against them by their accusers. Many of these poor creatures were crazy, and infirm in mind as well as body; and, hearing themselves

charged with such monstrous enormities by those whom they accounted wise and learned, became half persuaded of their own guilt, and assented to all the nonsensical questions which were put to them. But this was not all. Very many made these confessions under the influence of torture.

An old woman and her daughter were tried as witches at Haddington. The principal evidence of the crime was, that though miserably poor, the two females had contrived to look "fresh and fair" during the progress of a terrible famine, which reduced even the better classes to straits, and never either begged for assistance or seemed to suffer by the general calamity.

The jury were perfectly satisfied that this could not take place by any natural means; and, as the accused persons, on undergoing the discipline of one Kincaid, a witch-finder, readily admitted all that was asked about their intercourse with the Devil, the jury, on their confession, brought them in guilty of witchcraft without hesitation.

The king's advocate for the time was skeptical on the subject of witchcraft. He visited the women in private, and urged them to tell the real truth. They continued at first to maintain the story they had given in their confession. But the advocate, perceiving them to be women of more sense than ordinary, urged upon them the crime of being accessory to their own death, by persisting in accusing themselves of impossibilities, and promised them life and protection providing they would unfold the true secret which they had used for their subsistence.

The poor women looked wistfully on each other, like people that were in perplexity. At length, the mother said, "You are very good, my lord, and I dare say your power is very great, but you cannot be of use to my daughter and

me. If you were to set us at liberty from the bar, you could not free us from the suspicion of being witches. As soon as we return to our hut, we shall be welcomed by the violence and abuse of all our neighbors, who, if they do not beat our brains out, or drown us on the spot, will retain hatred and malice against us, which will be shown on every occasion, and make our life so miserable, that we have made up our minds to prefer death at once."

"Do not be afraid of your neighbors," said the advocate. "If you will trust your secret with me, I will take care of you for the rest of your lives, and send you to an estate of mine in the north, where nobody can know anything of your history, and where, indeed, the people's ideas are such, that, if they even thought you witches, they would rather regard you with fear and respect than hatred."

The women, moved by his promises, told him, that, if he would cause to be removed an old empty trunk which stood in the corner of their hut, and dig the earth where he saw it had been stirred, he would find the secret by means of which they had been supported through the famine; protesting to Heaven, at the same time, that they were totally innocent of any unlawful arts such as had been imputed to them, and which they had confessed in their despair.

The advocate hastened to examine the spot, and found concealed in the earth two firkins of salted snails, one of them nearly empty. On this strange food the poor women had been nourished during the famine. The advocate was as good as his word; and the story shows how little weight is to be laid on the frequent confessions of the party in cases of witchcraft.

Walter Scott

1. Peevishness, froward, slighted, imprecations, credulous, practitioners, gratuity, murrain, absurdities, ridiculous, monstrous, skeptical.

2. What is "witchcraft"? When did this superstition prevail in this country? On what did it depend for support? Is there any belief in *charms* among civilized people? Do you think that imagination will ever cure disease?

VIII. POETICAL SELECTIONS.

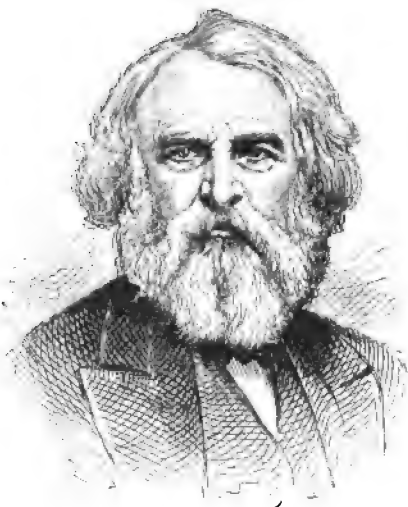
I. DAYBREAK.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882) was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807, "in an old square wooden house, upon the edge of the sea."

He graduated at Bowdoin College at the age of eighteen, and after his graduation served as professor there and, later, at Harvard University, for some years. After his resignation at Harvard, he remained in Cambridge and devoted himself entirely to literature.

Longfellow's style is always in keeping with his subject, and in simple, melodious, earnest verse he expresses a universal sentiment with the force of a practiced rhetorician.

The genius of Longfellow has given us an American idyl, has brought to us the quaint old German poets with an interpretation in their highest forms, and, in his "Golden Legend," has taken us back to the Middle Ages and shown us the life then lived by the people. His translations from the Spanish poets are faithful to the spirit of their originals, and he has given us the most notable English translation of Dante's "Divina Commedia." Longfellow's art is free from pedantry, and his skill is never forced.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

"Evangeline" is usually considered the best of his longer poems, but of the many gems with which he decked our American literature it would be difficult to select any one that is better than the rest. "Hyperion," "Outre-Mer," "Kavanagh," "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," "Excelsior," "A Psalm of Life," "The Village Blacksmith," and "The Skeleton in Armor" illustrate his skill and versatility, both in prose and in poetry.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists! make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners! the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out."

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird! awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer!
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

H. W. Longfellow



II. GREAT TRUTHS—A SONNET.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891) was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was graduated at Harvard University in 1838. After his graduation he studied law, and was admitted to the bar, but he soon abandoned the legal profession to devote himself to literary pursuits. He published several volumes of poems and "Conversations on some of the Old Poets," but little attention was paid to his writings until, in 1848, he issued "The Biglow Papers," in so-called Yankee dialect. This was a satire on current events, and at once took the public fancy by its rich and original humor. A second series of the Biglow Papers was published in

1867. In 1855 he was made professor of belles-lettres in Harvard University. In 1877 he was appointed United States' minister to Spain, and from 1879 to 1885 was minister to England. Lowell's leading works are "My Study Windows," "A Fable for Critics," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "The Cathedral," "Among my Books," and "The Biglow Papers."

Great truths are portions of the soul of man ;
 Great souls are portions of Eternity ;
 Each drop of blood that e'er through true heart ran
 With lofty message, ran for thee and me ;
 For God's law, since the starry song began,
 Hath been, and still forevermore must be,
 That every deed which shall outlast Time's span
 Must goad the soul to be erect and free ;

Slave is no word of deathless lineage sprung,—
 Too many noble souls have thought and died,
 Too many mighty poets lived and sung,
 And our good Saxon, from lips purified

With martyr-fire, throughout the world hath rung
Too long to have God's holy cause denied.



1. Mariners, hurried, clarion, chanticleer, lineage, purified, goad.
2. In "Daybreak," would the sea be east or west of the land? Why? What is a "sonnet"? Mention some "great truths." How can blood be said "to run with lofty message"? Why is "slave" not of "deathless lineage"? Will all slavery end?

IX. PENN'S ADVICE TO HIS CHILDREN.

WILLIAM PENN (1644-1718) was the founder of Pennsylvania. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and noted for the simple purity of his life and for his good common sense, which showed itself in his writings as well as in his management of the Colony. His works are chiefly of a religious nature. This extract is given for its wise teaching rather than for its literary merit.

Next, betake yourself to some honest, industrious course of life, and that not of sordid covetousness, but for example and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition, and marry, choose with the knowledge and consent of your mother, if living, or of guardians, or of those that have charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition such as you can love above all this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you.

And being married, be tender, affectionate, patient, and meek. Live in the fear of the Lord, and He will bless you and your offspring. Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourselves by

kindness to others ; for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship, neither will a true friend expect it. Small matters I heed not.

Let your industry and parsimony go no further than for a sufficiency for life, and to make a provision for your children, and that in moderation. I charge you help the poor and needy ; let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income, for the good of the poor, both in our Society and others, for we are all his creatures, remembering that "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

Know well your incomings, and your outgoings may be better regulated. Love not money nor the world ; use them only, and they will serve you ; but if you love them you serve them, which will debase your spirits as well as offend the Lord. Pity the distressed and hold out a hand of help to them ; it may be your case, and as you mete to others, God will mete to you again.

Be humble and gentle in your conversation ; of few words, I charge you ; but always pertinent when you speak, hearing out before you attempt to answer, and then speaking as if you would persuade, not impose. Affront none, neither revenge the affronts that are done to you ; but forgive, and you shall be forgiven of your Heavenly Father.

In making friends, consider well first ; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering by reports nor deserting in affliction, for that becomes not the good and virtuous. Watch against anger ; neither speak nor act in it ; for, like drunkenness, it makes a man a beast, and throws people into desperate inconveniences.

Avoid flatterers, for they are thieves in disguise ; their praise is costly, designing to get by those they bespeak ; they are the worst of creatures ; they lie to flatter, and

flatter to cheat; and, which is worse, if you believe them, you cheat yourself most dangerously. But the virtuous, though poor, love, cherish, and prefer.

Remember David who, asking the Lord—"Who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?" answers, "He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart; in whose eyes the vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord."

Next, my children, be temperate in all things: in your diet, for that is physic by prevention; it keeps, nay, it makes people healthy, and their generation sound. This is exclusive of the spiritual advantage it brings. Be also plain in your apparel; let your virtues be your ornaments, remembering life is more than food, and the body than raiment.

Let your furniture be simple and cheap. Avoid pride, avarice, and luxury. Make your conversation with the most eminent for wisdom and piety, and shun all wicked men as you hope for the blessing of God and the comfort of your father's living and dying prayers. Be sure you speak no evil of any, no, not of the meanest; much less of your superiors.

Be no busybodies; meddle not with other folk's matters, but when in conscience and duty pressed; for it procures trouble, and is ill manners, and very unseemly to wise men. In your families remember Abraham, Moses, and Joshua, their integrity to the Lord, and do as you have them for your examples.

Let the fear and service of the living God be encouraged in your houses, and that plainness and sobriety and moderation in all things, as becometh God's chosen people; and as

I advise you, my beloved children, do you counsel yours if God should give you any. Yea, I counsel and command them as my posterity, that they love and serve the Lord God with an upright heart, that he may bless you and yours from generation to generation.

WILLIAM PENN.

1. Covetousness, guardians, parsimony, sufficiency, creatures, tabernacle, condemned, pertinent, apparel.

2. Give the several points in this advice. Is anything more needed to make a noble man? To what "Society" does he refer? Who are the "Friends"? By what other name are they popularly called?

X. TRUE MANHOOD.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND (1819-1881) was an American editor, novelist, and poet, born in Belchertown, Mass. He was one of the founders and editor in chief of the "Century Magazine." His style is pleasing, his thoughts are strong, pure, and instructive, and he brings out in a remarkable manner the hidden instincts of humanity. His best-known works are "Timothy Titcomb's Letters," "Kathrina," and "Bitter Sweet."

Society demands that a young man not only shall be somebody, but that he shall prove his right to the title; and it has a right to demand this. Society will not take this matter upon trust—at least not for a long time; for it has been cheated too frequently. Society is not very particular what a man does, so that it prove him to be a man; then it will bow to him and make room for him.

There is no surer sign of an unmanly and cowardly spirit than a vague desire for help—a wish to depend, to lean upon somebody and enjoy the fruits of the industry of others. There are multitudes of young men who indulge in dreams

of help from some quarter coming in at a convenient moment, to enable them to secure the success in life which they covet. The vision haunts them of some benevolent old gentleman, with a pocket full of money, a trunk full of mortgages and stocks, a mind remarkably appreciative of merit and genius, who will perhaps give or lend them from ten to twenty thousand dollars, with which they will commence and go on swimmingly.

To me one of the most disgusting sights in the world is that of a young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders, and a hundred and fifty pounds, more or less, of good bone and muscle, standing with his hands in his pockets longing for help. I admit that there are positions in which the most independent spirit may accept of assistance—may, in fact, as a choice of evils, desire it; but for a man who is able to help himself to desire the help of others in the accomplishment of his plans of life, is positive proof that he has received a most unfortunate training, or that there is a leaven of meanness in his composition that should make him shudder. When a young man becomes aware that only by his own efforts can he rise into companionship and competition with the sharp, strong, and well-drilled minds around him, he is ready for work, and not before.

The next lesson is that of patience, thoroughness of preparation, and contentment with the regular channels of business effort and enterprise. This is perhaps one of the most difficult to learn of all the lessons of life. It is natural for the mind to reach out eagerly for immediate results. As manhood dawns and the young man catches in its first light the pinnacles of realized dreams, the golden domes of high possibilities, and the purpling hills of great delights, and then looks down upon the narrow, sinuous, long, and dusty

path by which others have reached them, he is apt to be disgusted with the passage, and to seek for success through broader channels, by quicker means. Beginning at the very foot of the hill, and working slowly to the top, seems a very discouraging process ; and precisely at this point have thousands of young men made shipwrecks of their lives.

Let this be understood, then, at starting, that the patient conquest of difficulties which rise in the regular and legitimate channels of business and enterprise, is not only essential in securing the successes which you seek, but it is essential to that preparation of your mind requisite for the enjoyment of your successes and for retaining them when gained. It is a general rule of Providence, the world over and in all time, that unearned success is a curse. It is the rule of Providence that the process of earning success shall be the preparation for its conservation and enjoyment.

So, day by day and week by week ; so, month after month and year after year, work on, and in that process gain strength and symmetry and nerve and knowledge, that, when success patiently and bravely worked for shall come, it shall find you prepared to receive it and keep it. The development which you will get in this brave and patient labor will prove itself in the end the most valuable of your successes. It will help to make a man of you. It will give you power and self-reliance. It will give you not only self-respect, but the respect of your fellows and the public.

L. G. Halland

1. Vague, mortgages, appreciative, leaven, muscle, sinuous, pinnacles, legitimate, requisite, knowledge, patient.

2. What is "Society"? Why has Society a right to make these demands? Mention men in our history who have met these demands. If one depends on himself in his studies, is he more likely to succeed better than if he leans on others?

XI. JOHN CHINAMAN.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE was born at Albany, N.Y., in 1839. He went to California when a mere lad, and there, as miner, teacher, printer, learned human nature in the rough schools of a new country where the wildest modes of life prevail. It is not strange, then, that his earlier writings fascinated, shocked, and delighted in turn the reading public. Whatever the ultimate decision as to the merits of his work, he has a quaintness of expression and a power of description that entitle him to notice, and he has founded a new school of literature, whose academic groves are the forests and sierras of the great West. His dialect poems and short stories have been widely read.

Of his poems, "The Heathen Chinees" and, of his stories, "The Luck of Roaring Camp" are among the most popular.



FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

The expression of the Chinese face in the aggregate is neither cheerful nor happy. In an acquaintance of half a dozen years, I can only recall one or two exceptions to this rule. There is an abiding consciousness of degradation—a secret pain or self-humiliation visible in the lines of the mouth and eye. Whether it is only a modification of Turkish gravity, or whether it is the dread Valley of the Shadow of the Drug through which they are continually straying,

I cannot say. They seldom smile, and their laughter is of such an extraordinary and sardonic nature—so purely a mechanical spasm, quite independent of any mirthful attribute—that to this day I am doubtful whether I ever saw a Chinaman laugh.

A theatrical representation by natives, one might think, would have set my mind at ease on this point; but it did not. Indeed, a new difficulty presented itself,—the impossibility of determining whether the performance was a tragedy or a farce. I thought I detected the low comedian in an active youth who turned two somersaults, and knocked everybody down on entering the stage. But, unfortunately, even this classic resemblance to the legitimate farce of our civilization was deceptive. Another brocaded actor, who represented the hero of the play, turned three somersaults, and not only upset my theory and his fellow-actors at the same time, but apparently ran amuck behind the scenes for some time afterward. I looked around at the glinting white teeth to observe the effects of these two palpable hits. They were received with equal acclamation, and apparently equal facial spasms.

One or two beheadings which enlivened the play produced the same sardonic effect, and left upon my mind a painful anxiety to know what was the serious business of life in China. It was noticeable, however, that my unrestrained laughter had a discordant effect, and that triangular eyes sometimes turned ominously toward me; but as I retired discreetly before the play was finished, there were no serious results. I have only given the above as an instance of the impossibility of deciding upon the outward and superficial expression of Chinese mirth. Of its inner and deeper existence I have some private doubts. An audience that

will view with a serious aspect the hero, after a frightful and agonizing death, get up and quietly walk off the stage, cannot be said to have remarkable perceptions of the ludicrous.

I have often been struck with the delicate pliability of the Chinese expression and taste, that might suggest a broader and deeper criticism than is becoming these pages. A Chinaman will adopt the American costume, and wear it with a taste of color and detail that will surpass those "native and to the manner born." To look at a Chinese slipper, one might imagine it impossible to shape the original foot to anything less cumbrous and roomy, yet a neater-fitting boot than that belonging to the Americanized Chinaman is rarely seen on this side of the continent. When the loose sack, or paletot, takes the place of his brocade blouse, it is worn with a refinement and grace that might bring a jealous pang to the exquisite of our more refined civilization.



JOHN CHINAMAN.

Pantaloon falls easily and naturally over legs that have known unlimited freedom and bagginess, and even garrote collars meet correctly around sun-tanned throats. The new expression seldom overflows in gaudy cravats. I will back my Americanized Chinaman against any neophyte of European birth in the choice of that article. While in our own state the Greaser resists one by one the garments of the Northern invader, and even wears the livery of his conqueror with a wild and buttonless freedom, the Chinaman, abused and degraded as he is, changes by correctly graded transition

to the garments of Christian civilization. There is but one article of European wear that he avoids. These Bohemian eyes have never yet been pained by the spectacle of a tall hat on the head of an intelligent Chinaman.

My acquaintance with John has been made up of weekly interviews, involving the adjustment of the washing accounts, so that I have not been able to study his character from a social view-point or observe him in the privacy of the domestic circle. I have gathered enough to justify me in believing him to be generally honest, faithful, simple, and painstaking. Of his simplicity let me record an instance where a sad and civil young Chinaman brought me certain shirts with most of the buttons missing and others hanging on delusively by a single thread. In a moment of unguarded irony I informed him that unity would at least have been preserved if the buttons were removed altogether. He smiled sadly and went away. I thought I had hurt his feelings, until the next week, when he brought me my shirts with a look of intelligence, and the buttons carefully and totally erased.

At another time, to guard against his general disposition to carry off anything as soiled clothes that he thought could hold water, I requested him to always wait until he saw me. Coming home late one evening, I found the household in great consternation, over an immovable Celestial who had remained seated on the front-door-step during the day, sad and submissive, firm but also patient, and only betraying any animation or token of his mission when he saw me coming.

This same Chinaman evinced some evidences of regard for a little girl in the family, who in her turn reposed such faith in his intellectual qualities as to present him with

a preternaturally uninteresting book, her own property. This book John made a point of carrying ostentatiously with him in his weekly visits. It appeared usually on the top of the clean clothes, and was sometimes painfully clasped outside of the big bundle of soiled linen. Whether John believed he unconsciously imbibed some spiritual life through its pasteboard cover, as the Prince in the "Arabian Nights" imbibed the medicine through the handle of the mallet, or whether he wished to exhibit a due sense of gratitude, or whether he hadn't any pockets, I have never been able to ascertain. In his turn he would sometimes cut marvelous imitation roses from carrots for his little friend. I am inclined to think that the few roses strewn in John's path were such scentless imitations. The thorns only were real. From the persecutions of the young and old of a certain class, his life was a torment.

I don't know what was the exact philosophy that Confucius taught, but it is to be hoped that poor John in his persecution is still able to detect the conscious hate and fear with which inferiority always regards the possibility of even-handed justice, and which is the keynote to the vulgar clamor about servile and degraded races.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

1. Aggregate, humiliation, sardonic, comedian, somersaults, amuck, discreetly, pliability, cumbrous, garrote, neophyte, delusively, preternaturally, ostentatiously, imbibed.

2. Where is China? About what population has it? What do you know about the Chinese homes? Chinese manners, dress, and food? What "drug" is meant?



XII. THE SUNKEN CITY.

WILHELM MÜLLER (1794-1827) was one of the most popular of German song-writers. It is always difficult to preserve the melody with the exact meaning in a translation, but of the many versions of the following poem we have taken that of James Clarence Mangan as being the best.

Hark ! the faint bells of the sunken city
Peal once more their wonted evening chime ;
From the deep's abysses floats a ditty,
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories
There lie buried in an ocean grave—
Undescried, save when their golden glories
Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who hath seen them glisten,
In whose ears those magic bells do sound,
Night by night bides there to watch and listen,
Though Death lurks behind each dark rock round.

So the bells of Memory's wonder-city
Peal for me their old melodious chime ;
So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
Sad and pleasant, from the bygone time.

Domes, and towers, and castles, fancy-built,
There lie lost to daylight's garish beams—
There lie hidden, till unveiled and gilded,
Glory-gilded, by my nightly dreams.

And then hear I music sweet upknelling
Clear, from many a well-known phantom band,
And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling
Far off in the spirit's luminous land !

WILHELM MULLER.

XIII. THE WANDERER.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË (1816-1855) was born in Yorkshire, England. Her father was an eccentric Irish minister of the Church of England. All his children were puny and sickly, but very intellectual. Before Charlotte was fifteen she had evinced remarkable literary talent, writing under the name of "Currer Bell." Her first successful work, and her greatest, was "Jane Eyre," from which the following extract is taken. It is almost an autobiography of the writer. "Shirley" and "Villette" are perhaps superior in literary form and plan, but her reputation as a writer of fiction will always rest on "Jane Eyre."



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

The heroine, a wanderer from home, sought shelter for the night from the storm and darkness. She saw a light in the distance, and with difficulty reached a house and knocked at the door, which was opened by the servant.

"What do you want?" she inquired, in a voice of surprise, as she surveyed me by the light of the candle she held.

"May I speak to your mistresses?" I said.

"You had better tell me what you have to say to them. Where do you come from?"

"I am a stranger."

"What is your business here at this hour?"

"I want a night's shelter in an outhouse, or anywhere, and a morsel of bread to eat."

Distrust, the very feeling I dreaded, appeared in Hannah's face. "I'll give you a piece of bread," she said, after a pause; "but we can't take in a vagrant to lodge. It isn't likely."

"Do let me speak to your mistresses."

"No; not I. What can they do for you? You should not be roving about now; it looks very ill."

"But where shall I go if you drive me away? What shall I do?"

"Oh, I'll warrant you know where to go, and what to do. Mind, don't do wrong, that's all. Here's a penny; now go—"

"A penny cannot feed me, and I have no strength to go farther. Don't shut the door—oh, don't, for God's sake!"

"I must; the rain is driving in—"

"Tell the young ladies. Let me see them."

"Indeed, I will not. You are not what you ought to be, or you wouldn't make such a noise. Move off."

"But I must die if I am turned away."

"Not you. I'm fear'd you have some ill plans agate, that bring you about folk's houses at this time o' night. If you've any followers—housebreakers or such like—anywhere near, you may tell them we are not by ourselves in the house; we have a gentleman, and dogs, and guns." Here the honest but inflexible servant clapped the door to and bolted it within.

This was the climax. A pang of exquisite suffering—a throe of true despair—rent and heaved my heart. Worn out, indeed, I was; not another step could I stir. I sank on the wet doorstep; I groaned, I wrung my hands, I wept in utter anguish. Oh, this specter of death! Oh, this last hour, approaching in such horror! Alas, this isolation, this banishment from my kind! Not only the anchor of hope, but the footing of fortitude, was gone—at least for a moment; but the last I soon endeavored to regain.

"I can but die," I said; "and I believe in God. Let me try to wait His will in silence."

These words I not only thought, but uttered ; and thrusting back all my misery into my heart, I made an effort to compel it to remain there, dumb and still.

"All men must die," said a voice quite close at hand ; "but all are not condemned to meet a lingering and premature doom, such as yours would be if you perished here of want."

"Who or what speaks?" I asked, terrified at the unexpected sound, and incapable now of deriving from any occurrence a hope of aid. A form was near—what form, the pitch-dark night and my enfeebled vision prevented me from distinguishing. With a loud, long knock, the new comer appealed to the door.

"Is it you, Mr. St. John?" cried Hannah.

"Yes,—yes ; open quickly."

"Well, how wet and cold you must be, such a wild night as it is ! Come in ; your sisters are quite uneasy about you, and I believe there are bad folks about. There has been a beggar-woman—I declare she is not gone yet !—laid down there. Get up ! for shame ! Move off, I say !"

"Hush, Hannah ! I have a word to say to the woman. You have done your duty in excluding, now let me do mine in admitting her. I was near, and listened to both you and her. I think this is a peculiar case,—I must at least examine into it. Young woman, rise, and pass before me into the house."

With difficulty I obeyed him. Presently I stood within that clean, bright kitchen—on the very hearth, trembling, sickening ; conscious of an aspect in the last degree ghastly, wild, and weather-beaten. The two ladies, their brother Mr. St. John, the old servant, were all gazing at me.

"St. John, who is it?" I heard one ask.

"I cannot tell; I found her at the door," was the reply.

"She does look white," said Hannah.

"As white as clay or death," was responded. "She will fall! let her sit."

And indeed my head swam: I dropped; but a chair received me. I still possessed my senses, though just now I could not speak.

"Perhaps a little water would restore her. Hannah, fetch some. But she is worn to nothing. How very thin, and how very bloodless!"

"A mere specter?"

"Is she ill, or only famished?"

"Famished, I think. Hannah, is that milk? Give it me, and a piece of bread."

Diana (I knew her by the long curls which I saw drooping between me and the fire as she bent over me) broke some bread, dipped it in milk, and put it to my lips. Her face was near mine: I saw there was pity in it, and I felt sympathy in her hurried breathing. In her simple words, too, the same balm-like emotion spoke: "Try to eat."

"Yes—try," repeated Mary, gently; and Mary's hand removed my sodden bonnet and lifted my head. I tasted what they offered me: feebly at first, eagerly soon.

"Not too much at first—restrain her," said the brother; "she has had enough." And he withdrew the cup of milk and the plate of bread.

"A little more, St. John—look at the avidity in her eyes."

"No more at present, sister. Try if she can speak now—ask her her name."

I felt I could speak, and I answered—"My name is Jane Elliott." Anxious as ever to avoid discovery, I had before resolved to assume an *alias*.

"And where do you live? Where are your friends?"

I was silent.

"Can we send for any one you know?"

I shook my head.

"What account can you give of yourself?"

Somehow, now that I had once crossed the threshold of this house, and once was brought face to face with its owners, I felt no longer outcast, vagrant, and disowned by the wide world. I dared to put off the mendicant, to resume my natural manner and character. I began once more to know myself; and when Mr. St. John demanded an account—which at present I was far too weak to render—I said, after a brief pause—

"Sir, I can give you no details to-night."

"But what, then," said he, "do you expect me to do for you?"

"Nothing," I replied. My strength sufficed for but short answers. Diana took the word:

"Do you mean," she asked, "that we have now given you what aid you require, and that we may dismiss you to the moor and the rainy night?"

I looked at her. She had, I thought, a remarkable countenance; instinct both with power and goodness. I took sudden courage. Answering her compassionate gaze with a smile, I said: "I will trust you. If I were a masterless and stray dog, I know that you would not turn me from your hearth to-night: as it is, I really have no fear. Do with me and for me as you like; but excuse me from much discourse—my breath is short—I feel a spasm when I speak." All three surveyed me, and all three were silent.

"Hannah," said Mr. St. John, at last, "let her sit there at present, and ask her no questions; in ten minutes more

give her the remainder of that milk and bread. Mary and Diana, let us go into the parlor and talk the matter over."

They withdrew. Very soon one of the ladies returned—I could not tell which. A kind of pleasant stupor was stealing over me as I sat by the genial fire. In an undertone she gave some directions to Hannah. Ere long, with the servant's aid, I contrived to mount a staircase; my dripping clothes were removed; soon a warm, dry bed received me. I thanked God, experienced amidst unutterable exhaustion a glow of grateful joy, and slept.

B. Monticelli

1. Vagrant, agate, inflexible, throe, isolation, premature, avidity, alias, mendicant, sufficient, exhaustion.

2. What do you consider the three strongest works of fiction which you have read? What good lesson is taught by this extract?

XIV. OF PROPERTY.

WILLIAM PALEY (1743-1805) was the author of the most popular and lasting system of moral philosophy ever published. His style is remarkably clear and strong, and his good common sense and regard for the true end of knowledge are shown in all his works. "*Horæ Paulinæ, or the Truth of the Scripture History of St. Paul evinced,*" is his greatest book, but his "*Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy,*" "*View of the Evidences of Christianity,*" and "*Natural Theology*" are still studied with profit.

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if (instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap,

reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps worst, pigeon of the flock ; sitting round, and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about, and wasting it ; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces : if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practiced and established among men.

Among men you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one (and this one, too, oftentimes the feeblest and worst of the whole set—a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool), getting nothing for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces ; looking quietly on while they see the fruits of all their labor spent or spoiled ; and if one of the number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft.

There must be some very important advantages to account for an institution which, in the view of it above given, is so paradoxical and unnatural. The principal of these are :

I. It increases the produce of the earth.

The earth, in climates like ours, produces little without cultivation ; and none would be found willing to cultivate the ground if others were to be admitted to an equal share of the produce. The same is true of the care of flocks and herds of tame animals. Crabs and acorns, red deer, rabbits, game, and fish are all which we should have to subsist upon in this country if we trusted to the spontaneous productions of the soil ; and it fares not much better with other countries. A tribe of North American savages, con-

sisting of two or three hundred, will take up and be half starved upon a tract of land which in Europe, and with European management, would be sufficient for the maintenance of as many thousands.

In some fertile soils, together with great abundance of fish upon their coasts, and in regions where clothes are unnecessary, a considerable degree of population may subsist without property in land; but in less favored situations, though this sort of property obtain in a small degree, the inhabitants, for want of a more secure and regular establishment of it, are driven oftentimes by the scarcity of provisions to devour one another.

II. It preserves the produce of the earth to maturity.

We may judge what would be the effects of a community of right to the productions of the earth from the trifling specimens which we see of it at present. A cherry-tree in a hedge-row, nuts in a wood, the grass of an unstinted pasture, are seldom of much advantage to anybody, because people do not wait for the proper season of reaping them. Corn, if any were sown, would never ripen; lambs and calves would never grow up to sheep and cows, because the first person that met them would reflect that he had better take them as they are than leave them for another.

III. It prevents contests. War and waste, tumult and confusion, must be unavoidable and eternal where there is not enough for all, and where there are no rules to adjust the division.

IV. It improves the conveniency of living. This it does in two ways. It enables mankind to divide themselves into distinct professions, which is impossible unless a man can exchange the productions of his own art for what he wants from others, and exchange implies property. Much of the

advantage of civilized over savage life depends upon this. When a man is, from necessity, his own tailor, tent-maker, carpenter, cook, huntsman, and fisherman, it is not probable that he will be expert at any of his callings. Hence the rude habitations, furniture, clothing, and implements of savages, and the tedious length of time which all their operations require.

It likewise encourages those arts by which the accommodations of human life are supplied, by appropriating to the artist the benefit of his discoveries and improvements, without which appropriation ingenuity will never be exerted with effect. Upon these several accounts we may venture, with a few exceptions, to pronounce that even the poorest and the worst provided, in countries where property and the consequences of property prevail, are in a better situation with respect to food, raiment, houses, and the necessities of life than any are in places where most things remain in common. The balance, therefore, upon the whole, must preponderate in favor of property with a manifest and great excess.

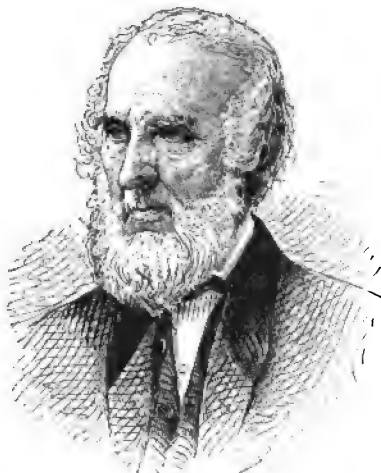
Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractedly considered, is an evil; but it flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable. If there be any great inequality unconnected with this origin, it ought to be corrected.

WILLIAM PALEY.

1. Reserving, practiced, superfluities, paradoxical, spontaneous, unstinted, tedious, ingenuity, preponderate.

2. What is meant by *property*? How was it first obtained? How was it retained before society made laws? Is there any material object not subject to ownership?

XV. POEMS OF NATURE.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892) is emphatically the poet of the people. He was born in Haverhill, Mass. Like his ancestors he belonged to the Society of Friends. From early boyhood he earned his own living by farming and shoemaking.

He had little opportunity to go to school, but took his diploma in the university of Nature. He was for some years a newspaper editor, but was first brought into prominence by his earnest opposition to human wrongs. Some of his poems on slavery were invective and bitter, but generally a pathetic strain of sentiment runs through all his tales, whether in prose or in verse. "Snow-Bound" is the most am-

bitious of his poems, but even this does not excel many of his ballads. "Voices of Freedom" and "In War Times" contain many beautiful lines. "The Eve of Election" and "Barbara Frietchie" are among the best known of his poems and perhaps the most often quoted. The following selections show his felicity in depicting scenes from Nature.

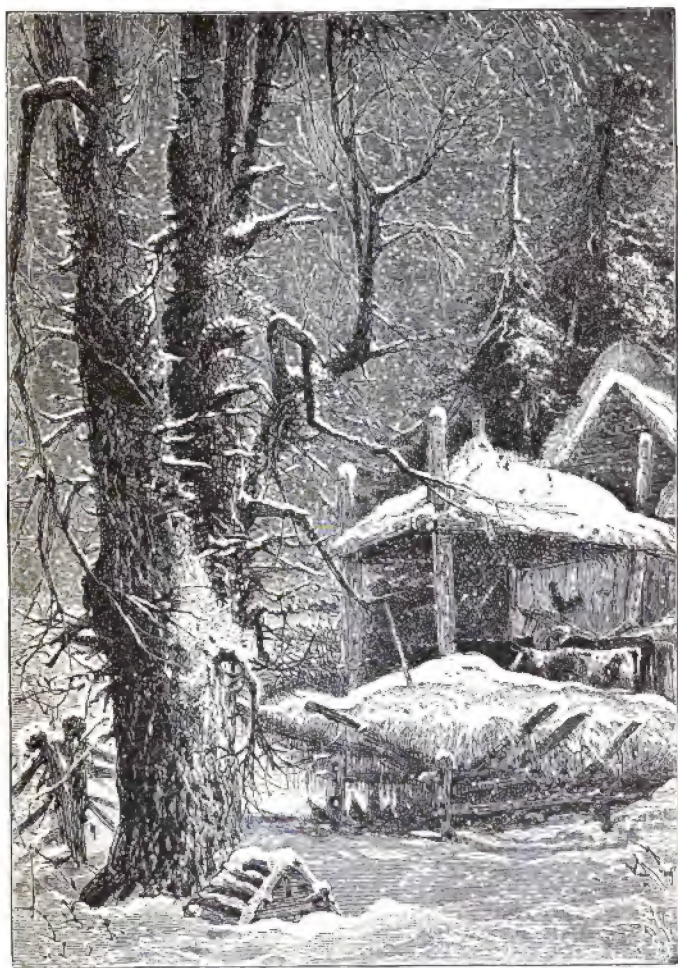
I. THE FROST SPIRIT.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! You may
trace his footsteps now

On the naked woods, and the blasted fields, and the brown
hill's withered brow.

He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their
pleasant green came forth,

And the winds which follow wherever he goes have shaken
them down to earth.



He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! from the
frozen Labrador,
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white
bear wanders o'er,
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless
forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues
grow!

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! on the
rushing Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful
breath went past.
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires
of Hecla glow
On the darkly beautiful sky above, and the ancient ice
below.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! and the
quiet lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the
skater's heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang
to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful
silence pass.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! Let us
meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor fire his evil power
away;

And gather closer the circle round, when that firelight
dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend, as his sound-
ing wing goes by !

II. A DREAM OF SUMMER.

Bland as the morning breath of June
The southwest breezes play ;
And, through its haze, the winter noon
Seems warm as summer's day.
The snow-plumed Angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear ;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The bluebird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
" Bear up, O Mother Nature ! " cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free ;
" Our winter voices prophesy.
Of summer days to thee ! "

So, in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers !

The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Has left his Hope with all!

III. EVENING BY LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE.

Yon mountain's side is black with night,
While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleaming crown
The moon, slow-rounding into sight,
On the hushed inland sea looks down.

How start to light the clustering isles,
Each silver-hemmed! How sharply show
The shadows of their rocky piles,
And tree-tops in the wave below!

How far and strange the mountains seem,
Dim-looming through the pale, still light!
The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,
Hushed by that presence grand and grave,
Are silent, save the cricket's wail,
And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes! whereto the Day and Night
Make rival love, I leave ye soon,
What time before the eastern light
The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide behind yon rocky spines,
And the young archer, Morn, shall break
His arrows on the mountain pines,
And, golden-sandaled, walk the lake !

Farewell ! around this smiling bay
Gay-hearted Health, and Life in bloom,
With lighter steps than mine, may stray
In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave
These waters and these hills than I :
Or, distant, fonder dream how e'er
Or dawn is painting wave and sky ;

How rising moons shine sad and mild
On wooded isle and silvering bay ;
Or setting suns beyond the piled
And purple mountains lead the day ;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,
Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering here,
Shall add, to life's abounding joy,
The charmed repose to suffering dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart
Her choicest gifts to such as gain
An entrance to her loving heart
Through the sharp discipline of pain.

Forever from the Hand that takes
One blessing from us others fall ;
And, soon or late, our Father makes
His perfect recompense to all !

Oh, watched by Silence and the Night,
And folded in the strong embrace
Of the great mountains, with the light
Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,

Lake of the Northland ! keep thy dower
Of beauty still, and while above
Thy solemn mountains speak of power,
Be thou the mirror of God's love !

John K. Whittier

1. Unscorched, ancient, shriek, prophesy, germs, solemn, sandaled, laughing, discipline, recompense, mirror.

2. What is meant by the "Frost Spirit"? "the icy bridge"? "the lingering night"? "the fires of Hecle"? "the shriek of the baffled Fiend"? Where is Labrador? Who is "The snow-plumed Angel of the North"? What is "Memory's frozen pole"? What figures of speech are used in the last stanza of the second poem? Point out and explain three different rhetorical figures which occur in the third poem.

XVI. FASHION.

Authors in all ages have tried to overwhelm fashion with their wit and satire, but it still continues to flourish, doubtless because even its changes and oddities have some good foundation. Perhaps it will yet discover the most graceful and most comfortable garments for mankind, through its variations, and even its follies may contribute to this end.

Over two centuries ago, in England, quaint old JOHN EVELYN (1620-1706), who is described as "rich and amiable," after publishing several historical and scientific works, wrote "Tyrannus, or the Mode" (from which the first extract is taken), to attack the follies of fashion. Many years later WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800), "the most popular poet of his generation, and the best

of English letter writers," as Southey called him, continued the attack, as shown in the second selection. Cowper's poems are more generally known and admired than his prose writings.

I.

'Twas a witty expression of Malvezzi,—“Garments in animals are infallible signs of their nature ; in men, of their understanding.” Though I would not judge of the monk by the hood he wears, or celebrate the humor of Julian's court, where the philosopher's mantle made all his officers appear like so many conjurers, 'tis worth observing yet, that the people of Rome left off the *toga*, an ancient and noble garment, with their power, and that the vicissitude was little better than a presage of that of their fortune ; for the military *saga*, differencing them from their slaves, was no small indication of the declining of their courage, which shortly followed.

Be it excusable in the French to alter and impose the mode on others, 'tis no less a weakness and a shame in the rest of the world, to admit them, at least to that degree of levity as to turn into all their shapes without discrimination ; so as when the freak takes our *Monsieurs* to appear like so many farces or Jack Puddings on the stage, all the world should alter shape and play the pantomimes with them.

Methinks a French tailor, with his ell in his hand, looks the enchantress Circe over the companions of Ulysses, and changes them into as many forms. One while we are made to be loose in our clothes, and by and by appear like so many malefactors sewed up in sacks, as of old they were wont to treat a parricide, with a dog, an ape, and a serpent. This gallant goes so pinched in the waist, as if he were prepared for the question of the fiery plates in Turkey ; and that so loose, as if he would turn insect, or drop in two.

If the kings of Mexico changed four times a day, it was an upper vest, which they were used to honor some meritorious servant with. Let men change their habits as often as they please, so the change be for the better. I would have a summer habit, and a winter; for the spring, and for the autumn. Something I would indulge to youth; something to age and humor. But what have we to do with these foreign butterflies? Let the change be our own, not borrowed of others.

JOHN EVELYN.

II.

While the world lasts, fashion will continue to lead it by the nose. And, after all, what can fashion do for its most obsequious followers? It can ring the changes upon the same thing, and it can do no more. Whether our hats be white or black, our caps high or low, whether we wear two watches or one, is of little consequence. There is, indeed, an appearance of variety; but the folly and vanity that dictate and adopt the change are invariably the same.

When the fashions of a particular period appear more reasonable than those of the preceding, it is not because the world has grown more reasonable than it was; but because, in a course of perpetual changes, some of them must sometimes happen to be for the better. Neither do I suppose the preposterous customs that prevail at present a proof of its greater folly.

In a few years, perhaps next year, the fine gentleman will shut up his umbrella, and give it to his sister, filling his hands with a crab tree cudgel instead of it: and when he has done so, will he be wiser than now? By no means. The love of change will have betrayed him into a propriety

for which, in reality, he has no taste; all his merit on the occasion amounting to no more than this—that, being weary of one plaything, he has taken up another.



1. Infallible, conjurers, toga, vicissitude, presage, discrimination, pantomimes, enchantress, parricide, obsequies, preposterous, propriety.

2. What is meant by "garments in animals"? Is it well to follow the fashion? May the most graceful garments be the most inconvenient? What change has 'cycling brought in dress?

XVII. EVILS OF WAR.

REV. ROBERT HALL (1764–1831) was a Baptist minister in England. A man of powerful intellect, vivid imagination, and rhetorical force, his fervid eloquence added strength to his well-rounded periods. His sermons and other works, in six volumes, have gone through eleven editions. His "Reflections on War," from which this extract is taken, is a vivid picture of the effects of that terrible scourge.

How dreadful to hold everything at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon dependent upon the sword! How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire, where the issues of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs, and no conception can be formed of our destiny except so far as it is dimly deciphered in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power!

Conceive but for a moment the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in this neighborhood. When you have placed

yourself for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors? Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of Heaven and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation: there the cottages of peasants given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves but for their infants; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil.

In another part you witness opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged, and every age, sex, and rank mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin. Among many barbarous nations, those who survived the fury of battle and the insolence of victory were only reserved for more durable calamities; swept into hopeless captivity, exposed in markets, or plunged into mines, with the melancholy distinction bestowed on princes and warriors, after appearing in the triumphal procession of the conqueror, of being conducted to instant death.

The contemplation of such scenes as these forces on us this awful reflection, that neither the fury of wild beasts, the concussions of the earth, nor the violence of tempests are to be compared to the ravages of arms; and that nature in her utmost extent, or, more properly, divine justice in its utmost severity, has supplied no enemy to man so terrible as man. Still, however, it would be happy for mankind if the

effects of national hostility terminated here ; but the fact is that they who are farthest removed from its immediate desolations share largely in the calamity. They are drained of the most precious part of their population, their youth, to repair the waste made by the sword. They are drained of their wealth by the prodigious expense incurred in the equipment of fleets and the subsistence of armies in remote parts.

The accumulation of debt and taxes diminishes the public strength, and depresses private industry. An augmentation in the price of the necessaries of life, inconvenient to all classes, falls with peculiar weight on the laboring poor, who must carry their industry to market every day, and therefore cannot wait for that advance of price which gradually attaches to every other article. Of all people, the poor are, on this account, the greatest sufferers by war, and have the most reason to rejoice in the restoration of peace.

In commercial states, whatever interrupts their intercourse is a fatal blow to national prosperity. Such states having a mutual dependence upon each other, the effects of their hostility extend far beyond the parties engaged in the contest. If there be a country highly commercial which has a decided superiority in wealth and industry, together with a fleet which enables it to protect its trade, the commerce of such a country may survive the shock, but it is at the expense of the commerce of all other nations ; a painful reflection to a generous mind.

Even there, the usual channels of trade being closed, it is some time before it can force a new passage for itself : previous to which an almost fatal stagnation takes place, by which multitudes are impoverished and thousands of the industrious poor, being thrown out of employment, are plunged into wretchedness and beggary.

Who can calculate the number of industrious families in different parts of the world, to say nothing of our own country, who have been reduced to poverty from this cause since the peace of Europe was interrupted?



The plague of a widely-extended war possesses, in fact, a sort of omnipresence, by which it makes itself everywhere felt; for, while it gives up myriads to slaughter in one part of the globe, it is busily employed in scattering over countries exempt from its

immediate desolation the seeds of famine, pestilence, and death.

If statesmen—if Christian statesmen at least—had a proper feeling on this subject, and would open their hearts to the reflections which such scenes must inspire, instead of rushing eagerly to arms from the thirst of conquest or the thirst of gain, would they not hesitate long, would they not try every expedient, every lenient art consistent with national honor, before they ventured on this desperate remedy, or rather before they plunged into this gulf of horror?

ROBERT HALL.

1. Inspire, deciph'ered, caprices, pestilence, promiscuous, massacre, prodigious, subsistence, impoverished, omnipresence, lenient.

2. What has been the chief cause of war? Has good, as well as evil, resulted from many wars? In a pure civilization could there be war?

XVIII. HYMN OF PEACE.

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long,
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love;
Come while our voices are blending in song,—
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,—
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive leaf garland of love,—
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Joyous we meet, on this altar of thine
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,—
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Brothers, once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky.
Loud as the storm wind that tumbles the main
Bid the full breath of the organ reply,—
Let the loud tempest of voices reply,—
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main,
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky;—
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

XIX. POETRY AND PROSE.

HENRY REED (1808-1854) was born in Philadelphia, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania. He was admitted to the bar, but his tastes led him to literary pursuits. He filled various professorships in the University of Pennsylvania with credit. He was drowned on the ill-fated "Arctic" when returning from Europe. Reed's "Lectures on English Literature," a selection from which is found below, give evidence of careful investigation, sound judgment, and critical taste.

It is a good practical rule to keep one's reading well proportioned in the two great divisions, prose and poetry. This is very apt to be neglected, and the consequence is a great loss of power, moral and intellectual, and a loss of some of the highest enjoyments of literature.

It sometimes happens that some readers devote themselves too much to poetry ; this is a great mistake, and betrays an ignorance of the true use of poetical studies. When this happens, it is generally with those whose reading lies chiefly in the lower and merely sentimental region of poetry, for it is hardly possible for the imagination to enter truly into the spirit of the great poets without having the various faculties of the mind so awakened and invigorated as to make a knowledge of the great prose writers also a necessity of one's nature.

The disproportion lies usually in the other direction—prose reading to the exclusion of poetry. This is owing chiefly to the want of proper culture ; for, although there is certainly a great disparity of imaginative endowment, still the imagination is part of the universal mind of man, and it is a work of education to bring it into action in minds even the least imaginative. It is chiefly to the willfully unimaginative mind that poetry, with all its wisdom and all its glory, is a sealed book.

The neglect of poetical reading is increased by the very mistaken notion that poetry is a mere luxury of the mind, alien from the demands of practical life—a light and effortless amusement. This is the prejudice and error of ignorance. For look at many of the strong and largely cultivated minds, which we know by biography and their own works, and note how large and precious an element of strength is their studious love of poetry.

It was no false boast when it was said that “Our great poets have been our best political philosophers;” nor would it be to add, that they have been our best moralists. The reader, then, who, on the one hand, gives himself wholly to visionary poetic dreamings is false to his Saxon blood; and equally false is he who divorces himself from communion with the poets.

There is no great philosopher in our language in whose genius imagination is not an active element; there is no great poet into whose character the philosophic element does not largely enter. This should teach us a lesson in our studies of English literature.

HENRY REED.

1. Intellectual, sentimental, invigorated, disparity, endowment, prejudice, visionary, alien.

2. Which do you prefer, prose or poetry? What book do you like best in prose? What poet do you like best? What is the true use of poetical study? What is poetry? Perhaps imagination enters too much into some of our political philosophy.



XX. MAN.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, a modern English poet of note, was born in London in 1837, and was educated in France and at Oxford, England. He has glowing powers of description, a fervid love of nature, and the true poetic instinct. He writes in rich, florid English with beauty and force. His best works are "Poems and Ballads," "The Queen Mother," "Atalanta in Calydon," from which the following extract is taken, and "A Song of Italy."

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears ;
Grief, with a glass that ran ;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven ;
Summer, with flowers that fell ;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven,
And madness, risen from hell ;
Strength, without hands to smite ;
Love, that endures for a breath ;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years ;
And froth and drift of the sea ;
And dust of the laboring earth ;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth ;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
And death beneath and above,

For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife ;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life ;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time to serve and to sin ;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty, and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.

His speech is a burning fire ;
With his lips he travaileth ;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death ;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision ;
Sows, and he shall not reap ;
His life is a watch or a vision,
Between a sleep and a sleep.

Alwin Birrell

1. Leaven, remembrance, wrought, derision, foreknowledge.
2. Remembrance and Madness are how personified? What is meant

by "Before the beginning of years"? "Night, the shadow of death"? "a span"? "veils of the soul"? "foreknowledge of death"? "Between a sleep and a sleep"?

XXI. THE PLAGUE.



GEORGE ELIOT.

"GEORGE ELIOT" (1819-1880) was the *nom de plume* of Marian Evans (Mrs. J. W. Cross), who ranks as one of the most celebrated of English novelists. Her writings are characterized by great purity of style and felicity of expression. Especially strong are her analyses of the sentiments and emotions of the human heart. She was a finished essayist and a poet of no mean order, as well as a writer of fiction. "Adam Bede," "Romola," "Daniel Deronda," and "Middlemarch" are generally regarded as her greatest novels.

The vigor and delicacy of her delineation of character, and the great beauty and force of her style,

are shown in the following extract from "Romola." Romola is the name of the heroine, who, disgusted with her poor, weak husband, who had left her, and in despair at the course of events in her native city, abandoned her home and, without a thought or care as to what should happen to her, pushed her boat into the currents of the Mediterranean, and suffered them to carry her whither they might.

Through the night she "passed from dreaming into deep, long sleep, and then again from deep sleep into busy dreaming," till she awoke in a little creek amidst "one of those scenes which were and still are repeated again and again, like a sweet rhythm, on the shores of that loveliest sea."

She heard the cry of a child, and, seeking it, found it in a hovel, the only living among the dead. Taking the child in her arms, she hurried towards a village whose fearful stillness told of the Plague. All who were able had gone over the mountains, leaving the dead unburied and the sick to die unaided.

I.

Romola felt horror taking possession of her. Was she in a village of the unburied dead? She wanted to listen if there were any faint sound, but the child cried out afresh when she ceased to feed it, and the cry filled her ears. At last she saw a figure crawling slowly out of a house, and soon sinking back in a sitting posture against the wall. She hastened towards the figure; it was a young woman in fevered anguish, and she, too, held a pitcher in her hand. As Romola approached her she did not start; the one need was too absorbing for any other idea to impress itself upon her.

"Water! get me water!" she said, with a moaning utterance.

Romola stooped to take the pitcher, and said gently in her ear, "You shall have water; can you point towards the well?"

The hand was lifted towards the more distant end of the little street, and Romola set off at once with as much speed as she could use under the difficulty of carrying the pitcher as well as feeding the child. Occupied in this way, she was not aware that she was very near the well, and that some one approaching it on the other side had fixed a pair of astonished eyes upon her.

Romola certainly presented a sight which, at that moment and in that place, might well startle that youth of fifteen, accustomed to swing the censer in the presence of a Madonna less fair and marvelous than this.

"She carries a pitcher in her hand—to fetch water for the sick. It is the Holy Mother come to take care of the people who have the pestilence."

It was a sight of awe : she would, perhaps, be angry with those who fetched water for themselves only. The youth flung down his vessel in terror, and Romola, aware now of some one near her, saw the black and white figure fly as if for dear life towards the slope. But remembering the parched sufferer, she half filled her pitcher quickly and hastened back.

With nimble movement she seated the baby on the ground, and lifted a cup of water to the sufferer, who drank eagerly and then closed her eyes and leaned her head backward, seeming to give herself up to the sense of relief. Presently she opened her eyes, and, looking at Romola, said languidly,—

“Who are you?”

“I came over the sea,” said Romola. “I only came this morning. Are all the people dead in these houses?”

“I think they are all ill now—all that are not dead. My father and my sister lie dead up stairs, and there is no one to bury them; and soon I shall die.”

“Not so, I hope,” said Romola. “I am come to take care of you. I am used to the pestilence; I am not afraid. But there must be some left who are not ill. I saw a youth running towards the mountain when I went to the well.”

“I cannot tell. When the pestilence came, a great many people went away, and drove off the cows and goats. Give me more water!”

Romola, suspecting that if she followed the direction of the youth’s flight she should find some men and women who were still healthy and able, determined to seek them out at once, that she might at least win them to take care of the child, and leave her free to come back and see how many living needed help, and how many dead needed burial.

Promising the sick woman to come back to her, she lifted the dark bantling again, and set off towards the slope. She felt no burden of choice now, no longing for death. She was thinking how she would go to the other sufferers, as she had gone to that fevered woman.

Raising her eyes to measure the steep distance, she saw peeping between the boughs, not more than five yards off, a broad, round face, watching her attentively, and lower down the black skirt of a priest's garment, and a hand grasping a bucket. Romola had often witnessed the overpowering force of dread in cases of pestilence, and she was cautious.

Raising her voice in a tone of gentle pleading, she said, "I came over the sea. I am hungry, and so is the child. Will you not give us some milk?"

II.

Romola had divined part of the truth, but she had not divined that preoccupation of the priest's mind which charged her words with a strange significance. Only a little while ago, the young acolyte had brought word to the Padre that he had seen the Holy Mother with the Babe, fetching water for the sick: she was as tall as the cypresses, and had a light about her head, and she looked up at the church.

The priest had not listened with entire belief: he had been more than fifty years in the world without having any vision of the Madonna, and he thought the boy might have misinterpreted the unexpected appearance of a villager. But he had been made uneasy, and before venturing to come down and milk his cow he had repeated many Aves.

In this state of mind—unable to banish the image the boy had raised of the Mother with the glory about her

tending the sick—the priest had come down to milk his cow, and had suddenly caught sight of Romola pausing at the parted way. Her pleading words, with their strange refinement of tone and accent, had a preternatural sound for him. Yet he did not quite believe he saw the Holy Mother: he was in a state of alarmed hesitation. He dared not run away; he dared not advance.

“Come down,” said Romola, after a pause. “Do not fear. Fear rather to deny food to the hungry when they ask you.”

A moment after the boughs were parted, and the complete figure of a thick-set priest stood, bucket in hand, looking at her timidly, and still keeping aloof as he took the path towards the cow in silence.

Romola followed him and watched him without speaking again, as he seated himself against the tethered cow, and, when he had nervously drawn some milk, gave it to her in a brass cup he carried in the bucket. As Romola put the cup to the lips of the eager child, and afterwards drank some milk herself, the Padre observed her from his wooden stool with a timidity that changed its character a little. He recognized the Hebrew baby; he was certain that he had a substantial woman before him; but there was still something strange and unaccountable in Romola’s presence in this spot, and the Padre had a presentiment that things were going to change with him.

Nevertheless, when Romola smiled at the little one, and stretched out the brass cup again, saying, “Give us more, good father,” he obeyed less nervously than before.

Romola, on her side, was not unobservant; and when the second supply of milk had been drunk, she looked down at the round-headed man, and said with mild decision, “And

now tell me, father, how this pestilence came, and why you let your people die without the sacraments, and lie unburied. For I am come over the sea to help those who are left alive—and you, too, will help them now.”

He told her the story of the pestilence; and while he was telling it, the youth, who had fled before, had come peeping and advancing gradually, till at last he stood and watched the scene from behind a neighboring bush. Three families of Jews had been put ashore many weeks ago, some of them already ill of the pestilence. Then the pestilence attacked the Christians, and the greater number of the villagers went over the mountain, driving away their few cattle and carrying provisions. The priest had not fled; he had stayed and prayed for the people; but he confessed that he had not dared to go down into the valley.

“You will fear no longer, father,” said Romola; “you will come down with me, and we will see who is living, and we will look for the dead to bury them. I have walked about for months where the pestilence was, and see, I am strong. Jacopo will come with us,” she added, motioning to the peeping lad, who came slowly from behind his defensive bush, as if invisible threads were dragging him.

“Come, Jacopo,” said Romola again, smiling at him, “you will carry the child for me. See! your arms are strong, and I am tired. Now we will carry down the milk, and see if any one wants it.”

So they went all together down the slope, and that morning the sufferers saw help come to them in their despair. There were hardly more than a score alive in the whole valley; but all of these were comforted, most were saved, and the dead were buried.

In this way days, weeks, and months passed with Romola,

till the men were digging and sowing again, and the women smiled at her as they carried their great vases on their heads to the well. But by that time she herself was suffering from the fatigue and languor that must come after a continuous strain on mind and body. She had taken for her dwelling one of the houses abandoned by their owners, and here, on a thick heap of clean straw, she felt glad to lie still, taken care of by a woman whom the pestilence had widowed.

Every day the Padre and Jacopo, and the small flock of surviving villagers, paid their visit to this cottage to see the blessed Lady, and to bring her of their best as an offering. It was a sight they could none of them forget, a sight they all told of in their old age—how the sweet and sainted lady, with her fair face, her golden hair, and her brown eyes that had a blessing in them, lay weary with her labors after she had been sent over the sea to help them in their extremity.

Many legends were afterwards told in that valley about the blessed Lady who came over the sea, but they were legends by which all who heard might know that, in times gone by, a woman had done beautiful, loving deeds there, rescuing those who were ready to perish.

GEORGE ELIOT.

1. Censer, pestilence, parched, languidly, attentively, preoccupation, significance, cypresses, preternatural, tethered, presentiment.

2. When has the plague prevailed in Europe? Can you tell about the Great Plague of London? What is taught in this extract?



XXII. LOCKSLEY HALL.

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809-1892), was one of the foremost of English poets. He began to write in verse while a mere lad, and when nineteen gained the Chancellor's medal for a poem in blank verse, entitled "Timbuctoo." His printed poems met, at first, with such severe criticism that for nine years he remained silent. Then he published "Morte d'Arthur," "Godiva," "Locksley Hall," and other poems, which at once gave him a high reputation. These, together with "In Memoriam" and "Idylls of the King," rank among his best productions. "The Princess, a Medley," while containing passages of great beauty, is improbable, incoherent, and grotesque. His versification was at times broken and irregular, but always delightful. His lines appeal to the ear as well as to the feelings, and his command of language is remarkable. In 1850 Tennyson was made Poet laureate of England.



ALFRED TENNYSON.

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn :
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the
bugle-horn.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sub-
lime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time ;
When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed ;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it
closed :

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see ;
Saw the Vision of the world and all the wonder that would
be—

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands ;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might ;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age !

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me and the tumult of my life ;

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be ;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales ;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue ;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,

With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunderstorm ;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer and the battle-flags
were furled

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm
in awe,

And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of
the suns.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the
shore,

And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden
breast

Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his
rest.

Not in vain the distance beacons Forward,—forward let us
range.

Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves
of change.

Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger
day !

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age ! (for mine I knew not), help me as when life
begun ;

Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh
the Sun !

Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spirit has not set !
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet.



1. Pulsation, argosies, ghastly, beacons, crescent, inspiration.

2. Why was his "youth sublime"? Why did he cling to the present? What is meant by "the chord of Self"? "Mother-Age"? "Vision of the World"? "Saw the heavens fill with commerce"? Does he prophesy air-ships? What does "the kindly earth shall slumber" represent? Explain "a cycle of Cathay;" "crescent promise."

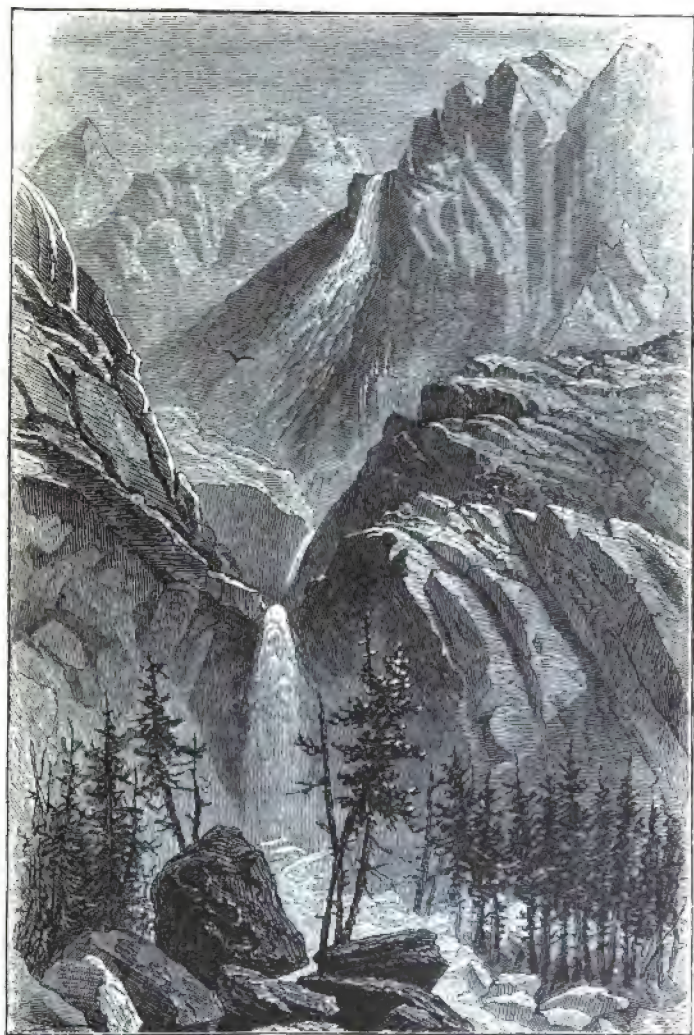
XXIII. SUBLIMITY OF MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

GEORGE CROLY (1780-1860) was an Irish minister, poet, and novelist of more than ordinary ability. His writings are all suited to declamation, and his word-paintings of scenery and of Roman thought and action are excellent. He is best known by his "Salathiel," "Catiline," "Life and Times of George IV.," and "Pericles and Aspasia."

Of all the sights that nature offers to the eye and mind of man, mountains have always stirred my strongest feelings. I have seen the ocean when it was turned up from the bottom by tempest, and noon was like night, with the conflict of the billows and the storm that tore and scattered them in mist and foam across the sky.

I have seen the desert rise around me, and calmly, in the midst of thousands uttering cries of terror and paralyzed by fear, have contemplated the sandy pillars coming like the advance of some gigantic city of conflagration flying across the wilderness, every column glowing with intense fire, and every blast—death; the sky—vaulted with gloom, the earth a furnace.

But with me the mountain, in tempest or in calm, the



throne of the thunder or with the evening sun painting its dells and declivities in colors dipped in heaven, has been the source of the most absorbing sensations.

There stands magnitude giving the instant impression of a power above man—grandeur that defies decay—antiquity that tells of ages unnumbered—beauty that the touch of time makes only more beautiful—use exhaustless for the service of man—strength imperishable as the globe; the monument of eternity, the truest earthly emblem of the ever-living, unchangeable, irresistible Majesty of God.

GEORGE CROLY.

1. Paralyzed, gigantic, declivities, grandeur, unchangeable.
 2. What do you like best in nature? Why? What is meant by "sandy pillars"? "vaulted with gloom"? "throne of the thunder"?
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XXIV. BUYING BOOKS.



HENRY WARD BEECHER.

HENRY WARD BEECHER (1813-1887), the son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, was born in Connecticut. He was graduated at Amherst College, and became a Congregational minister. His easy and eloquent manner of speaking, his rich fund of illustration and keen sense of humor, gave him great popularity as lecturer and pulpit orator. He ever kept in touch with the times, with nature, and with humanity. His tour in England during the Rebellion was remarkable for the boldness of his speeches and the power he gained over his English hearers. His "Life of Christ," "Sermons," and "Star Papers" (from which the follow-

ing extract is made), are Beecher's best known works.

How easily one may distinguish a genuine lover of books from the worldly man! With what subdued and yet glowing enthusiasm does he gaze upon the costly front of a thousand embattled volumes! How gently he draws them down, as if they were little children! How tenderly he handles them! He peers at the title-page, at the text, or the notes, with the nicety of a bird examining a flower. He studies the binding: the leather,—Russia, English calf, morocco: the lettering, the gilding, the edging, the hinge of the cover. He opens it, and shuts it, he holds it off, and brings it nigh. It suffuses his whole body with book-magnetism. He walks up and down, in amaze at the mysterious allotments of Providence that gives so much money to men who spend it upon their appetites, and so little to men who would spend it in benevolence, or upon their refined tastes! It is astonishing, too, how one's necessities multiply in the presence of the supply. One never knows how many things it is impossible to do without till he goes to the house-furnishing stores. One is surprised to perceive, at some bazaar, or fancy and variety store, how many conveniences he needs. He is satisfied that his life must have been utterly inconvenient aforetime. And thus, too, one is inwardly convicted at a bookstore of having lived for years without books which he is now satisfied that one cannot live without!

Then, too, the subtle process by which the man convinces himself that he can afford to buy! No subtle manager or broker ever saw through a maze of financial embarrassments half so quick as a poor book-buyer sees his way clear to pay for what he must have. He promises himself marvels of retrenchment, he will eat less, or less costly viands, that he may buy more food for the mind. He will take an extra

patch, and go on with his raiment another year, and buy books instead of coats. Yea, he will write books that he may buy books. He will lecture, teach, trade,—he will do any honest thing for money to get books!

The appetite is insatiable. Feeding does not satisfy it. It rages by the fuel that is put upon it. As a hungry man eats first and pays afterward, so the book-buyer purchases, and then works at the debt afterward. This paying is rather medicinal. It cures for a time. But a relapse takes place. The same longing, the same promises of self-denial. He promises himself to put spurs on both heels of his industry; and then, besides all this, he will somehow get along when the time for payment comes! Ah! this *SOMEHOW*! That word is as big as a whole world, and is stuffed with all the vagaries and fantasies that Fancy ever bred upon Hope.

And yet, is there not some comfort in buying books to be paid for? Thus, it is a prolonged excitement of purchase, if you feel for six months in a slight doubt whether the book is honestly your own or not. Had you paid down, that would have been the end of it. There would have been no affectionate and beseeching look of your books at you, every time you saw them, saying, as plain as a book's eyes can say, "Do not let me be taken from you."

Moreover, buying books before you can pay for them promotes caution. You do not feel at liberty to take them home. You are married. Your wife keeps an account-book. She knows to a penny what you can and what you cannot afford. She has no "speculation" in her eyes. Plain figures make desperate work with airy "somehows." It is a matter of no small skill and experience to get your books home, and into their places, undiscovered. Perhaps the blundering express brings them to the door just at evening.

"What is it, my dear?" she says to you. "Oh, nothing!—a few books that I cannot do without." That smile! A true housewife that loves her husband can smile a whole arithmetic at him in one look! Of course she insists, in the kindest way, in sympathizing with you in your literary acquisition. She cuts the string of the bundle (and of your heart), and out comes the whole story. You have bought a complete set of costly English books, full bound in calf, extra gilt. You are caught, and feel very much as if bound in calf yourself, and admirably lettered.

Now, this must not happen frequently. The books must be smuggled home. Let them be sent to some near place. Then, when your wife has a headache, or is out making a call, or has lain down, run the books across the frontier and threshold, hastily undo them, stop only for one loving glance as you put them away in the closet, or behind other books on the shelf, or on the topmost shelf. Be very careful not to be too kind. That often brings on detection. Only the other day we heard it said, somewhere, "Why, how good you have been, lately! I am really afraid that you have been carrying on mischief secretly." Our heart smote us. It was a fact. That very day we had bought a few books which "we could not do without."

After a while, you can bring out one volume, accidentally, and leave it on the table. "Why, my dear, what a beautiful book! Where did you borrow it?" You glance over the newspaper, with the quietest tone you can command, "That! oh, that is mine! Have you not seen it before? It has been in the house these two months;" and you rush on with anecdote and incident, and point out the binding, and that peculiar trick of gilding, and everything else you can think of; but it all will not do; you cannot rub out

that roguish, arithmetical smile. People may talk about the equality of the sexes! They are not equal. The silent smile of a sensible, loving woman will vanquish ten men.

Another method, which will be found peculiarly effective, is to make a present of some fine work to your wife. Of course, whether she or you have the name of buying it, it will go into your collection and be yours to all intents and purposes. But it stops remarks in the presentation. A wife could not reprove you for so kindly thinking of her. No matter what she suspects, she will say nothing. And then if there are three or four more works which have come home with the gift-book, they will pass through the favor of the other.

These are pleasures denied to wealth and old bachelors. Indeed, one cannot imagine the peculiar pleasure of buying books if one is rich and stupid. There must be some pleasure, or so many would not do it. But the full flavor, the whole relish of delight, only comes to those who are so poor that they must engineer for every book. They sit down before them, and besiege them. They are captured. Each book has a secret history of ways and means. It reminds you of subtle devices by which you insured and made it yours, in spite of poverty!



1. Genuine, suffuses, magnetism, mysterious, subtle, embarrassments, medicinal, vagaries, acquisition, engineer, roguish, threshold. .

2. What is the meaning of "embattled volumes"? Mention the different styles of binding. Do men's wants increase with the growth of inventions and manufactures? What parts of this extract are humorous? What is an "arithmetical smile"?

XXV. ATALANTA VICTORIOUS.

WILLIAM MORRIS, an English poet and artist, was born near London in 1834. His writings are marked by freshness, strength, and classic diction. "He has devoted his pen to the celebration of the beautiful." His principal works are "The Life and Death of Jason," "Love is Enough," and "The Earthly Paradise," from which this selection is chosen.

Atalanta, daughter of King Schoeneus, had many suitors. Wishing to remain single, she declared that she would marry no one who could not out-run her, and that all who tried and were defeated should die. One of the races is here described.

And there two runners did the sign abide
Foot set to foot,—a young man slim and fair,
Crisp-haired, well-knit, with firm limbs often tried
In places where no man his strength may spare ;
Dainty his thin coat was, and on his hair
A golden circlet of renown he wore,
And in his hand an olive garland bore.

But on this day with whom shall he contend ?
A maid stood by him like Diana clad
When in the woods she lists her bow to bend,
Too fair for one to look on and be glad,
Who scarcely yet has thirty summers had,
If he must still behold her from afar ;
Too fair to let the world live free from war.

She seemed all earthly matters to forget ;
Of all tormenting lines her face was clear,
Her wide gray eyes upon the goal were set
Calm and unmoved as though no soul were near,
But her foe trembled as a man in fear,
Nor from her loveliness one moment turned
His anxious face with fierce desire that burned.

Now through the hush there broke the trumpet's clang
Just as the setting sun made eventide.
Then from light feet a spurt of dust there sprang,
And swiftly were they running side by side ;
But silent did the thronging folk abide
Until the turning-post was reached at last,
And round about it still abreast they passed.

But when the people saw how close they ran,
When halfway to the starting-point they were,
A cry of joy broke forth, whereat the man
Headed the white-foot runner, and drew near
Unto the very end of all his fear ;
And scarce his straining feet the ground could feel,
And bliss unhop'd for o'er his heart 'gan steal.

But midst the loud, victorious shouts he heard
Her footsteps drawing nearer, and the sound
Of fluttering raiment, and thereat afeard
His flushed and eager face he turned around,
And even then he felt her past him bound
Fleet as the wind, but scarcely saw her there
Till on the goal she laid her fingers fair.

There stood she breathing like a little child
Amid some warlike clamor laid asleep,
For no victorious joy her red lips smiled,
Her cheek its wonted freshness did but keep ;
No glance lit up her clear gray eyes and deep,
Though some divine thought softened all her face
As once more rang the trumpet through the place.

But her late foe stopped short amidst his course,
One moment gazed upon her piteously,
Then with a groan his lingering feet did force
To leave the spot whence he her eyes could see;
And, changed like one who knows his time must be
But short and bitter, without any word
He knelt before the bearer of the sword;

Then high rose up the gleaming deadly blade,
Bared of its flowers, and through the crowded place
Was silence now, and midst of it the maid
Went by the poor wretch at a gentle pace,
And he to hers upturned his sad white face;
Nor did his eyes behold another sight
Ere on his soul there fell eternal night.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

XXVI. HEALTH AND TEMPERANCE.

HORACE MANN (1796-1859) was born in Massachusetts, graduated at Brown University, and studied law. He was an eminent educator, and left his impress on every part of the school system of New England. He was president of Antioch College, Ohio, from 1852 until his death. An eloquent orator, a graceful, vigorous writer, and a prominent social, as well as educational, reformer, he used his entire time and talents to improve the young. This lesson is from "Thoughts for a Young Man."

Were a young man to write down a list of his duties, health should be among the first items in the catalogue. This is no exaggeration of its value, for health is indispensable to almost every form of human enjoyment; it is the grand auxiliary of usefulness. Not only the amount, but the quality, of the labor which a man can perform depends upon his health.

At least in this life, so dependent is mind upon material organization,—the functions and manifestations of the soul upon the condition of the body it inhabits,—that the materialist hardly states practical results too strongly, when he affirms that thought and passion, wit, imagination, and love, are only emanations from exquisitely organized matter, just as perfume is the effluence of flowers, or music the ethereal product of an *Æolian* harp.

In regard to the indulgence of the appetite, and the management of the vital organs, society is still in a state of barbarism ; and the young man who is true to his highest interests must create a civilization for himself. The brutish part of our nature governs the spiritual.

Were we to see a rich banker exchanging eagles for coppers by tale, or a rich merchant bartering silk for serge by the pound, we should deem them worthy of any epithet in the vocabulary of folly. Yet the same men buy pains whose prime cost is greater than the amplest fund of natural enjoyments. Their purveyor and market-men bring them home headaches, and indigestion, and neuralgia by hamperfuls. Their butler bottles up gout and liver-complaint, falsely labeling them sherry, or madeira, or port, and the stultified masters have not wit enough to see through the cheat.

The mass of society looks with envy upon the epicure who, day by day, for four hours of luxurious eating suffers twenty hours of sharp aching ; who pays a full price for a hot supper, and is so greatly pleased with the bargain that he throws in a sleepless and tempestuous night as a gratuity.

Is it not humiliating and amazing that men, invited by the exalted pleasures of the intellect and the sacred affec-

tions of the heart to come to a banquet worthy of the gods, should stop by the wayside to feed on garbage, or to drink of the Circean cup that transforms them into swine?

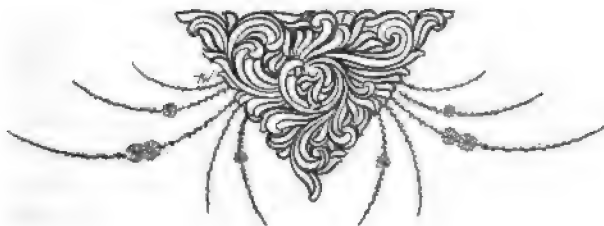
If a young man, incited by selfish principles alone, inquires how he shall make his appetite yield him the largest amount of gratification, the answer is, by observing the laws of temperance. The true epicurean art consists in the adaptation of our organs not only to the highest but to the longest enjoyment.

Vastly less depends upon the table to which we sit down than upon the appetite which we carry to it. The palled epicure, who spends five dollars for his dinner, extracts less pleasure from his meal than many a hardy laborer who dines for a shilling. With health, there is no end to the quantity or the variety from which the palate can extract its pleasures. Without health, no delicacy that nature or art produces can provoke a zest.

HORACE MANN.

1. Auxiliary, exaggeration, exquisitely, neuralgia, emanations, purveyor, stultified, epicure, ethereal.

2. If good health tends to happiness and success, why is it that so many of our greatest writers have been invalids? What is meant by "exchanging by tale"? "Æolian harp"? "Circean cup"? "epicurean art"?



XXVII. SELECTIONS FROM BYRON.



LORD BYRON.

LORD GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON (1786-1824) was born in London. The surroundings of his young life increased the evil in his disposition, inherited from an ill-tempered mother and a dissipated father, and his lameness made him cynical.

His love of liberty and of nature alone saved him from utter ruin as man and author. With a genius that is a source of wonder and delight, an art that was seldom seen in others, and an unrivaled power of expression, Byron ranks, perhaps, next to Shakespeare and Milton as a poet. His philosophy of life was false and evil. Too often the distinctions between vice and virtue, right and wrong, lacking

in his own mind, are broken down or lost in his poems. "His poems are full of melting tenderness and exquisite sweetness, his art is playful and brilliant, his sarcasm venomous and blistering. In his higher works his words flash and burn like lightning." He took part in the Greek Revolution in 1823, and died the next year of fever at Missolonghi. Byron's representative works are "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Don Juan," "Childe Harold," and "Manfred."

I. DREAMS.

Our life is twofold ; sleep hath its own world—
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence : sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality ;
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy ;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts ;
They take a weight from off our waking toils ;
They do divide our being ; they become

A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity ;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like Sibyls of the future ; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain ;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanished shadows—Are they so ?
Is not the past all shadow ? What are they ?
Creations of the mind ?—The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.

II. THE ORIENT.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime ?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine ;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gûl in her bloom ;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute ;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye ;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine ?

'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun,—
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
 Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell!

Byron

1. Misnamed, development, heralds, Sibyls, tyranny, zephyr, myrtle.
2. Is our life "twofold"? In what sense? What is the "world of sleep"? How are "death and existence misnamed"? What is meant by "light wings of Zephyr"? "the gardens of Gál"?

XXVIII. EDINBURGH AT NIGHT.



WILLIAM BLACK.

WILLIAM BLACK, a brilliant Scotch novelist and journalist, was born in Glasgow in 1841. His stories are original in plot and treatment, and abound in vivid descriptions of natural scenery. "A Princess of Thule," "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton" (from which this selection is taken), "A Daughter of Heth," "MacLeod of Dare," and "Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart," are the titles of his most popular novels.

In the gathering darkness we approached Edinburgh. How long the way seemed on this the last night of our driving! The clear twilight faded away, and the skies overhead began to show faint throbbings of the

stars. A pale yellow glow on the horizon told us where the lights of Edinburgh were afire. The road grew almost indistinguishable ; but overhead the great worlds became more visible in the deep vault of blue.

In a perfect silence we drove along the still highway between the dark hedges, and clearer and more clear became the white constellations, trembling in the dark. There lay King Charles's Wain, as we had often regarded it from a boat at sea as we lay idly on the lapping waves. The jewels on Cassiopeia's chair glimmered faint and pale ; and all the brilliant stars of the Dragon's hide trembled in the dark. The one bright star of the Swan recalled many an evening in the olden times ; and here, nearer at hand, Capella shone, and there Cepheus looked over to the polestar as from the distance of another universe.

Somehow it seemed to us that under the great and throbbing vault the sea ought to be lying clear and dark ; but these were other masses we saw before us, where the crags of Arthur's Seat rose sharp and black into the sky. We ran in almost under the shadow of that silent mass of hill. We drew nearer to the town ; and then we saw before us long and waving lines of red fire, the gas-lamps of a mighty street. We left the majesty of the night outside, and were soon in the heart of the great city. Our journey was at an end.

We sat down at the window of a Princes Street hotel. What in all the journey was there to equal the magic sight that lay before us ? Beyond a gulf of blackness the old town of Edinburgh rose with a thousand points of fire into the clear sky of a summer night.

The tall houses, with their eight or nine stories, had their innumerable windows ablaze ; and the points of orange light

shone in the still blue shadow until they seemed to form part of some splendid and enchanted palace built on the slopes of a lofty hill. And then beyond that we could see the great crags of the Castle looming dark in the starlight, and we knew, rather than saw, that there were walls and turrets up there, cold and distant, looking down on the yellow glare of the city beneath.

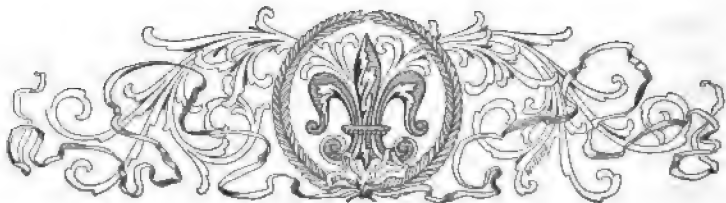
What was Cologne, with the colored lamps of its steamers, as you see them cross the yellow waters of the Rhine when a full moon shines over the houses of Deutz; or what was Prague, with its countless spires piercing the starlight, and its great bridge crossing over to the wooded heights of the Hradschin—compared to this magnificent spectacle in the noblest city of the world?

The lights of the distant houses went out one by one. The streets became silent. Even the stars grew paler, but why was that? A faint light, golden and soft, began to steal along the Castle-hill; and the slow, mild radiance touched the sharp slopes, the trees, and the great gray walls above, which were under the stars.

WILLIAM BLACK.

1. Indistinguishable, constellations, innumerable, spectacle, ablaze, universe, glimmered.

2. Note the places mentioned and their location. What is meant by the "jewels on Cassiopeia's chair"? "the Dragon's hide"? Do you agree with Black that Edinburgh is "the noblest city in the world"?



XXIX. "O MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878) was born at Cummington, Massachusetts. He entered Williams College when he was sixteen years old, but left there in two years to study law. "Thanatopsis," his greatest poem, was written when he was nineteen, and, though he had written verses for ten years previously, none of them showed marks of especial genius. His poems may be divided into several classes: *first*, those relating to humanity in general, as "Thanatopsis," "The Ages," "A Hymn to Death," and "The Past;" *second*, types of nature used symbolically, as "The Evening Wind;" *third*, poems

of patriotism, as "The Song of Marion's Men." He translated the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" after he was seventy years old. His language is severely elegant and correct, and his theme most effectively presented.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

O mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace !
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years.
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints the morning hills with red ;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet ;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart

 Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide ;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades ;

 What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen ;—

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By the lone rivers of the West ;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,

 In woodland homes,
And where the ocean border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For Earth's downtrodden and opprest,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.

 Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

O fair young mother ! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of the skies
The thronging years in glory rise,

 And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
 Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
 And when thy sisters, elder born,
 Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
 Before thine eye,
 Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

W. C. Bryant

1. Cordial, baffled, thronging, revered, rustling, oppress.
2. What race is meant? Who are "the elder dames"? What is meant by "ocean border"? In the second stanza what is the syntax of "step"? What figures of speech are used in the seventh stanza?

XXX. THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT (1796-1859) was a native of Salem, Mass., and a graduate of Harvard University. While at college he met with an accident that injured his eyes and compelled him to abandon the idea of studying law. After some years of travel, he began his literary career by contributing to magazines, but soon determined to be a historian. Until his sight was partially restored, he used a writing-case made for the blind. His "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," "Conquest of Mexico," "Conquest of Peru" (from which the lesson is taken), and the three volumes of the "History of the Reign of Philip II." appeared in rapid succession, and gave him a great reputation as an historian. He was happy in the choice of his subjects, and excelled in the art of narration. Prescott's histories read like fiction,



WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

and, while in many of his descriptions he trusts somewhat to his imagination, he does not allow this to interfere with the established facts which he so vividly pictures.

I.

The clouds of the evening had passed away, and the sun rose bright on the following morning, the most memorable epoch in the annals of Peru. It was Saturday, the sixteenth of November, 1532. The loud cry of the trumpet called the Spaniards to arms with the first streak of dawn; and Pizarro, briefly acquainting them with the plan of the assault, made the necessary dispositions.

The *plaza* was defended on its three sides by low ranges of buildings, consisting of spacious halls with wide doors opening into the square. In these halls he stationed his cavalry in two divisions, one under his brother Hernando, the other under De Soto. The infantry he placed in another of the buildings, reserving twenty chosen men to act with himself as occasion might require. Pedro de Candia, with a few soldiers and the artillery, he established in the fortress.

All received orders to wait at their posts till the arrival of the Inca. After his entrance into the great square, they were still to remain under cover, withdrawn from observation, till the signal was given by the discharge of a gun, when they were to cry their war cries, to rush out in a body from their covert, and, putting the Peruvians to the sword, bear off the person of the Inca.

The chief saw that their arms were in good order, and that the breastplates of their horses were garnished with bells, to add by their noise to the consternation of the Indians. Refreshments were also liberally provided, that the troops should be in condition for the conflict.

It was late in the day before any movement was visible

in the Peruvian camp, where much preparation was making to approach the Christian quarters with due state and ceremony. A message was received from Atahualpa, informing the Spanish commander that he should come with his warriors fully armed, in the same manner as the Spaniards had come to his quarters the night preceding.

This was not an agreeable intimation to Pizarro, though he had no reason, probably, to expect the contrary. But to object might imply distrust, or perhaps disclose in some measure his own designs. He expressed his satisfaction, therefore, at the intelligence, assuring the Inca that, come as he would, he would be received by him as a friend and brother.

It was noon before the Indian procession was on its march, when it was seen occupying the great causeway for a long extent. In front came a large body of attendants, whose office seemed to be to sweep away every particle of rubbish from the road. High above the crowd appeared the Inca, borne on the shoulders of his principal nobles, while others of the same rank marched by the sides of his litter, displaying such a dazzling show of ornaments on their persons, that, in the language of one of the Conquerors, "they blazed like the sun." But the greater part of the Inca's forces mustered along the fields that lined the road, and were spread over the broad meadows as far as the eye could reach.

When the royal procession had arrived within half a mile of the city, it came to a halt; and Pizarro saw with surprise, that Atahualpa was preparing to pitch his tents, as if to encamp there. A messenger soon after arrived, informing the Spaniards that the Inca would occupy his present station the ensuing night, and enter the city on the following morning.

This intelligence greatly disturbed Pizarro, who had shared in the general impatience of his men at the tardy movements of the Peruvians. He returned an answer, therefore, to Atahualpa, deprecating his change of purpose, and adding that he had provided everything for his entertainment, and expected him and his chief officers that night to sup with him.

This message turned the Inca from his purpose; and, striking his tents again, he resumed his march, first advising the general that he should leave the greater part of his warriors behind and enter the place with only a few of them, and without arms, as he preferred to pass the night at Caxamalca.

At the same time he ordered accommodations to be provided for himself and his retinue in one of the large stone buildings, called, from a serpent sculptured on the walls, "the House of the Serpent." No tidings could have been more grateful to the Spaniards. It seemed as if the Indian monarch was eager to rush into the snare that had been spread for him!

It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path from every obstacle. Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red, like the squares of a chess board. Others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the Prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly colored plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch's attire was much richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds, of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified ; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Every thing was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahualpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers?"

II.

Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then, springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St. Jago and at them !" It was answered by the battle cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd.

The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin.

Nobles and commoners,—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now for the first time saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance, as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it.

Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the *plaza*. It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield

their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them.

But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That the Indians did not do so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without hardly comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin like some forlorn mariner who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate.

At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate effort to end the affray at once by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, "Let no one who values his life strike at the Inca;" and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men,—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it

was overturned, and the Indian Prince would have come with violence to the ground had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighboring building, where he was carefully guarded.

All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took the alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who in the heat of triumph showed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.

Wm. H. Prescott

1. Artillery, epoch, annals, covert, deprecating, retinue, sculptured, menials, azure, vassals, accommodations, palanquin, reverberated, sulphurous, cavaliers, fugitives, massacre, stentorian.

2. Who discovered South America? What nation settled it? What nation predominated in North America? Of what race were the Peruvians? Did the Peruvians have horses? Were there horses in America when it was discovered? Who was Pizarro? Who were the Incas? What is the meaning of "pitch his tents"? How did "pitch" acquire this meaning? Of what were buildings made in Peru? What was the object of Pizarro in saving the Inca? Did he conquer Peru? What is the government of Peru to-day?

XXXI. THE TROUBLES OF WEALTH.

Everybody has read "Robinson Crusoe," by DANIEL DE FOE (1661-1731), but few know that he wrote other stories in which his fiction appeared as real, and his invention and description as wonderful and pleasing, as in that interesting book. His stories all have a moral aim, and are made interesting by the way in which he relates the minute details and connects them with the essentials of the narrative. The following extract is from "The History of Colonel Jack."

A poor, ragged, innocent, honest lad, brought into connection with older boys who were pick-pockets, was persuaded that it was a kind of trade which he was to learn. His first venture brought him five pounds in gold and silver, and he tells his troubles in caring for it.



DANIEL DE FOE.

I.

I have often thought since that time, how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with; for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pockets but such as were full of holes; I knew nobody in the world that I could go and desire them to lay it up for me; for being a poor, naked, ragged boy, they would presently say I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries.

And now, as I was full of wealth, behold I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money, I could not tell; and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried, for it was in gold, all but fourteen shillings, and that is to say it was four guineas, and that fourteen shillings was more difficult to carry than the four guineas.

At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that ; but after I had gone awhile my shoe hurt me so I could not go ; so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand ; then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and took that up and wrapped it altogether, and carried it in that a good way.

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodgings in the glass house, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it ; if I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it, or robbed of it, or some trick or other put upon me for it ; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom, but then sleep went from my eyes.

Oh, the weight of human care ! I, a poor beggar boy, could not sleep, as soon as I had a little money to keep, who before that could have slept upon a heap of brickbats, stones, or cinders, or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

Every now and then dropping to sleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frightened ; then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while, then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head, that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money ; which, if I should do, and one of

the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more; so I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough; and this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches.

As soon as it was day I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields towards Stepney: and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it; for, after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it, and it perplexed me so that, at last, I sat down and cried heartily. When my crying was over, the case was the same; I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell.

II.

At last it came into my head that I would look out for some hole in a tree, and seek to hide it there till I should have occasion for it. Big with this discovery, as I then thought it, I began to look about me for a tree, but there were no trees about Stepney or Mile-End that looked fit for my purpose; and if there were any, and I began to look narrowly at them, the fields were so full of people, that they would see me if I went to hide anything there, and I thought the people eyed me, as it were, and that two men, in particular, followed me to see what I intended to do.

This drove me farther off, and I crossed the road at Mile-End, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes away to the Blind Beggar at Bethnal-Green. When I



came a little way in the lane I found a footpath over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought.

At last one tree had a little hole in it pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get at it; and when I came there, I put my hand in and found, as I thought, a place very fit; so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it: but, behold, putting my hand in again to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me, and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen in quite out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost; there could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for 'twas a vast great tree.

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, that I must come thus far to thrust it into a hole where I could not reach it; well I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow, but no bottom was to be found, or any end of the hole or cavity; I got a stick of the tree and thrust it in a great way, but all was one; then I cried, nay roared out, I was in such a passion; then I got down the tree again, and up again, and thrust in my hand again till I scratched my arm, and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently.

Then I began to think I had not so much as a halfpenny of it left for a halfpenny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again: then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped; then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and thus I did several times.

The last time I had gotten up the tree I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also: and, behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it, close to the ground, as the old hollow trees often have. And looking into the open place, to my inexpressible joy there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole; for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff (which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm) that had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

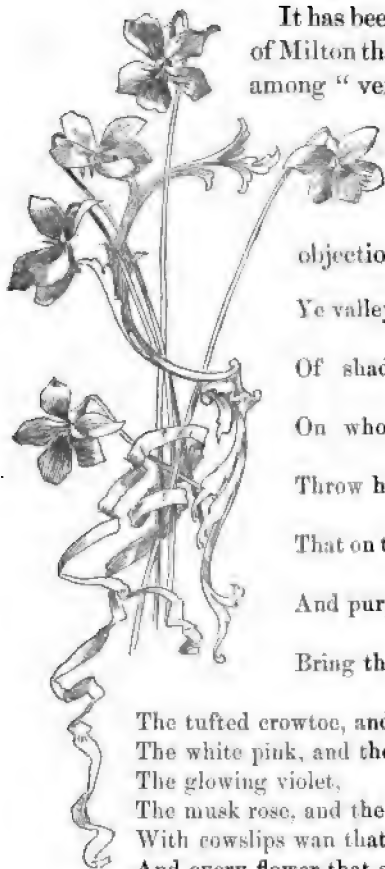
I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I hallooed quite out loud when I saw it; then I ran to it and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the other, and, in short, I knew not what, much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing, either what a striking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.



1. Vexatious, guineas, deceitfulness, ruminating, commodiously, irrecoverably, inexpressible, overwhelmed.

2. Why does wealth cause care? What is a halfpenny? Is thieving as much of a trade to-day as it was in De Foe's day?

XXXII. FLOWERS.



It has been objected to the “*Lycidas*” of Milton that in this poem he enumerates among “*vernal flowers*” many of those which are the offspring of midsummer or of a still more advanced season. The passage to which the objection applies is the following :

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers
use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and
gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star
sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameled
eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed
showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal
flowers!
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken
dies,

The tufted crowtoe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

A little consideration will show that Milton could distinguish between the flowers of spring and the flowers of summer. The "Sicilian Muse" is to "call the vales, and bid them hither cast their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues." There were not only to be cast the "quaint enameled eyes" of "vernal flowers," but "every flower that sad embroidery wears;" or, in the still clearer language of the original manuscript of the poem, "every bud that sorrow's livery wears." The "vernal flowers" were to indicate the youth of Lycidas; the flowers of "sorrow's livery" were emblems of his untimely death. The intention of Milton is distinctly to be traced in his first conception of the passage. After the "rathe [early] primrose," we have,

And that sad flower that strove
To write his own woes on the vermeil grain.

This is the hyacinth, the same as the "tufted crowtoe." He proceeds with more of sorrow's livery—

Next add Narcissus, that still weeps in vain.

Then come "the woodbine" and "the pansy freaked with jet." In the original passage "the musk rose" is not found at all. Milton's strewnments for the bier of Lycidas, we hold, are not confined to vernal flowers, and therefore it is unnecessary to elevate Shakespeare at the expense of Milton. "While Milton and the other poets had strung together in their descriptions the blossoms of spring and the flowers of summer, Shakespeare has placed in one group those only which may be found in bloom at the same time." The writer alludes to the celebrated passage in the "Winter's Tale," where Perdita, at the summer sheep-shearing, be-

stows the "flowers of middle summer" upon her guests "of middle age," and wishes for "some flowers o' the spring" that might become the "time of day" of her fairest virgin friends :

Oh, Proserpina,
For the flowers now that, frightened, thou lett'st fall,
From Dis's wagon ! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty : violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength ; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one ! Oh ! these I lack
To make you garlands of.

This is indeed poetry founded upon the most accurate observation—the perfect combination of elegance and truth.

Robert Herrick, who, in his quaint way, is a master of his art, has the following :

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song ;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring ;

As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything :
 We die
As your hours do, and dry
 Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Robert Herrick

Never were spring flowers the parents of holier thought
than are found in this poem of the Welsh poet George Herbert :

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns ! even as the flowers in spring ;
 To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
 Grief melts away
 Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour ;
Making a chiming of a passing bell.
 We say amiss,
 " This or that is : "
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

Oh that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither !
 Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither :
 Nor doth my flower
 Want a spring shower ;
My sins and I joining together.

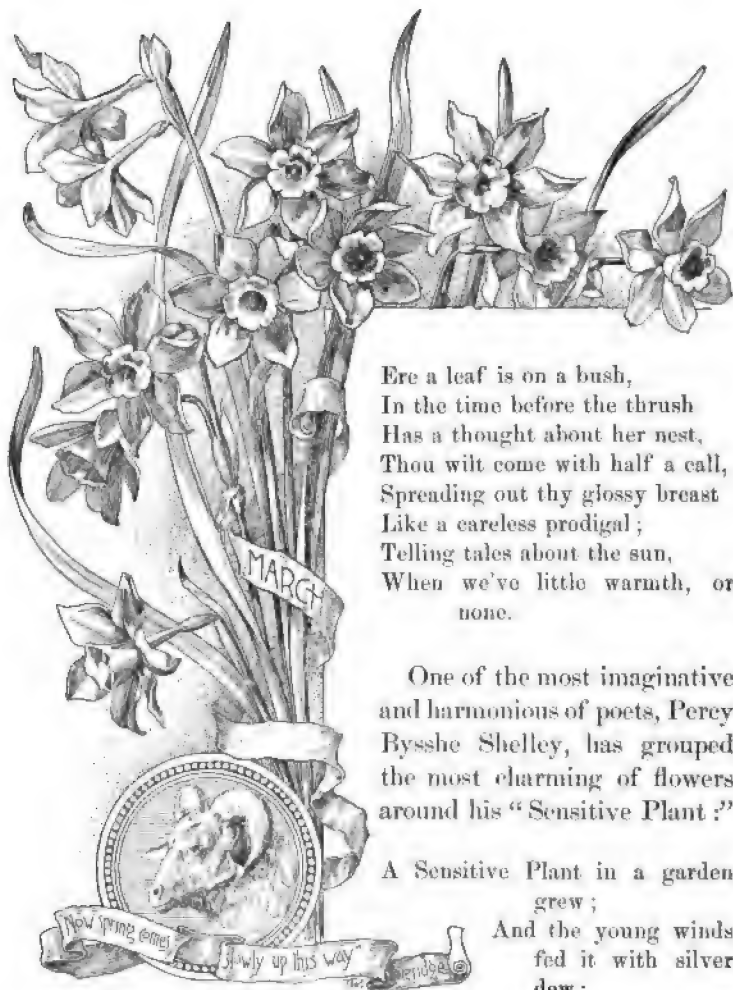
But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline :
What frost to that? What pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again :
After so many deaths I live and write :
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing. O my only Light!
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night !

These are thy wonders, Lord of love !
To make us see we are but flowers that glide,
Which, when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.



Go, then, into the fields when the snow melts and the earth is unbound. Pry into the hedges for the first prim-rose ; see if there be a daisy nestling in the short grass ; look for the little celandine, as the poet Wordsworth sings :



Ere a leaf is on a bush,
 In the time before the thrush
 Has a thought about her nest,
 Thou wilt come with half a call,
 Spreading out thy glossy breast
 Like a careless prodigal ;
 Telling tales about the sun,
 When we've little warmth, or
 none.

One of the most imaginative
 and harmonious of poets, Percy
 Bysshe Shelley, has grouped
 the most charming of flowers
 around his " Sensitive Plant :"

A Sensitive Plant in a garden
 grew ;
 And the young winds
 fed it with silver
 dew ;

And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
 And closed them beneath the kisses of Night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt everywhere ;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

We may well end these tributes to flowers by this beautiful poem from our own Longfellow :

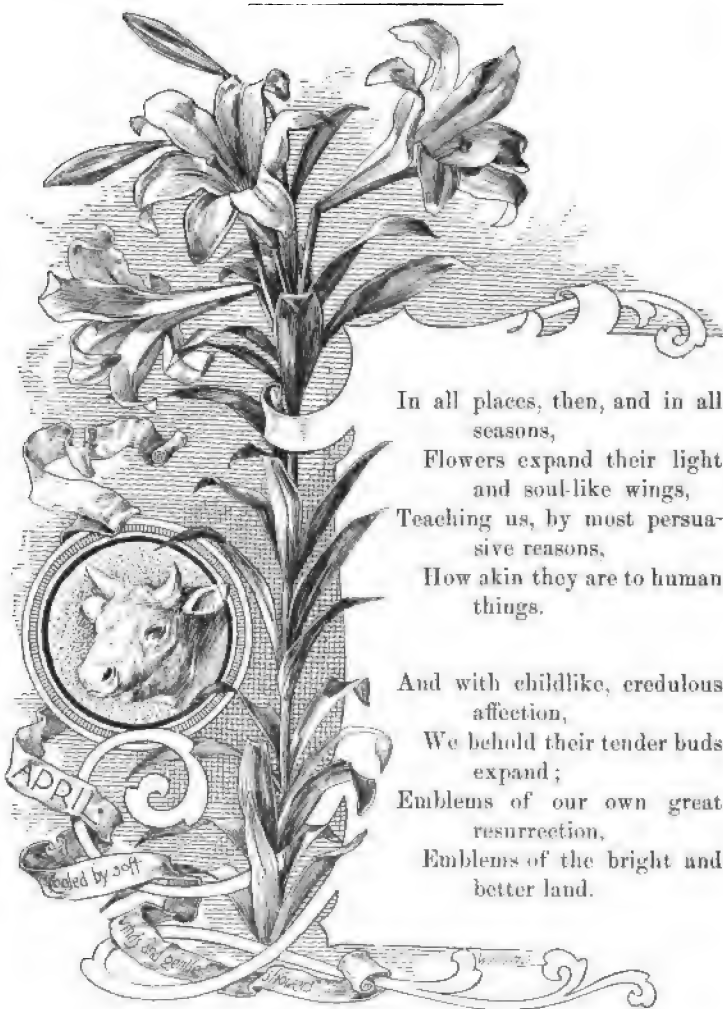
Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld ;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above ;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love :

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours ;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

Everywhere about us flowers are glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us spring is born ;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn.



In all places, then, and in all
seasons,

Flowers expand their light
and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persua-
sive reasons,

How akin they are to human
things.

And with childlike, credulous
affection,

We behold their tender buds
expand ;

Emblems of our own great
resurrection,

Emblems of the bright and
better land.

1. Vernal, embroidery, credulous, laureate, manuscript.

2. Meaning of "vernal flowers"? Who was "Proserpina"? "Dis"?
"Juno"? "Cytherea"? "Phœbus"?

XXXIII. THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW.

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSE (1781-1838), though a Frenchman, lived in Germany and wrote in German. His family was driven from France by the Revolution, and his story, "The Wonderful History of Peter Schlemihl," is a partial expression of his solitude, like that of Edward Everett Hale's "The Man without a Country." The Shadow may represent the loss of his nationality, or anything that leaves one alone in the world. The hero, Peter Schlemihl, sold his shadow for an inexhaustible purse of gold. In a poem in the spirit of Robinson Crusoe, the author expresses a similar feeling.

"Done!" said I, taking the money;—"for this good purse I will sell you my shadow!" The man in the gray frock quickly closed the bargain. He knelt down before me (for the shadow then lay in front of me), and with wonderful dexterity rolled up my shadow from head to foot on the grass. Then he took it and put it into his pocket.

As he walked away, I fancied that I heard him laughing to himself, as if he had outwitted me, but I never understood the full meaning of my bargain before it was made. Now I stood, astonished and amazed, with the sunshine falling full upon me, and yet I cast no shadow! When I recovered my presence of mind, I hurried from the place. Having filled my pockets with gold pieces, I hung the purse round my neck and hid it in my bosom. Then I escaped unnoticed from the park, and walked towards the town. As I approached the gate I heard a scream behind me, and looking round, saw an old woman who followed me crying out, "Why, sir—sir, you have lost your shadow!"

I was really obliged to her for reminding me of my condition; so I threw a few pieces of gold to her, and then stepped into the deep shade of some trees. But when I came to the town gate, I was again reminded of the strange bargain, by hearing the sentinel mutter, "Where has the gentleman left his shadow?" As I hurried along the street,

I passed two women, one of whom exclaimed, "Blessed Mary, preserve us! the man has no shadow!"

I passed quickly on and contrived to keep under the shade of the houses until I came to a part of the street where I was obliged to cross to get to my lodgings; but, unfortunately, just as I passed into the sunshine, a school was sending out its crowd of unruly boys, and a wicked little imp immediately noticed my imperfection. "Ha, ha!" he shouted, maliciously, "here's a curiosity! Men generally have shadows in the sunshine. Look, boys—look at the man with no shadow!"

Troubled and vexed, I threw out a handful of money to disperse the crowd of boys, and, leaping into a carriage to hide myself from my fellow-creatures, wept bitterly. I had by this time a misgiving that in the same degree in which gold in this world often prevails over merit and virtue, by so much one's shadow excels gold; and now that I had sacrificed my conscience for riches, and given my shadow in exchange for mere gold, what on earth would become of me?

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

1. Dexterity, bargain, maliciously, sacrificed, curiosity.
 2. Is this story an allegory or a fable? What does the lesson teach?
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XXXIV. THE PUBLIC GOOD.

ALGERNON SIDNEY (1622–1683) was a prominent Independent in the days of Cromwell. He was beheaded on the charge of being connected with the "Rye House Plot," although an innocent man. His "Discourses Concerning Government" are a defense of the rights of the people, and indicate both the talent and the patriotism of their author.

Men are valiant and industrious when they fight for themselves and their country; they prove excellent in all

the arts of war and peace when they are bred up in virtuous exercises, and are taught by their fathers and masters to rejoice in the honors gained by them; they love their country when the good of every particular man is comprehended in the public prosperity, and the success of their achievements is improved to the general advantage; they undertake hazards and labor for the government, when it is justly administered; when innocence is safe, and virtue honored; when no man is distinguished from the vulgar but such as have distinguished themselves by the bravery of their actions; when no honor is thought too great for those who do it eminently, unless it be such as cannot be communicated to others of equal merit; they do not spare their persons, purses, or friends when the public powers are employed for the public benefit, and imprint the like affections in their children from their infancy.

The discipline of obedience, in which the Romans were bred, taught them to command: and few were admitted to the magistracies of inferior rank till they had given such proof of their virtue as might deserve the supreme. Cincinnatus, Camillus, Papirius, Mamercus, Fabius Maximus, were not made dictators that they might learn the duties of the office, but because they were judged to be of such wisdom, valor, integrity, and experience that they might be safely trusted with the highest powers; and whilst the law reigned, not one was advanced to that honor who did not fully answer what was expected from him.

By this means the city was so replenished with men fit for the greatest employments, that even in its infancy, when three hundred and six of the Fabii were killed in one day, the city did lament the loss, but was not so weakened as to give any advantage to their enemies; and when every one

of those who had been eminent before the second Punic War, Fabius Maximus only excepted, had perished in it, others arose in their places, who surpassed them in number and were equal to them in virtue. The city was a perpetual spring of such men as long as liberty lasted : but that was no sooner overthrown than virtue was torn up by the roots ; the people became base and sordid ; the small remains of the nobility, slothful and effeminate ; and, their Italian associates becoming like to them, the empire, whilst it stood, was only sustained by the strength of foreigners.

The Grecian virtue had the same fate, and expired with liberty ; instead of such soldiers as in their time had no equals, and such generals of armies and fleets, legislators and governors, as all succeeding ages have justly admired, they sent out swarms of fiddlers, jesters, chariot-drivers, players, flatterers, or idle, babbling, hypocritical philosophers, not much better than they. The emperors' courts were always crowded with this vermin ; and notwithstanding the pretended necessity that princes must needs understand matters of government better than magistrates annually chosen, they did for the most part prove so brutish as to give themselves and the world to be governed by such as these, and that without any great prejudice, since none could be found more ignorant and base than themselves.

It is absurd to impute this to the change of times ; for time changes nothing ; and nothing was changed in those times but the government, and that changed all things. This is not accidental, but according to the rules given to nature by God, imposing upon all things a necessity of perpetually following their causes. Fruits are always of the same nature as the seeds and roots from which they come, and trees are known by the fruits they bear.

All men follow that which seems advantageous to themselves. Such as are bred under a good discipline, and see that all benefits procured to their country by virtuous actions redound to the honor and advantage of themselves, their children, friends, and relations, contract from their infancy a love to the public, and look upon the common concerns as their own. When they have learned to be virtuous and see that virtue is in esteem, they seek no other preferments than such as may be obtained in that way; and no country ever wanted great numbers of excellent men where this method was established.

On the other side, when it is evident that the best are despised, hated, or marked out for destruction; all things calculated to the honor or advantage of one man, who is often the worst, or governed by the worst; honors, riches, commands, and dignities disposed by his will, and his favor gained only by a most obsequious respect or a pretended affection for his person, together with a servile obedience to his commands—all application to virtuous actions will cease; and, no man caring to render himself or his children worthy of great employments, such as desire to have them will, by little intrigues, corruption, scurrility, and flattery, endeavor to make way to them; by which means true merit in a short time comes to be abolished, as fell out in Rome as soon as the Cæsars began to reign.

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

1. Comprehended, magistracies, replenished, effeminate, concerns, obsequious, scurrility.

2. Is there any divine right to rule? What is the difference between a republic and a monarchy? Which was Rome? Why do any people permit kings to rule them?

XXXV. WOMAN'S VOICE.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, a successful English teacher, editor, and author, was born in 1832, was educated at King's College, London, and at Oxford, and then became principal of a government Sanskrit College in India, where he lived for some years and imbibed the spirit of Orientalism which characterizes his later writings. His longest and greatest poem is "The Light of Asia," but his shorter poems are well expressed and full of delicate, kindly sentiment.

Not in the swaying of the summer trees,
When evening breezes sing their vesper hymn—
Not in the minstrel's mighty symphonies,
Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim,
Is earth's best music; these may move awhile
High thoughts in happy hearts, and carking cares beguile.

But even as the swallow's silken wings,
Skimming the water of the sleeping lake,
Stir the still silver with a hundred rings—
So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake
To brave the danger, and to bear the harm—
A low and gentle voice—dear woman's chiefest charm.

An excellent thing it is! and ever lent
To truth, and love, and meekness; they who own
This gift, by the all-gracious Giver sent,
Ever by quiet step and smile are known;
By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have sorrowed—
By patience never tired, from their own trials borrowed.

An excellent thing it is, when first in gladness
A mother looks into her infant's eyes,
Smiles to its smiles, and saddens to its sadness,
Pales at its paleness, sorrows at its cries;
Its food and sleep, and smiles and little joys—
All these come ever blent with one low gentle voice.

An excellent thing it is when life is leaving—
Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and cares—
The strong heart failing, and the high soul grieving
With strangest thoughts, and with unwonted fears;
Then, then a woman's low soft sympathy
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how to die.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

1. Symphonies, carking, beguile, blent, hundred, minstrel.
2. What is "earth's best music"? What is the meaning of "sleeping lake"? "still silver"? What figures of speech are used in the second stanza?

XXXVI. SCENE FROM "THE CRITIC."

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN (1751-1816) was a dramatist of high rank. Few of the great poets have succeeded in dramatic writing, which requires a peculiar ability for the invention of incidents and the adaptation of them in dialogue to theatric effect. Sheridan's "The Rivals" showed his power, but contains more humor than wit. His greatest work, "The School for Scandal," surpasses any other comedy of modern times. Moore calls it "an El Dorado of wit, where the precious metal is thrown about by all classes as carelessly as if they had not the least idea of its value." "The Critic" is one of his shorter pieces, and the scene here selected is one of Sheridan's best.

I.

Mrs. Dangle. I confess he is a favorite of mine, because everybody else abuses him.

Sneer. Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

Dangle. But, he allows no merit to any author but himself, that's the truth on't—though he's my friend.

Sneer. Never. And then the insidious humility with which he induces you to give a free opinion on any of his

works, can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

Dangle. Very true—though he is my friend.

Sneer. Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though at the same time he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism; yet is so covetous of popularity that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

Dangle. There's no denying it—though he is my friend.

Sneer. You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

Dangle. Oh, yes; he sent it to me yesterday.

Sneer. Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

Dangle. Why, between ourselves, I must own—though he is my friend—that it is one of the most—he's here [*aside*]—finished and most admirable perform—[*Enter Sir Fretful Plagiary*]—Ah, my dear friend! We were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

Sneer. You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful—never in your life.

Sir Fret. You make me extremely happy; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours—and Mr. Dangle's. Sincerely, then, do you like the piece?

Sneer. Wonderfully!

Sir Fret. But, come now, there must be something that you think might be amended, hey? Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

Dangle. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing, for the most part, to—

Sir Fret. With most authors it is just so, indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious! But, for my part, I am

never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of showing a work to a friend, if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

Sneer. Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection, which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention. I think it wants incident.

Sir Fret. You surprise me!—wants incident?

Sneer. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

Sir Fret. Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference. But I protest I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded. My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

Dangle. Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient; and the first four acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

Sir Fret. Rises, I believe you mean, sir.

Dangle. No, I don't, upon my word. Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

Mrs. Dangle. No, indeed, I did not—I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

Sir Fret. Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all!

Mrs. Dangle. Or, if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was on the whole a little too long.

Sir Fret. Pray, madam, do you speak as to the duration of time, or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

Mrs. Dangle. Oh, no! I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

Sir Fret. Then I am very happy—very happy indeed—because the play is a remarkably short play. I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but on these occasions the watch, you know, is the critic.

Mrs. Dangle. Then, I suppose it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

Sir Fret. Oh, if Mr. Dangle read it, that's quite another affair! But, I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

Mrs. Dangle. I hope to see it on the stage next.

II.

Dangle. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

Sir Fretful. The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous—abominable—infernal—Not that I ever read them. No; I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

Dangle. You are quite right—for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

Sir Fret. No; quite the contrary! their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric—I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

Sneer. Why, that's true—and that attack, now, on you the other day—

Sir Fret. What? Where?

Dangle. Ay, you mean in the paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

Sir Fret. Oh, so much the better! Ha! ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

Dangle. Certainly, it is only to be laughed at; for—

Sir Fret. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

Sneer. Pray, Dangle—Sir Fretful seems a little anxious.

Sir Fret. Oh, no! anxious!—not I—not in the least. I—But one may as well hear, you know.

Dangle. Sneer, do you recollect? Make out something [*aside*].

Sneer. I will [*aside to Dangle*]. Yes, yes, I remember it perfectly.

Sir Fret. Well, and pray, now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

Sneer. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever; though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

Sir Fret. Ha! ha! ha!—very good.

Sneer. That, as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace book; where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the lost and stolen office.

Sir Fret. Ha! ha! ha!—very pleasant.

Sneer. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to steal with taste; but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments—like a bad tavern's worst wine.

Sir Fret. Ha! ha!

Sneer. In your most serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms.

Sir Fret. Ha! ha!

Sneer. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakespeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

Sir Fret. Ha!

Sneer. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilize.

Sir Fret. (after great agitation). Now another person would be vexed at this.

Sneer. Oh! but I wouldn't have told you—only to divert you.

Sir Fret. I know it—I am diverted. Ha! ha! ha! not the least invention! Ha! ha! ha! very good! very good!

Sneer. Yes—no genius! Ha! ha! ha!

Dangle. A severe rogue! Ha! ha! ha! But you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

Sir Fret. To be sure—for if there is anything to one's praise, it is foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse, why, one is always sure to hear of it from one good-natured friend or other!



1. Insidious, petulant, execrable, tenacious, implicit, prologue, epilogue, panegyric, witticisms, plagiarist.

2. What is a *tragedy*? a *comedy*? Which is this? Who was the greatest dramatist? "Tambour sprigs" are leaves, flowers, etc., worked on embroidery with gold or silver thread.

XXXVII. MOORE'S MELODIES.

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852) was a native of Dublin. After leaving Trinity College, where he was a fine scholar, he studied law. He began at fourteen to write for the press. His feelings and imagination overcame his sense of delicacy and decorum, and his earlier works were not worthy of him; but when he had formed his maturer style he showed a rare union of wit and sensibility, brilliant fancy, and accurate details. His descriptive sketches are remarkable for their poetic beauty. His "Irish Melodies" show a wonderful pathos and the most exquisite rhythm and purity of diction. His most elaborate poem is "Lalla Rookh." This is a marvelous work of art, even if not a great poem. The lines are brilliant, rich with imagery, and full of sweetness and splendor.

I. A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?—
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!
Blow, breezes, blow! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

II. THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells ! those evening bells !
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime !

Those joyous hours are passed away ;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on ;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells !

Thomas Moore

XXXVIII. BENEFITS OF AGRICULTURE.

Agriculture is the greatest among the arts ; for it is the first in supplying our necessities. It is the mother and nurse of all other arts. It favors and strengthens population ; it creates and maintains manufactures ; it gives employment to navigation, and materials to commerce. It animates every species of industry, and opens to nations the surest channels of opulence. It is also the strongest bond of well-regulated society, the surest basis of internal peace, the natural associate of good morals.

We ought to count among the benefits of agriculture the charm which the practice of it communicates to a country life ;—that charm, which has made the country, in our view, the retreat of the hero, the asylum of the sage, and the

temple of the historic muse. The strong desire, the longing after the country, with which we find the bulk of mankind



to be penetrated, points to it as the chosen abode of sublunary bliss.

The sweet occupations of agriculture, with her varied products and attendant enjoyments, are at least a relief from the stifling atmosphere of the city, the monotony of subdivided

employments, the vexations of ambition so often disappointed, of self-love so often mortified, of factitious pleasures and unsubstantial vanities.

Health, the first and best of all the blessings of life, is preserved and fortified by the practice of agriculture. That state of well-being which we feel and cannot define; that self-satisfied disposition which depends, perhaps, on the perfect equilibrium and easy play of vital forces, turns the slightest acts to pleasure, and makes every exertion of our faculties a source of enjoyment: this inestimable state of our bodily functions is most vigorous in the country, and, if lost elsewhere, it is in the country we expect to recover it.

The very theater of agricultural avocations gives them a value that is peculiar; for who can contemplate without emotion the magnificent spectacle of nature when, arrayed in vernal hues, she renews the scenery of the world? All things revive at her powerful voice,—the meadow resumes its freshness and verdure, a living sap circulates through every budding tree, flowers spring to meet the warm caresses of Zephyr, and from their opening petals pour forth rich perfume. The songsters of the forest once more awake, and in tones of melody again salute the coming dawn; and again they deliver to the evening echo their strains of tenderness and love. Can man—rational, sensitive man—can he remain unmoved by such surroundings, and where else can he feel this jubilee of nature, this universal joy?

ANON.

1. Opulence, sublunary, factitious, equilibrium, vernal, avocations.

2. What is meant by "agriculture"? On what does a country's prosperity depend? What is the primary source of all wealth? How was the land cultivated in Colonial times? How is most of it cultivated now?

XXXIX. THE COCKNEY.

JOHN G. SAXE (1816-1887) was born at Highgate, Vermont. He was graduated at Middlebury College, and was a successful lawyer and editor. His wit was pleasing and sparkling, though sometimes of a low order, and his satire, veiled in humor, was not the less keen, while it was more attractive. In the use of puns he resembled Tom Hood, whom he often imitated. He is best known from a few humorous poems such as "The Blind Man and the Elephant," "The Coldwater Man," "The Cockney," and "Rhyme of the Rail;" but his "Money King," "Fables and Legends in Rhyme," and "Clever Stories of Many Nations" have quite as much merit.

It was in my foreign travel,
At a famous Flemish inn,
That I met a stoutish person
With a very ruddy skin;
And his hair was something sandy,
And was done in knotty curls,
And was parted in the middle,
In the manner of a girl's.

He was clad in checkered trousers,
And his coat was of a sort
To suggest a scanty pattern,
It was bobbed so very short;
And his cap was very little,
Such as soldiers often use;
And he wore a pair of gaiters,
And extremely heavy shoes.

I addressed the man in English,
And he answered in the same,
Though he spoke it in a fashion
That I thought a little lame;
For the aspirate was missing
Where the letter should have been,
But where'er it wasn't wanted
He was sure to put it in!

When I spoke with admiration
Of St. Peter's mighty dome,
He remarked, "'Tis really nothing
To the sights we 'ave at 'ome!"
And declared upon his honor,—
Though, of course, 'twas very queer—
That he doubted if the Romans
'Ad the *hart* of making beer!

Then we talked of other countries,
And he said that he had heard
That *h*Americans spoke *h*English,
But he deemed it quite *h*absurd;
Yet he felt the deepest *h*interest
In the missionary work,
And would like to know if Georgia
Was in Boston or New York!

When I left the man-in-gaiters,
He was grumbling, o'er his gin,
At the charges of the hostess
Of that famous Flemish inn;
And he looked a very Briton,
(So, methinks, I see him still,)
As he pocketed the candle
That was mentioned in the bill.

John G. Lane

1. Knotty, checkered, aspirate, cockney, missionary.
2. What is meant by a "cockney"? What is "the aspirate"? What is meant by a "Flemish inn"? Where is "St. Peter's"? In many European hotels there is no gas in the sleeping-rooms. Candles are supplied and charged extra in the bill whether used or not.

XL. LETTERS.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Ik Marvel," was born in Norwich, Conn., in 1822. He graduated at Yale College in 1841, and afterwards studied law. He was United States Consul at Venice in 1853-55. His reputation as an author was first gained by the publication of "Dream Life" and "Reveries of a Bachelor." The latter, the source of this extract, is simply a contemplative view of life from the slippered ease of a quiet home, interspersed with a few incidents that serve as a story.

Mitchell's style is pure and simple, and the tone of everything he writes is equally pure. "Dr. Johns" is his most ambitious novel. "Wet Days at Edgewood" embodies some of his later essays.



DONALD G. MITCHELL.

Blessed be letters!—they are the monitors, they are also the comforters, and they are the only true heart-talkers! Your speech, and their speeches, are conventional; they are molded by circumstance; they are suggested by the observation, remark, and influence of the parties to whom the speaking is addressed, or by whom it may be overheard.

Your truest thought is modified—half through its utterance by a look, a sign, a smile, or a sneer. It is not individual; it is not integral: it is social and mixed,—half of you, and half of others. It bends, it sways, it multiplies, it retires, and it advances, as the talk of others presses, relaxes, or quickens.

But it is not so of letters. There you are, with only

the soulless pen, and the snow-white, virgin paper. Your soul is measuring itself by itself, and saying its own sayings: there are no sneers to modify its utterance,—no scowl to scare; nothing is present but you and your thought.

Utter it then freely—write it down—stamp it—burn it in the ink!—There it is, a true soul-print!

Ah, the glory, the freedom, the passion of a letter! It is worth all the lip-talk in the world. Do you say it is studied, made up, acted, rehearsed, contrived, artistic?

Let me see it then; let me run it over; tell me age, sex, circumstance, and I will tell you if it be studied or real,—if it be the merest lip-slang put into words, or heart-talk blazing on the paper.

I have a little packet,—not very large,—tied up with narrow crimson ribbon, now soiled with frequent handling, which far into some winter's night I take down from its nook upon my shelf, and untie, and open, and run over, with such sorrow and such joy as I am sure make me for weeks after a kinder and honester man.

There are in this little packet letters in the familiar hand of a mother;—what gentle admonition—what tender affection! God have mercy on him who outlives the sentiment that such admonitions and such affection kindle! There are others in the budget, in the delicate and unformed hand of a loved and lost sister;—written when she and you were full of glee and the best mirth of youthfulness; does it harm you to recall that mirthfulness? or to trace again, for the hundredth time, that scrawling postscript at the bottom, with its *i*'s so carefully dotted, and its gigantic *t*'s so carefully crossed, by the childish hand of a little brother?

Let me gather up these letters carefully, to be read when the heart is faint and sick of all that there is unreal

and selfish in the world. Let me tie them together with a new and longer bit of ribbon—not by a love knot, that is too hard—but by an easy slipping knot, that so I may get at them the better. And now they are all together, a snug packet, and we will label them, not sentimentally (I pity the one who thinks it !), but earnestly, and in the best meaning of the term—*SOUVENIRS DU CŒUR*.

Dr. J. G. Mitchell

1. Monitors, conventional, molded, integral, admonitions, rehearsed.
2. What two meanings has "letters"? How are letters "monitors"? How is thought modified in conversation? Are all letters natural? What is the meaning of "*nom de plume*"? Of *Souvenirs du Cœur*?

XLI. MONUMENTS OF EGYPT.

I. THE PYRAMIDS.

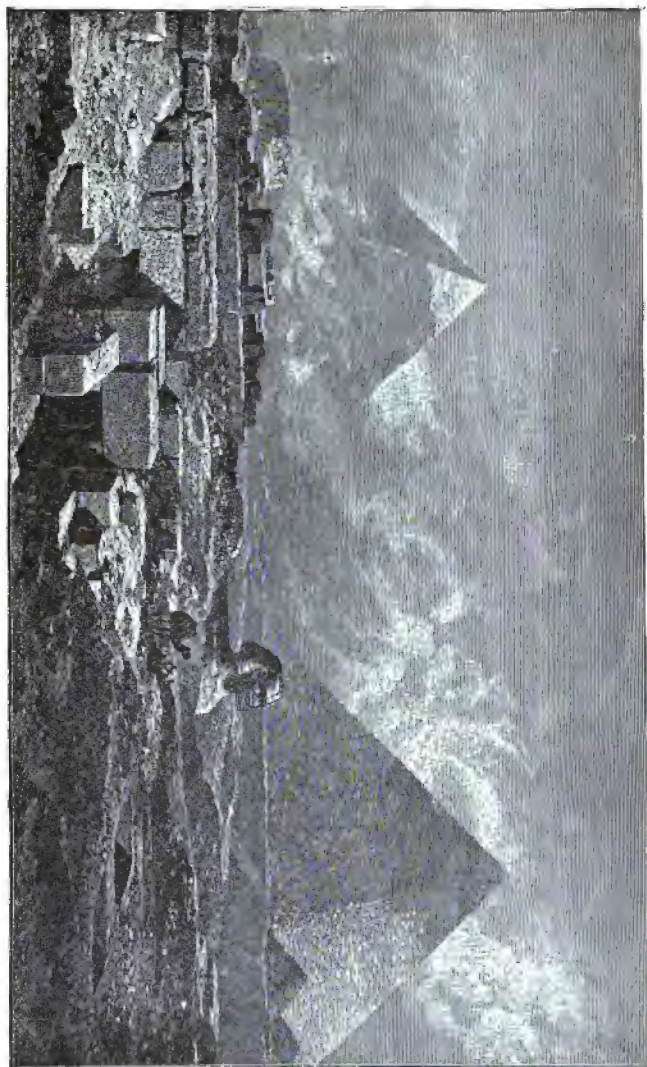
EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE (1769–1822) was born in England. He spent over three years in foreign lands, and his "*Travels in Various Parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa*" gave pleasing and accurate accounts of what he saw in Egypt, Palestine, and other interesting countries. He was for several years Professor of Mineralogy in Cambridge University, and afterwards Librarian.

We were roused as soon as the sun dawned by Antony, our faithful Greek servant and interpreter, with the intelligence that the Pyramids were in view. We hastened from the cabin; and never will the impression made by their appearance be obliterated. By reflecting the sun's rays, they appear as white as snow, and of such surprising magnitude that nothing we had previously conceived in our imagination had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld.

The sight instantly convinced us that no power of description, no delineation, can convey ideas adequate to the effect produced in viewing these stupendous monuments. The formality of their construction is lost in their prodigious magnitude; the mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms—that in vastness, whatsoever be its nature, there dwells sublimity.

Another proof of their indescribable power is, that no one ever approached them under other emotions than those of terror, which is another principal source of the sublime. In certain instances of irritable feeling, this impression of awe and fear has been so great as to cause pain rather than pleasure; hence, perhaps, have originated descriptions of the Pyramids which represent them as deformed and gloomy masses, without taste or beauty. Persons who have derived no satisfaction from the contemplation of them, may not have been conscious that the uneasiness they experienced was a result of their own sensibility. Others have acknowledged ideas widely different, excited by every wonderful circumstance of character and of situation—ideas of duration almost endless, of power inconceivable, of majesty supreme, of solitude most awful, of grandeur, of desolation, and of repose.

With what amazement did we survey the vast surface that was presented to us when we arrived at this stupendous monument, which seemed to reach the clouds. Here and there appeared some Arab guides upon the immense masses above us, like so many pigmies, waiting to show the way to the summit. Now and then we thought we heard voices, and listened; but it was the wind in powerful gusts sweeping the immense ranges of stone. Already some of



our party had begun the ascent, and were pausing at the tremendous depth which they saw below.

One of our military companions, after having surmounted the most difficult part of the undertaking, became giddy in consequence of looking down from the elevation he had attained; and being compelled to abandon the project, he hired an Arab to assist him in effecting his descent. The rest of us, more accustomed to the business of climbing heights, with many a halt for respiration, and many an exclamation of wonder, pursued our way towards the summit. The mode of ascent has been frequently described; and yet, from the questions which are often proposed to travelers, it does not appear to be generally understood. The reader may imagine himself to be upon a staircase, every step of which, to a man of middle stature, is nearly breast-high, and the breadth of each step is equal to its height,—consequently the footing is secure; and, although a retrospect in going up be sometimes fearful to persons unaccustomed to look down from any considerable elevation, yet there is little danger of falling. In some places, indeed, where the stones are decayed, caution may be required, and an Arab guide is always necessary to avoid a total interruption; but, upon the whole, the means of ascent are such that almost every one may accomplish it.

At length we reached the topmost tier, to the great delight and satisfaction of all the party. Here we found a platform thirty-two feet square, consisting of nine large stones, each of which might weigh about a ton, although they are much inferior in size to some of the stones used in the construction of this pyramid. Travelers of all ages and of various nations have here inscribed their names. Some are written in Greek, many in French, a few in Arabic, one or two in

English, and others in Latin. We were as desirous as our predecessors to leave a memorial of our arrival; it seemed to be a tribute of thankfulness due for the success of our undertaking; and presently every one of our party was seen busied in adding the inscription of his name.

The view from this eminence amply fulfilled our expectations; nor do the accounts which have been given of it, as it appears at this season of the year, exaggerate the novelty and grandeur of the sight. All the region towards Cairo and the Delta resembled a sea covered with innumerable islands. Forests of palm trees were seen standing in the water, the inundation spreading over the land where they stood, so as to give them an appearance of growing in the flood. To the north, as far as the eye could reach, nothing could be discerned but a watery surface thus diversified by plantations and by villages. To the south, we saw the Pyramids of Saccára; and upon the east of these, smaller monuments of the same kind nearer the Nile.

An appearance of ruins might indeed be traced the whole way from the Pyramids of Djiza (Gizeh) to those of Saccára, as if they had once been connected, so as to constitute one vast cemetery. Beyond the Pyramids of Saccára we could perceive the distant mountains of the Said; and upon an eminence near the Libyan side of the Nile, appeared a monastery of considerable size. Towards the west and southwest, the eye ranged over the great Libyan Desert, extending to the utmost verge of the horizon, without a single object to interrupt the dreary horror of the landscape, except dark floating spots caused by the shadows of passing clouds upon the sand. Upon the southeast side is the gigantic statue of the Sphinx, the most colossal piece of sculpture which remains of all the works executed by the ancients. Beyond

the Sphinx we distinctly discerned, amidst the sandy waste, the remains and vestiges of a magnificent building, perhaps the Serapeum.

Immediately beneath our view, upon the eastern and western side, we saw so many tombs that we were unable to count them, some being half-buried in the sand, others rising considerably above it. All these are of an oblong form, with sides sloping like the roofs of European houses. The second pyramid, standing to the southwest, has the remains of a covering near its vertex, as of a plaiting of stone which had once invested all its four sides. Some persons, deceived by the external hue of this covering, have believed it to be of marble; but its white appearance is owing to a partial decomposition affecting the surface only. Not a single fragment of marble can be found anywhere near this pyramid. It is surrounded by a paved court, having walls on the outside and places as for doors and portals in the walls; also an advanced work or portico. A third pyramid of much smaller dimensions than the second appears beyond the Sphinx to the southwest; and there are three others, one of which is nearly buried in the sand between the large pyramids and this statue to the southeast.

DR. E. D. CLARKE.

II. THE SPHINX.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE (1809-1891) was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and practiced law for about twenty years. His story of the Crimean War, "The Invasion of the Crimea," in eight volumes, is clear, full, and spirited. His "Eothen," from which the extract on the Sphinx is taken, tells vividly and clearly the impressions he received by looking at the wonders of the East.

And near the Pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely

Sphinx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world. The once worshiped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mold of beauty—some mold of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come.

Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze and kiss your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Sphinx.

In one regard the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangefulness in the midst of change—the same seeming will and intent, for ever and ever inexorable! Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire—upon battle and pestilence—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race—upon keen-eyed travelers, Herodotus yesterday and Warburton to-day—upon all and more this unworldly Sphinx has watched and watched like a Providence, with the same earnest eyes and the same sad, tranquil mien.

And we, we shall die, and Islami will wither away, and the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seats of the Faithful, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new, busy race



with those same sad, earnest eyes and the same tranquil mien everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphinx.

A. W. KINGLAKE.

1. Interpreter, obliterate, delineation, prodigious, pigmies, predecessors, diversified, leonine, deformity, inexorable, mien, dynasties.

2. The most important Pyramids are those of Egypt, India, and Mexico. There are seventy in Egypt alone. The great Pyramid of Gizeh was four hundred and eighty feet high; it is said that one hundred thousand men were thirty years in building it. Why were the Pyramids made? Cytherea (or Venus) was the Greek goddess of beauty, fabled to have sprung from the foam of the sea. The Copts are the Christian descendants of the ancient Egyptians. What is the meaning of "Islam will wither away"? What figures of speech are used in the last paragraph?

Malron, the children of whose love,
 Each to his grave, in youth have pass'd;
 And now the mould lies fresh above
 The dearest and the last.
 Bride, who dost wear the widow's veil
 Before the wedding flowers are pale,—
 Be deem the human heart endures
 No deeper-bittered grief than yours.
 Wm. Cullen Bryant.

XLII. "GOOD SOCIETY."



W. M. THACKERAY.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863) was born in India and educated at Cambridge. He wasted his fortune, and, failing to make a living as lawyer or artist, commenced to write for the press. Soon his novels began to appear over his own name, and the first, "Vanity Fair," a part of which is given below, stamped him as the greatest social satirist of his age, and as one of the first of novelists. The "Newcomes" is his masterpiece, but "Pendennis" and "Henry Esmond" are representative works. One of the greatest of writers, with a wonderful power of describing character, a model of critical style, he always seemed to write with a half-concealed sneer at human nature.

He asserted that man was so bad that no writer of fiction would be allowed to paint him to nature. "Intellect without virtue or virtue without intellect" does not represent the average society, as he shows it in "Vanity Fair," which indicates its purpose in its name. It describes and decries the vanities and cheap conventionalities that make our social life a comedy or a tragedy. The extract chosen shows the heroine, Becky Sharp (Mrs. Rawdon Crawley), in "good society."

Before long, Becky received not only "the best" foreigners, but some of the best English people, too. I don't mean the most virtuous, or indeed the least virtuous, or the cleverest, or the stupidest, or the richest, or the best born, but "the best,"—in a word, people about whom there is no question. When the Countess of Fitz-Willis takes up a person, he or she is safe. There is no question about them any more. Not that my Lady Fitz-Willis is any better than anybody else, being, on the contrary, a faded person, fifty-seven years of age, and neither

handsome, nor wealthy, nor entertaining ; but it is agreed on all sides that she is of the "best people."

Those who go to her are of the best ; and, from an old grudge probably to Lady Steyne, this great and famous leader of the fashion chose to acknowledge Mrs. Rawdon Crawley ; made her a most marked courtesy at the assembly over which she presided, and not only encouraged her son, St. Kitts, to frequent Mrs. Crawley's house, but asked her to her own mansion, and spoke to her twice in the most public and condescending manner during dinner. This important fact was known all over London that night. People who had been crying fie about Mrs. Crawley were silent. In a word, she was admitted to be among the "best" people.

Do not envy poor Becky prematurely—glory like this is said to be fugitive. It is currently reported that even in the very inmost circles they are no happier than the poor wanderers outside the zone ; and Becky, who penetrated into the very center of fashion, and saw the great George IV. face to face, has owned since that there too was Vanity.

Becky has often spoken in subsequent years of this season of her life, when she moved among the very greatest circles of the London fashion. Her success excited, elated, and then bored her. At first no occupation was more pleasant than to invent and procure the prettiest new dresses and ornaments ; to drive to fine dinner parties, where she was welcomed by great people ; and from the fine dinner parties to fine assemblies, whither the same people came with whom she had been dining, whom she had met the night before, and would see on the morrow—the young men faultlessly appointed, handsomely cravatted, with the neatest glossy boots and white gloves—the elders portly, brass-buttoned,

noble-looking, polite, and prosy—the young ladies blonde, timid, and in pink—the mothers grand, beautiful, sumptuous, solemn, and in diamonds.

They talked in English, not in bad French as they do in the novels. They talked about each other's houses, and characters, and families—just as the Joneses do about the Smiths. Becky's former acquaintances hated and envied her; the poor woman herself was yawning in spirit. "I wish I were out of it," she said to herself. "I would rather be a parson's wife, and teach a Sunday School, than this; or a sergeant's lady, and ride in the regimental wagon; or, oh, how much gayer it would be to wear spangles and trousers, and dance before a booth at a fair!"

There was a frankness and humility in the manner in which she acknowledged her origin, which provoked, or disarmed, or amused lookers-on, as the case might be. "How cool that woman is!" said one; "what airs of independence she assumes, where she ought to sit still and be thankful if anybody speaks to her!" "What an honest and good-natured soul she is!" said another. "What an artful little minx!" said a third. They were all right, very likely; but Becky went her own way, and so fascinated the professional personages, that they would leave off their sore throats in order to sing at her parties, and give her lessons for nothing.

Yes, she gave parties in the little house in Curzon Street. Many scores of carriages, with blazing lamps, blocked up the street, to the disgust of No. 200, who could not rest for the thunder of the knocking, and of 202, who could not sleep for envy. Scores of the great dandies of London squeezed and trod on each other on the little stairs, laughing to find themselves there; and many spotless and severe ladies of *ton* were seated in the little drawing-room, listening

to the professional singers, who were singing according to their wont, and as if they wished to blow the windows down.

How the Crawleys got the money which was spent upon the entertainments with which they treated the polite world, was a mystery. Some persons averred that Sir Pitt Crawley gave his brother a handsome allowance. Other parties hinted that it was Becky's habit to levy contributions on all her husband's friends ; going to this one in tears with an account that there was an execution in the house ; falling on her knees to that one, and declaring that the whole family must go to gaol, or commit suicide, unless such and such a bill could be paid.

Who knows what stories were or were not told of our dear and innocent friend ? Certain it is, that if she had had all the money which she was said to have begged or borrowed or stolen, she might have capitalized and been honest for life. The truth is, that by economy and good management—by a sparing use of ready money, and by paying scarcely anybody—people can manage, for a time at least, to make a great show with very little means ; and it is our belief that Becky's much-talked-of parties, which were not, after all was said, very numerous, cost this lady very little more than the wax candles which lighted the walls.

I protest it is quite shameful in the world to abuse a simple creature, as people of her time abused Becky, and I warn the public against believing one tenth of the stories against her. If every person is to be banished from society who runs into debt and cannot pay—if we are to be peering into everybody's private life, speculating upon their income, and cutting them if we don't approve of their expenditure—why what a howling wilderness and intolerable dwelling Vanity Fair would be !

Every man's hand would be against his neighbor, in this case, and the benefits of civilization would be done away with. We should be quarreling, abusing, avoiding one another. Our houses would become caverns; and we should go in rags because we cared for nobody. Rents would go down. Parties wouldn't be given any more. All the tradesmen of the town would be bankrupt, and all the delights of life would go to the deuce, if people did but act upon their silly principles, and avoid those whom they dislike and abuse.

Whereas, by a little charity and mutual forbearance, things are made to go on pleasantly enough: we may abuse a man as much as we like, and call him the greatest rascal unhung—but do we wish to hang him therefore? No. We shake hands when we meet. If his cook is good we forgive him, and go and dine with him; and we expect he will do the same by us. Thus it is that trade flourishes—civilization advances; peace is kept; new dresses are wanted for new assemblies every week; and the last year's vintage of Lafitte will remunerate the honest proprietor who reared it!

Wm Thackeray

1. Entertaining, condescending, prematurely, sergeant's, fascinated, expenditure, remunerate, courtesy, entertainment, neighbor, gaol, suicide, flourishes, civilization.

2. Does this sketch describe the ways of the really "good society" or of a shallow pretense for it? Have you read "Vanity Fair"? Did you ever know a person like Becky Sharp? What is the object of Thackeray's satire? Who was Lafitte?

XLIII. THE LEVELER.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (1787-1874) wrote under the name of "Barry Cornwall." He was a native of London and a schoolfellow of Byron. He attempted a simpler and more natural style of expression than his great cotemporary, and his pathetic, tender sketches became very popular. His "English Songs" are among his best works. They are pleasing to the ear, and have a true lyrical spirit.

The king he reigns on a throne of gold,
Fenced round by his right divine ;
The baron he sits in his castle old,
Drinking his ripe red wine :
But below, below, in his ragged coat,
The beggar he tuneth a hungry note,
And the spinner is bound to his weary thread,
And the debtor lies down with an aching head.
So the world goes !
So the stream flows !
Yet there is a fellow whom nobody knows,
Who maketh all free
On land and sea,
And forceth the rich like the poor to flee.

The lady lies down in her warm white lawn,
And dreams of her pearléd pride ;
The milkmaid sings to the wild-eyed dawn
Sad songs on the cold hillside :
And the bishop smiles, as on high he sits,
On the scholar who writes and starves by fits ;
And the girl who her nightly needle plies
Looks out for the summer of life,—and dies !
So the world goes !
So the stream flows !

Yet there is a fellow whom nobody knows,
Who maketh all free
On land and sea,
And forceth the rich like the poor to flee.

BARRY CORNWALL.

1. Reigns, baron, debtor, aching, needle, lawn.
2. Who is this "leveler"? What is meant by "right divine"? "fenced round"? "pearléd pride"?

XLIV. AUTUMN AT CONCORD.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804-1864), one of the most celebrated of American novelists, was born in Salem, Mass., and graduated at Bowdoin College, Maine, a fellow-student with Longfellow. He wrote for publication when very young, but gained little notice until he published "The Scarlet Letter," a study of the conflicting emotions of the human heart as influenced by painful circumstances. His works are generally metaphysical in their tendency, but "he was a careful, exact, reliable author, as true to

humanity as Dickens." His other representative works are "The House of the Seven Gables," "Mosses from an Old Manse," "Twice-Told Tales," and "The Marble Faun;" but some of his best passages occur in less known books. The following extract is taken from his "Note Books."

Alas for the summer ! The grass is still verdant on the hills and in the valleys ; the foliage of the trees is as dense as ever, and as green ; the flowers are abundant along the margin of the river, and in the hedgerows, and deep among the woods ; the days, too, are as fervid as they were a month ago ; and yet, in every breath of wind and in every beam of sunshine, there is an autumnal influence.

I know not how to describe it. Methinks there is a sort of coolness amid all the heat, and a mildness in the brightest of the sunshine. A breeze cannot stir without thrilling me with the breath of autumn ; and I behold its pensive glory in the far, golden gleams among the huge shadows of the trees.

The flowers, even the brightest of them, the golden-rod and the gorgeous cardinals—the most glorious flowers of the year—have this gentle sadness amid their pomp. Pensive autumn is expressed in the glow of every one of them. I have felt this influence earlier in some years than in others. Sometimes autumn may be perceived even in the early days of July. There is no other feeling like that caused by this faint, doubtful, yet real perception, or rather prophecy, of the year's decay, so deliciously sweet and sad at the same time.

I scarcely remember a scene of more complete and lovely seclusion than the passage of the river [North Branch] through this wood. Even an Indian canoe, in olden times, could not have floated onward in deeper solitude than my boat. I have never elsewhere had such an opportunity to observe how much more beautiful reflection is than what we call reality. The sky and the clustering foliage on either hand, and the effect of sunlight as it found its way through the shade, giving lightsome hues in contrast with the quiet

depth of the prevailing tints—all these seemed unsurpassably beautiful when beheld in upper air.

But on gazing downward, there they were, the same even to the minutest particular, yet arrayed in ideal beauty, which satisfied the spirit incomparably more than the actual scene.

I am half convinced that the reflection is indeed the reality, the real thing which Nature imperfectly images to our grosser sense. At any rate the disembodied shadow is nearest to the soul. There were many tokens of autumn in this beautiful picture. Two or three of the trees were actually dressed in their coats of many colors—the real scarlet and gold which they wear before they put on mourning.

There is a pervading blessing diffused over all the world. I look out of the window, and think: "O perfect day! O beautiful world! O good God!" And such a day is the promise of a blissful eternity. Our Creator would never have made such weather, and given us the deep heart to enjoy it, above and beyond all thought, if he had not meant us to be immortal. It opens the gates of heaven, and gives us glimpses far inward.

Ann' Hawthorne,

1. Verdant, margin, gorgeous, perception, disembodied, pervading, diffused, foliage, prophecy, eternity.

2. Where is Concord? What river is meant? Compare this description with any other (Keats's, Shelley's, Southey's, Reed's). Write your own ideas and description of autumn.



XLV. POEMS FROM POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744) was born in London. He left school at thirteen and studied literature by himself. Deformity and disease made him irritable, overbearing, and too sensitive to be a pleasant companion. At twelve he wrote verses. "As yet a child, and all unknown to fame, I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." He became popular as soon as his first work, the "Pastorals," appeared, and his "Essay on Criticism," "The Rape of the Lock," the most brilliant mock-heroic poem ever written, "The Dunciad," and "Eloisa to Abelard," in which he displayed great delicacy of sentiment and beauty of imagery, as well as an exquisite melody of versification, added greatly to his fame as a poet. The "fatal facility" of his rhyme made his translations of little value as translations, however beautiful they might be as poems.



ALEXANDER POPE.

I. THE FUTURE.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
 All but the page prescribed, their present state :
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :
 Or who could suffer being here below ?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
 O blindness to the future ! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven :
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,

Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar :
Wait the great teacher, Death ; and God adore.
What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest.
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates on a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way ;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven ;
Some safer world in depth of wood embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold :
To be contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire ;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company. ~

-
1. Prescribed, pinions, expatiates, seraphs, untutored.
 2. What is the meaning of "the book of Fate"? "solar walk"? "milky way"? What two meanings has "to be" in this poem? What parts of speech are they?

II. HAPPINESS DEPENDS ON VIRTUE.

Honor and shame from no condition rise :
Act well your part ; there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather or prunello.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece ;
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go ! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go ! and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards ?
Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.

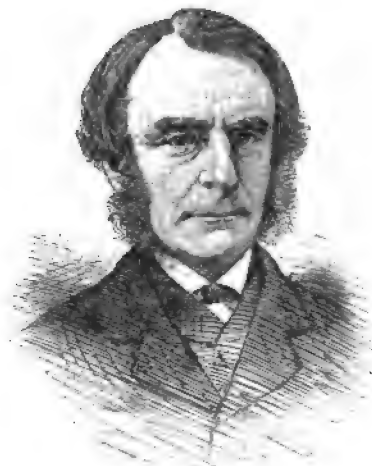
Look next on greatness ! say where greatness lies.
Where, but among the heroes and the wise ?
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede ;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
Or make an enemy of all mankind !
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise ;
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes :
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat ;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great :

Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
 Know then this truth—enough for man to know—
 “Virtue alone is happiness below.”

A. Pope

1. Brocade, ignoble, scoundrels, ennoble, circumspective.
2. Who was “Macedonia’s madman”? Who was “the Swede”?
 Tell what you know of “the Howards”? Aurelius? Socrates?

XLVI. NATURE’S MELODRAMA.



CHARLES KINGSLEY.

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875) was a native of Devonshire, England. He became greatly interested in the social problems of the day, and wrote several books to show the evil conditions of labor, and their remedy. “Alton Locke” was the most powerful of these works, all of which were so highly colored by the author’s imagination, and the facts so exaggerated, as greatly to decrease their influence.

In “Westward Ho!” a story of adventure in the Elizabethan age, “Glaucus,” and “Two Years Ago,” from which the following selection is taken, Kingsley writes in another strain, yet still with a partisanship that mars his otherwise powerful delineations and

descriptions. Some of his poems, like “Three Fishers,” are extremely

beautiful and pathetic, but he is most successful in his stories for children, such as "The Heroes" and "The Water Babies," wherein his feelings do not distort his judgment, and his imagination has full play.

I.

Elsley left the door of Pen-y-gwryd, careless whither he went, if he went only far enough.

In front of him rose the Glyder Vawr, its head shrouded in soft mist, through which the moonlight gleamed upon the checkered quarries of that enormous desolation, the dead bones of the eldest-born of time. A wild longing seized him; he would escape up thither; up into those clouds, up anywhere to be alone—alone with his miserable self. That was dreadful enough; but less dreadful than having a companion, ay, even a stone by him, which could remind him of the scene which he had left; even remind him that there was another human being on earth beside himself. Yes, to put that cliff between him and all the world! Away he plunged from the high road, splashing over boggy uplands, scrambling among scattered boulders, across a stony torrent bed, and then across another and another;—when would he reach that dark marbled wall which rose into the infinite blank, looking within a stone-throw of him, and yet no nearer after he had walked a mile?

He reached it at last, and rushed up the talus of boulders, springing from stone to stone, till his breath failed him and he was forced to settle into a less frantic pace. But upward he would go, and upward he went, with a strength which he never had felt before. Strong? How should he not be strong, while every vein felt filled with molten lead; while some unseen power seemed not so much to attract him upwards, as to drive him by magical repulsion from all that he had left below?

So upward, and upward ever, driven on by the terrible gadfly, like Io of old, he went; stumbling upward along torrent beds of slippery slate; writhing himself upward through crannies where the waterfall plashed cold upon his chest and face, yet could not cool the inward fire; climbing, hand and knee, up cliffs of sharp-edged rock; striding over downs where huge rocks lay crushed in the grass, like fossil monsters of some ancient world, and seemed to stare at him with still and angry brows. Upward still, to black terraces of lava, standing out hard and black against the gray cloud, gleaming like iron in the moonlight, stair above stair, like those over which Vathek and the Princess climbed up to the walls of Eblis. Over their crumbling steps, up through their cracks and crannies, out upon a dreary slope of broken stones, and then,—before he dives upward into the cloud ten yards above his head,—one breathless look back upon the world.

The horizontal curtain of mist; gauzy below, fringed with white tufts and streamers, deepening above into the blackness of utter night. Below it, a long gulf of soft yellow haze, in which, as in a bath of gold, lie delicate bars of far-off western cloud; and the faint glimmer of the western sea, above long knotted spurs of hill, in deepest shade, like a bunch of purple grapes flecked here and there from behind with the gleams of golden light; and beneath them again, the dark woods sleeping over Gwynnant, and their dark double sleeping in the bright lake below.

On the right hand Snowdon rises. Vast sheets of utter blackness—vast sheets of shining light. He can see every crag which juts from the green walls of Galt-y-Wennalt; and far past it into the great valley of Cwm Dyli; and then the red peak, now as black as night, shuts out the

world with its huge mist-topped cone. But on the left hand all is deepest shade. From the highest saw-edges where Moel Meirch cuts the golden sky, down to the very depths of the abyss, all is lustrous darkness, sooty, and yet golden still.

Before the golden haze a white veil is falling fast. Sea, mountain, lake, are vanishing, fading as in a dream. Soon he can see nothing but the twinkle of a light in Pen-y-gwryd, a thousand feet below; happy children are nestling there in innocent sleep. Jovial voices are chatting round the fire. What has he to do with youth, and health, and joy? Lower, lower, ye clouds! Shut out that insolent and intruding spark, till nothing be seen but the silver sheet of Cwm Fynnon, and the silver zigzag lines which wander into it among black morass, while down the mountain side go, softly sliding, troops of white mist-angels. Softly they slide, swift and yet motionless, as if by some inner will, which needs no force of limbs; gliding gently round the crags, diving gently off into the abyss, their long white robes trailing about their feet in upward-floating folds. "Let us go hence," they seemed to whisper to the God-forsaken, as legends say they whispered when they left their doomed shrine in old Jerusalem. Let the white fringe fall between him and the last of that fair troop; let the gray curtain follow, the black pall above descend; till he is alone in darkness that may be felt, and in the shadow of death.

II.

Now Elsley is safe at last; hidden from all living things—hidden, it may be, from God; for at least God is hidden from him. He has desired to be alone, and he is alone; the

center of the universe, if universe there be. All created things, suns and planets, seem to revolve round him, and he a point of darkness, not of light. He seems to float self-poised in the center of the boundless nothing, upon an ell-broad slab of stone—and yet not even on that; for the very ground on which he stands he does not feel. He does not feel the mist which wets his cheek, the blood which throbs within his veins. He only is, and there is none beside.

Horrible thought! Permitted but to few, and to them—thank God!—but rarely. For two minutes of that absolute self-isolation would bring madness; if, indeed, it be not the very essence of madness itself. There he stood; he knew not how long; without motion, without thought, without even rage or hate, now—in one blank paralysis of his whole nature; conscious only of self, and of a dull, inward fire, as if his soul were a dark vault, lighted with lurid smoke.

* * * * *

What was that! He started; shuddered—as well he might. Had he seen heaven opened? or another place? So momentary was the vision, that he scarce knew what he saw. There it was again! lasting but for a moment; but long enough to let him see the whole western heaven transfigured into one sheet of pale blue gauze, and before it Snowdon towering black as ink, with every saw and crest cut out, hard and terrible, against the lightning-glare;—and then the blank of darkness. Again! The awful black giant, towering high in air, before the gates of that blue abyss of flame; but a black crown of cloud has settled upon his head; and out of it the lightning sparks leap to and fro, ringing his brows with a coronet of fire. Another moment, and the roar of that great battle between earth and heaven crashed full on Elsley's ears.

He heard it leap from Snowdon, sharp and rattling, across the gulf toward him, till it crashed full upon the Glyder overhead, and rolled and flapped from crag to crag, and died away along the dreary downs. No! There it boomed out again, thundering full against Siabod on the left; and Siabod tossed it on to Moel Meirch, who answered from all her clefts and peaks with a long, confused battle-growl, and then tossed it across to Aran; and Aran, with one dull, bluff report from her flat cliff, to nearer Lliwedd; till, worn out with the long buffetings of that giant ring, it sank and died on Gwynnant far below; but, ere it died, another and another thunder-crash burst, sharper and nearer every time, to hurry round the hills after the one which roared before it.

Another minute, and the blue glare filled the sky once more; but no black Titan towered before it now. The storm had leapt Llanberris pass, and all around Elsley was one howling chaos of cloud, and rain, and blinding flame. He turned and fled again.

What was that sudden apparition above him, seen for a moment dim and gigantic through the mist, hid the next in darkness? The next flash showed him a line of obelisks, like giants crouching side by side, staring down on him from the clouds. Another five minutes, and he was at their feet, and past them; to see above them again another line of awful watchers through the storms and rains of many a thousand years, waiting, grim and silent, like those doomed senators in the Capitol of Rome, till their own turn should come, and the last lightning stroke hurl them too down, to lie forever by their fallen brothers, whose mighty bones bestrewed the screes below.

Terrible were those rocks below; and ten times more terrible as seen through the lurid glow of his distempered

brain. All the weird peaks and slabs seemed pointing up at him ; sharp-toothed jaws gaped upward—tongues hissed upward—arms pointed upward—hounds leaped upward—monstrous snake-heads peered upward out of cracks and caves. Did he not see them move, writhe? or was it the ever-shifting light of the flashes? Did he not hear them howl, yell at him? or was it but the wind, tortured in their labyrinthine caverns?

The next moment, and all was dark again ; but the images which had been called up remained, and fastened on his brain, and grew there ; and when, in the light of the next flash, the scene returned, he could see the red lips of the phantom hounds, the bright eyes of the phantom snakes ; the tongues wagged in mockery ; the hands brandished great stones to hurl at him ; the mountain-top was instinct with fiendish life,—a very Blocksberg of all hideous shapes and sins.

And yet he did not shrink. Horrible it was ; he was going mad before it. And yet he took a strange and fierce delight in making it more horrible ; in maddening himself yet more and more ; in clothing those fantastic stones with every fancy which could inspire another man with dread. But he had no dread. Perfect rage, like perfect love, casts out fear. He rejoiced in his own misery, in his own danger. His life hung on a thread ; any instant might hurl him from that cairn, a blackened corpse.

What better end? Let it come! He was Prometheus on the peak of Caucasus, hurling defiance at the unjust Jove! His hopes, his love, his very honor—ruined! Let the lightning stroke come! He were a coward to shrink from it. Let him face the worst, unprotected, bareheaded, naked, and do battle himself, and nothing but himself, against the universe! And, as men at such moments will do, in the

mad desire to free the self-tortured spirit from some unseen and choking bond, he began wildly tearing off his clothes.

But merciful Nature brought relief, and stopped him in his mad efforts, or he had been a frozen corpse long ere the dawn. His hands, stiff with cold, refused to obey him ; as he delayed, he was saved. After the paroxysm came the collapse ; he sank upon the top of the cairn half senseless. He felt himself falling over its edge ; and the animal instinct of self-preservation, unconsciously to him, made him slide down gently, till he sank into a crack between two rocks, sheltered somewhat, as it befell happily, from the lashing of the rain. Another minute, and he slept a dreamless sleep.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

1. Talus, boulders, magical, horizontal, lustrous, self-poised, transfigured, buffetings, chaos, obelisks, screes, bestrewed, labyrinthine, fiendish, paroxysm, cairn.

2. Locate the mountains as far as given in your geography. Explain "like Io." Which is the stronger expression, "writhing himself upward" or "climbing up"? Why? Were these volcanic mountains? Who was *Vathek*? What is meant by "a very Blocksberg"? "Prometheus hurling defiance at Jove"? Kingsley never wrote anything more powerful than this description of a man escaping from man and from himself. The picture of the thunderstorm is a masterpiece of word-painting.



XLVII. HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.



JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674) was born in London. He was a close student, and, after graduating at Cambridge, pursued his studies for several years at home and abroad. He wrote some light poems and many tracts on public topics, which latter brought him such notice that Cromwell appointed him his Latin secretary. He supported Cromwell and his Parliament with great vigor, and with so much bitterness that after the accession of Charles II. he feared for his life. After his second marriage Milton became blind, and, in his blindness, old age, and poverty, wrote the immortal work, "Paradise Lost," which places him indisputably next to Shakespeare in the ranks of English poets.

Poetry to-day is largely read as an entertainment, and Shakespeare and Milton are looked upon as difficult and distasteful, even though they may be great and grand. If "Paradise Lost" had been written in Latin or in Greek, it would be studied in our schools as diligently as Homer and Vergil. Now it is praised and laid aside, while lighter poems of the day, that jingle and please, are read and quoted.

Milton's style is perfect, his judgment of themes and his treatment of them are thoroughly classical, and his rhetoric is unexcelled. He appeals to the feelings of the reader both by his subjects and in his mode of presenting them. His prose works were not worthy of his genius, but "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes" are monuments more lasting than brass.

Nor war, or battle's sound,

Was heard the world around :

The idle spear and shield were high uphung,

The hookèd chariot stood

Unstained with hostile blood ;

The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng :

And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light

His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,

Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence ;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warned them thence :
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame

The new enlightened world no more should need ;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook ;
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took ;
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed ;
The helmèd cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn choir,
With unexpressive notes to heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

John Milton

1. Sovran, whispering, precious, rapture, reign, cherubim, seraphim, oozy, symphony, unexpressive, melodious, choir, bass.

2. Was there universal peace when Christ was born? What is meant by "hookèd chariot"? "with wonder whist"? "beneath the hollow round of Cynthia's seat"? "the helmèd cherubim"? "and sworded seraphim"? In the fifth stanza, "than" is an obsolete form for *then*. "Silly thoughts" mean *rustic* or *simple* thoughts. Who was "the mighty Pan"? Who was Lucifer? "Unexpressive" has the meaning of *ineffable*, or *beautiful beyond expression*.



XLVIII. NATURE.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882), the noted American essayist, was born in Boston, Massachusetts. After graduating from Harvard University, he became a minister, but soon left the pulpit and devoted himself to literature. There is much obscurity in his writings and especially in his poems, but nearly everything from his pen will repay study. His best-known works are "Nature," "Essays," and "Representative Men." Emerson was an original and a deep thinker, and, as we become accustomed to his style of thought and expression, we see more and more in his writings to admire. His

scheme of philosophy is always pervaded with thorough sweetness. Without convincing our reason, he exalts it and stimulates it to higher work.

The simple perception of natural forms is a delight. The influence of the forms and actions in Nature is so needful to man, that, in its lowest functions, it seems to lie on the confines of commodity and beauty. To the body and mind which have been cramped by noxious work or company, Nature is medicinal and restores their tone. The tradesman, the attorney, comes out of the din and craft of the street, and sees the sky and the woods, and is a man again. In their eternal calm, he finds himself. The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired, so long as we can see far enough.

But in other hours, Nature satisfies by its loveliness, and without any mixture of corporeal benefit. I see the specta-

cle of morning from the hilltop over against my house, from daybreak to sunrise, with emotions which an angel might share. The long slender bars of cloud float like fishes in the sea of crimson light. From the earth, as a shore, I look out into that silent sea. I seem to partake its rapid transformations: the active enchantment reaches my dust, and I dilate and conspire with the morning wind.

The inhabitants of cities suppose that the country landscape is pleasant only half the year. I please myself with the graces of the winter scenery, and believe that we are as much touched by it as by the genial influences of summer. To the attentive eye each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field it beholds, every hour, a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never be seen again. The heavens change every moment, and reflect their glory or gloom on the plains beneath. The succession of native plants in the pastures and roadsides, which makes the silent clock by which time tells the summer hours, will make even the divisions of the day sensible to a keen observer. The tribes of birds and insects, like the plants punctual to their time, follow each other, and the year has room for all.

By water courses the variety is greater. In July, the blue pontederia, or pickerel-weed, blooms in large beds in the shallow parts of our pleasant river, and swarms with yellow butterflies in continual motion. Art cannot rival this pomp of purple and gold. Indeed the river is a perpetual gala, and boasts each month a new ornament.

But this beauty of Nature which is seen and felt as beauty is the least part. The shows of day, the dewy morning, the rainbow, mountains, orchards in blossom, stars, moonlight, shadows in still water, and the like, if

too eagerly hunted, become shows merely, and mock us with their unreality. Go out of the house to see the moon, and 'tis mere tinsel; it will not please as when its light shines upon your necessary journey. The beauty that shimmers in the yellow afternoons of October, who ever could clutch it? Go forth to find it, and it is gone: 'tis only a mirage as you look from the windows of a diligence.

The presence of a higher, namely of the spiritual, element is essential to its perfection. The high and divine beauty which can be loved without effeminacy is that which is found in combination with the human will. Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue. We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it. Every rational creature has all Nature for his dowry and estate. It is his, if he will. He may divest himself of it; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do, but he is entitled to the world by his constitution.

In proportion to the energy of his thought and will, he takes up the world into himself. "All those things for which men plow, build, or sail obey virtue," said Sallust. "The winds and waves," said Gibbon, "are always on the side of the ablest navigators." So are the sun and moon and all the stars of heaven. When a noble act is done, perchance in a scene of great natural beauty; when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylæ; when Arnold Winkelried, in the high Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades—are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene to the beauty of the deed?



When the bark of Columbus nears the shore of America—before it, the beach lined with savages fleeing out of all their huts of cane; the sea behind; and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around—can we separate the man from the living picture? Does not the New World clothe his form with her palm groves and savannahs as fit drapery? Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelope great actions.

Nature stretches out her arms to embrace man, only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere.

Beside the relation of things to virtue, they have a relation to thought. The intellect searches out the absolute order of things as they stand in the mind of God, and without the colors of affection. The intellectual and the active powers seem to succeed each other; and the exclusive activity of the one generates the exclusive activity of the other. The beauty of Nature re-forms itself in the mind, and not for barren contemplation, but for new creation.

All men are in some degree impressed by the face of the world; some men even to delight. This love of beauty is Taste. Others have the same love in such excess, that, not content with admiring, they seek to embody it in new forms. The creation of beauty is Art. The production of a work of art throws a light upon the mystery of humanity. A work of art is an abstract or epitome of the world. For, although the works of Nature are innumerable and all dif-

ferent, the result or the expression of them all is similar and single. Nature is a sea of forms radically alike and even unique. A leaf, a sunbeam, a landscape, the ocean, make an analogous impression on the mind. What is common to them all—that perfectness and harmony—is beauty. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, the architect, seek each to concentrate this radiance of the world on one point, and each in his several work to satisfy the love of beauty which stimulates him to produce.

The world thus exists to the soul to satisfy the desire of beauty. This element I call an ultimate end. No reason can be asked or given why the soul seeks beauty. Beauty, in its largest and profoundest sense, is one expression for the universe.

God is the all-fair. Truth, and goodness, and beauty, are but different faces of the same All. But beauty in Nature is not ultimate. It is the herald of inward and eternal beauty, and is not alone a solid and satisfactory good. It must stand as a part, and not as yet the last or highest expression of the final cause of Nature.



1. Functions, noxious, medicinal, corporeal, shimmers, perchance, mirage, diligence, epitome, unique, analogous.

2. What is meant by "simple perception of natural forms"? In what two ways does Nature benefit man? Which season is the most delightful? What is the highest element in Nature? What is beauty? Is it absolute or comparative? Do our ideas of beauty change? Does "the beautiful" change?

XLIX. SELECTIONS FROM MRS. BROWNING.



MRS. BROWNING.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1806-1861) was born in London, and died in Florence, Italy. She married the poet Robert Browning in 1846. For a large part of her life she was an invalid, and the loss of her beloved brother gave a tinge of sadness to some of her poems. Her style and forms of expression were as various as her moods. At times her verses are rugged, obscure, and without rhythm, while in other poems they are smooth and clear and beautiful. In purity and loftiness of feeling and sentiment, as well as in intellectual power, she stands, among modern poets, next to Tennyson;

while in her deep emotion and devout spirit she "rises to heights where man has never stood, and finds depths he has never fathomed." Her representative works are "Aurora Leigh," "Casa Guidi Windows," "Portuguese Sonnets," and "The Greek Christian Poets."

The second selection refers to Laura Savio, of Turin, a poetess and patriot, whose only two sons were killed at Ancona and Gaeta respectively.

I. THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
 Ere the sorrow comes with years?
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
 And *that* cannot stop their tears.
 The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
 The young birds are chirping in the nest;
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
 The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,
 They are weeping bitterly!

They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

“For oh,” say the children, “we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them, and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping;
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For all day we drag our burden tiring,
Through the coal-dark, underground;
Or all day we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

“For all day the wheels are droning, turning;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places.
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,—
All are turning all the day, and we with all.
And all day the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
‘O ye wheels’—breaking out in a mad moaning—
‘Stop! be silent for to-day!’”

Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth;
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth;

Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals ;
Let them prove their living souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels !
Still all day the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark ;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

II. MOTHER AND POET.

Dead ! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead ! both my boys ! When you sit at the feast
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at *me* !

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said ;
But *this* woman, *this*, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
Forever instead.

What art's for a woman ? To hold on her knees
Both darlings ! to feel all their arms round her throat,
Cling, strangle a little ! to sew by degrees,
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat ;
To dream and to dote.

To teach them. . . . It stings there ! *I* made them indeed
Speak plain the word *country*. *I* taught them, no doubt,
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful eyes ! . . .

I exulted ; nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not.—But then the surprise
When one sits quite alone !—Then one weeps, then one
kneels !—

Oh ! how the house feels !

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
With my kisses, of camp-life and glory, and how
They both loved me ; and, soon coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. “ Ancona was free ! ”
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
—My Guido was dead ! I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it, friends soothed me : my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came,—shorter, sadder, more strong,
Writ now but in one hand. “ I was not to faint,—
One loved me for two,—would be with me ere long :
And ‘ *Viva l’ Italia* ’ he died for, our saint,
Who forbids our complaint.”

My Nanni would add, “ he was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls,—was imprest

It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossess,
To live on for the rest."

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta :—*Shot.*
Tell his mother. Ah, ah ! "his," "their" mother ; not
"mine."

No voice says "*my* mother" again to me. What !
You think Guido forgot ?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe ?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through THAT LOVE and SORROW which reconciled so
The Above and Below.

Both boys dead ? but that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall ;
And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done
If we have not a son ?

Ah, ah, ah ! when Gaeta's taken, what then ?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men ?
When your guns of Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short ?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and
red,

When *you* have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
(And *I* have my dead),—
What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly!—*My* country is *there*,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow;
My Italy's *THERE*, with my brave civic pair
To disfranchise despair!
Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Both! both my boys!—If in keeping the feast
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at *me*!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

1. Wreathing, droning, meadows, agonized, 'broider, prated, laurel, bough, imbecile, disfranchise, jubilee.

2. To what class of children does the first poem refer? Explain "All day we drag our burden tiring." What two seas are referred to in the second poem? What is meant by "hewing out roads to a wall"? Victor was king of what country? Who was "the fair wicked queen"? *Viva l'Italia* means "Live Italy."

L. THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON.

GEORGE BANCROFT (1800–1891) was born in Worcester, Mass. He was educated at Harvard University and in Germany. For a while he taught in the public schools, and was tutor at Harvard, but soon he devoted himself to literature. He was at different periods Secretary of the Navy, United States Minister to Great Britain, and Minister to Germany. His first publication was a book of poems, but his great work is a "History of the United States"

down to the adoption of the Constitution. Bancroft's style is pleasing and forceful, and his love of country gives a warmth and individuality to the narrative, which is at the same time fair and free from prejudice.

At the very time of the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, the woods of Virginia sheltered the youthful George Washington, who had been born by the side of the Potomac, beneath the roof of a Westmoreland planter, and whose lot almost from infancy had been that of an orphan. No academy had welcomed him to its shades, no college crowned him with its honors; to read, to write, to cipher, these had been his degrees in knowledge.

And now, at sixteen years of age, in quest of an honest maintenance encountering the severest toil; cheered onward by being able to write to a schoolboy friend, "Dear Richard, a doubloon is my constant gain every day, and sometimes six pistoles;" himself his own cook, "having no spit but a forked stick, no plate but a large chip;" roaming over spurs of the Alleghanies, and along the banks of the Shenandoah; alive to nature, and sometimes "spending the best of the day in admiring the trees and richness of the land;" among skin-clad savages with their scalps and rattles, or uncouth emigrants "that would never speak English;" rarely sleeping in a bed; holding a bearskin a splendid couch; glad of a resting-place for the night upon a little hay, straw, or fodder, and often camping in the forests, where the place nearest the fire was a happy luxury,—this stripling surveyor in the woods, with no companion but his unlettered associates, and no implements of science but his compass and chain, contrasted strangely with the imperial magnificence of the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle.

And yet God had selected, not Kaunitz nor Newcastle, not a monarch of the house of Hapsburg nor of Hanover,

but the Virginia stripling, to give an impulse to human affairs; and, as far as events can depend on an individual, had placed the rights and the destinies of countless millions in the keeping of the widow's son.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

1. Maintenance, encountering, doubloon, pistoles, uncouth, stripling.

2. Why is the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle mentioned? Did it have anything to do with America? Did Washington have as much education as his associates? What is meant by "spurs of the Alleghanies"? Is there any difference between the meaning of "emigrant" and that of "immigrant"? What is "the house of Hapsburg"?

LI. INDUSTRY ESSENTIALLY SOCIAL.

EDWARD EVERETT (1794-1865), a noted American statesman and orator, was born in Dorchester (Boston), Mass. He was graduated at Harvard University, where he gained an early reputation as a scholar and writer. After graduating he became a Unitarian minister, but soon left the pulpit for a professorship of Greek at Harvard. He was successively Member of Congress, Governor of Massachusetts, Minister to England, President of Harvard, Secretary of State, and United States Senator. The most of his works took the form of Oration, and they are all marked by good taste, sound judgment, extensive learning, and a rich, glowing, rhetorical style. His "Lectures on the Working Men's Party," from which the following extract is taken, were widely read.



EDWARD EVERETT.

Man is not only a working being, but he is a being formed to work in society ; and if the matter be carefully analyzed, it will be found that civilization (that is, the bringing men out of a savage into a cultivated state) consists in multiplying the number of pursuits and occupations ; so that the most perfect society is one where the largest number of persons are prosperously employed in the greatest variety of ways. In such a society men help each other, instead of standing in each other's way. The further this division of labor is carried, the more persons must unite, harmoniously, to effect the common ends. The larger the number on which each depends, the larger the number to which each is useful.

This union of different kinds of workmen in one harmonious society seems to be laid in the very structure and organization of man. Man is a being consisting of a body and a soul. These words are soon uttered, and they are so often uttered that the mighty truth which is embraced in them scarce ever engages our attention. But man is composed of body and soul. What is body ? It is material substance ; it is clay, dust, ashes. Look at it as you tread it, unorganized, beneath your feet ; contemplate it when, after having been organized and animated, it is, by a process of corruption, returning to its original state.

Matter in its appearance to us is an unorganized, inanimate, cold, dull, and barren thing. What it is in its essence, no one but the Being who created it knows. The human mind can conceive of it only as the absolute negation of qualities. And we say that the body of man is formed of the clay or dust, because these substances seem to us to make the nearest approach to the total privation of all the properties of intellect. Such is the body of man. What is his

soul? Its essence is as little known to us as that of the body; but its qualities are angelic, divine. It is the soul which thinks, reasons, invents, remembers, hopes, and loves. It is the soul which lives; for when the soul departs from the body, all its vital powers cease, and it is dead—and what is the body then?

Now these two elements, one of which is akin to the poorest dust on which we tread, and the other of which is of the nature of angelic and even of divine intelligence, are, in every human being, brought into a most intimate and perfect union. We can conceive that it might have been different. God could have created matter by itself and mind by itself. We believe in the existence of incorporeal beings, of a nature higher than man; and we behold beneath us, in brutes, plants, and stones, various orders of material nature, rising one above another in organization; but none of them (as we suppose) possessing mind.

We can imagine a world so constituted that all the intellect would have been by itself, pure and disembodied; and all the material substance by itself, unmixed with mind and acted upon by mind, as inferior beings are supposed to be acted upon by angels. But in constituting our race it pleased the Creator to bring the two elements into the closest union; to take the body from the dust, the soul from the highest heaven, and mold them into one.

The consequence is that the humblest laborer possesses within him a soul endowed with precisely the same faculties as those which in Franklin, in Newton, or in Shakespeare have been the light and wonder of the world; on the other hand, the most gifted and ethereal genius, whose mind has fathomed the depths of the heavens and comprehended the whole circle of truth, is enclosed in a body subject to the

same passions, infirmities, and wants as the man whose life knows no alternation but labor and rest, appetite and indulgence.

The same Creator who made man a mixed being, composed of body and soul, having designed him for such a world as that in which we live, has so constituted the world, and man who inhabits it, as to afford scope for great variety of occupations, pursuits, and conditions, arising from the tastes, characters, habits, virtues, and even vices of men and communities. Though all men are alike composed of body and soul, yet no two men, probably, are exactly the same in respect to either; and provision has been made by the Author of our being for an infinity of pursuits and employments, calling out, in degrees as various, the peculiar powers of both principles. There is no pursuit, and no action, that does not require the united operation of both; and this of itself is a broad, natural foundation for the union into one interest of all, in the same community, who are employed in honest work of any kind: namely, that, however various their occupations, they are all working with the same instruments—the organs of the body and the powers of the mind. But we may go a step further. The philosopher, whose home seems less on earth than among the stars, requires, for the prosecution of his studies, the aid of numerous artificers in various branches of mechanical industry, and, in return, furnishes the most important facilities to the humblest branches of manual labor.

Let us take the object-glass of a telescope. A glass factory requires a building and furnaces. But the stone and brick mason, the carpenter and the blacksmith, must furnish the greater part of the labor and skill required to construct the building. When it is built, a large quantity of fuel

must be provided; and then the materials of which the glass is made, and with which it is colored, some of which are furnished by commerce from different and distant regions, and must be brought in ships across the sea.

We cannot take up any one of these trades without immediately finding that it connects itself with many others. Take, for instance, the mason who builds the furnace. He does not make his own bricks, nor burn his own lime. The brickmaker does not cut his own wood. The man who carts it does not make his own wagon. The man who makes the wagon does not make the tire. The blacksmith who makes the tire does not smelt the ore; and the forgerman who smelts the ore does not build his own furnace nor dig his own mine. The man who digs the mine does not make the pickax with which he digs it, nor the pump with which he keeps out the water. The man who makes the pump did not discover the principle of atmospheric pressure, which led to pump-making: that was done by a mathematician at Florence, experimenting in his chamber on a glass tube. It is plain that this enumeration might be pursued till every art and every science might be shown to run into every other.

The man who will go into a cotton mill, and contemplate it from the great water wheel that gives the first movements (and still more, from the steam engine, should that be the moving power), may find every branch of trade, and every department of science, literally crossed, intertwined, interwoven, with every other. Not a little of the spinning machinery is constructed on principles drawn from the demonstrations of transcendental mathematics; and the processes of bleaching and dyeing are the results of the most profound researches of modern chemistry. If this does not satisfy

the inquirer, let him trace the cotton to the plantation where it grew; the indigo to Bengal; the oil to the olive gardens of Italy, or the fishing grounds of the Pacific Ocean; let him consider the cotton gin, the carding machine, the power-loom, and the spinning apparatus, and all the arts, trades, and sciences directly or indirectly connected with these, and I believe he will soon agree that one might start from a yard of coarse, printed cotton, and prove out of it, as out of a text, that every art and science under heaven had been concerned in its fabric.

Edward Everett.

1. Structure, negation, incorporeal, disembodied, endowed, analyzed, designed, artificers, atmospheric, transcendental.

2. What is meant by the title of this lesson? When each trade is necessarily connected with and helped by other trades, may all industry be termed "social"? Can you mention any trade or work not connected with others? Is "division of trades" the same as "division of labor"? Take some trade or occupation, or any manufactured article, and trace the connected trades. Mention some trade that has given rise to several occupations. Trace the trades that combine to make a pocket knife. Should each trade be helpful to all others?

LII. THE TRUMPETS OF DOOLKARNEIN.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859) was born at Southgate, England. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, and left that school at the age of fifteen, as he says, "in the same rank, at the same age, and for the same reason as my friend Charles Lamb. The reason was that I hesitated in my speech." He had already written some verses which were clever imitations of older poets, but his first work to attract public attention was the "Story of Rimini." He published many volumes of prose and poetry that contain the extremes of mere imitation and quaint originality, marked by a sprightly fancy and an animated descriptive power.

The following poem is based on the legend of Iskander, or Alexander, a conqueror who is sometimes confounded with Alexander the Great. He built the wonderful ramparts on Mount Caucasus, known as the wall of Gog and Magog, reaching from the Euxine Sea to the Caspian. The Alexanders were both called Doolkarnein, or the Two-horned, as conquerors of East and West, horns being symbolical of power.

With awful walls, far glooming, that possessed
The passes 'twixt the snow-fed Caspian fountains,
Doolkarnein, the dread lord of East and West,
Shut up the northern nations in their mountains ;
And upon platforms where the oak trees grew,
Trumpets he set, huge beyond dreams of wonder,
Craftily purposed, when his arms withdrew,
To make him thought still housed there, like the thunder :
And it so fell ; for when the winds blew right,
They woke the trumpets to their calls of might.

Unseen, but heard, their calls the trumpets blew,
Ringing the granite rocks, their only bearers,
Till the long fear into religion grew,
And nevermore those heights had human darers.
Dreadful Doolkarnein was an earthly god ;
His walls but shadowed forth his mightier frowning ;
Armies of giants at his bidding trod
From realm to realm, king after king discrowning.
When thunder spoke, or when the earthquake stirred,
Then, muttering in accord, his host was heard.

But when the winters marred the mountain shelves,
And softer changes came with vernal mornings,
Something had touched the trumpets' lofty selves,
And less and less rang forth their sovereign warnings :

Fewer and feebler ; as when silence spreads

In plague-struck tents, where haughty chiefs, left dying,
Fail by degrees upon their angry beds,

Till, one by one, ceases the last stern sighing.
One by one, thus, their breath the trumpets drew,
Till now no more the imperious music blew.

Is he then dead ? Can great Doolkarnein die ?

Or can his endless hosts elsewhere be needed ?
Were the great breaths that blew his minstrelsy

Phantoms, that faded as himself receded ?
Or is he angered ? Surely he still comes ;

This silence ushers the dread visitation ;
Sudden will burst the torrent of his drums,
And then will follow bloody desolation.
So did fear dream ; though now, with not a sound
To scare good hope, summer had twice crept round.

Then gathered in a band, with lifted eyes,

The neighbors, and those silent heights ascended.
Giant, nor aught blasting their bold emprise,

They met, though twice they halted, breath suspended :
Once, at a coming like a god's in rage

With thunderous leaps,—but 'twas the piled snow, falling ;
And once, when in the woods an oak, for age,

Fell dead, the silence with its groan appalling.
At last they came where still, in dread array,
As though they still might speak, the trumpets lay.

Unhurt they lay, like caverns above ground,

The rifted rocks, for hands, about them clinging,
Their tubes as straight, their mighty mouths as round
And firm as when the rocks were first set ringing.

Fresh from their unimaginable mold

They might have seemed, save that the storms had stained
them

With a rich rust, that now, with gloomy gold

In the bright sunshine, beautifully engrained them.

Breathless the gazers looked, nigh faint for awe,

Then leaped, then laughed. What was it now they saw?

Myriads of birds. Myriads of birds, that filled

The trumpets all with nests and nestling voices!

The great, huge, stormy music had been stilled

By the soft needs that nursed those small, sweet noises!

O thou Doolkarnein! where is now thy wall?

Where now thy voice divine and all thy forces?

Great was thy cunning, but its wit was small

Compared with Nature's least and gentlest courses.

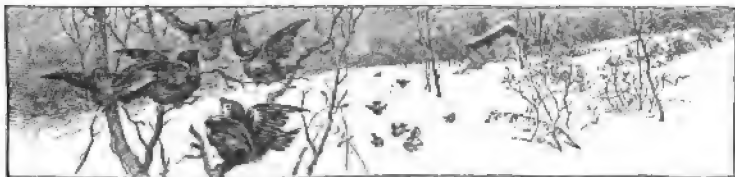
Fears and false creeds may fright the realms awhile;

But Heaven and Earth abide their time, and smile.

LEIGH HUNT.

1. Craftily, imperious, minstrelsy, emprise, engrained, unimaginable.

2. Why were the trumpets set on the mountains? Why did Doolkarnein wish the nations to think that he still held the passes? How long was he believed to be there? What northern nations would be shut up by this wall? What other great wall is told of in history?



LIII. AN ADVENTURE ON AN ICEBERG.

DR. ISAAC ISRAEL HAYES (1832-1881) was a celebrated American explorer. He was surgeon to the Arctic expedition under Dr. Kane, and returned home convinced that there was an open Polar sea. In his enthusiasm to penetrate the frozen North, he led an expedition in 1860 as far as 81° 35' north latitude. In 1864 he explored the coast of Greenland. He wrote numerous volumes on Polar exploration, which give a great variety of information in regard to the climate, country, coasts, inhabitants, and game of these almost impenetrable regions; "The Open Polar Sea," "The Land of Desolation," "An Arctic Boat Journey," and "Pictures of Arctic Travel" all show that "truth is stranger than fiction."

I.

Seal-hunting in the spring is a great event in Greenland life. There is one kind of seal that cuts holes in the ice with its sharp claws, and when the sun shines the animals come out of the water and sleep. While thus sleeping they are approached by the hunters, who conceal themselves behind white screens attached to little sleds which they push noiselessly over the ice.

Peter Alswig, the government cooper in the small Danish colony of Upernavik, and his son Carl Emile decided to go to Peverick, a little rocky uninhabited island about twenty-five miles to the north of them. The ice, as seen from the hill behind the village, was firm all the way to the island, but, outside, it had been already a good deal broken up and drifted off by recent gales. Not much time was needed for preparation. They would take the whole family, consisting of two boys and two girls besides Carl Emile and their mother, and would stay two weeks. Peter took three of the children and the family tent on his sledge, while Carl took his mother and one brother and all the camp fixtures.

Each sledge was drawn by nine strong dogs, and the journey was quickly made. The tent was pitched on a level spot overlooking the sea, and after a hearty supper and a good night's rest the two hunters harnessed their dogs to their sleds, and drove at a lively pace far out upon the frozen sea. After some time they discovered a number of seals lying beside their holes, and the dogs were quickly made fast to a stake driven in the snowdrift, and each hunter was soon behind his white screen and sled, stealing cautiously upon the game. But though they moved very slowly for half an hour, the seals somehow became frightened and plunged into the water before Peter and Carl were within shooting distance.

This was an unlucky failure, especially as no more seals were to be seen in any direction. A small iceberg in the distance, however, seemed to offer a better spot from which to survey the ice field; and, having driven to it, the two hunters proceeded to climb it. They looked out over the great waste, but a few seals that they perceived afar off did not tempt them, and, as a strong wind had suddenly sprung up and a storm was threatening, they felt that there would be no luck on that day, and determined to go back to the camp at Peverick.

When they had descended the sea side of the berg they paused a little while, attracted by an immense flight of sea gulls, that came sailing about the icebergs, uttering wild, discordant screams. While watching the birds they were startled by a noise sudden and appalling as of a tremendous discharge of artillery. A huge iceberg, not half a mile distant, had split in two, and as it fell apart it set in motion great waves, which threatened to shatter the ice in all directions. Already as they gazed bewildered, a long crack

spread with a loud splitting noise between them and the shore!

Not a moment was to be lost. The dogs' heads were turned toward Peverick, the long lashes whistled in the air, and away they dashed as hard as they could go over the dark treacherous ice. Too late! Too late! As they approached, they could see the black fissure grow wider and wider, and, when they reached the edge, the eddying water between forbade all hope of crossing. They drove back to the iceberg and climbed it, hoping to find that to the northward the ice still held fast to the mainland. They were disappointed. On every side they saw water. They were afloat on a great raft of ice that was bearing them steadily away toward the southwest.

In this, however, there was nothing very alarming, since the chances were that the ice field on which they stood would swing around and close in with the land again. But presently the iceberg grounded, and the shock caused the field to crack again. A great seam opened swiftly at their very feet, and, before they could realize their danger, a wide channel yawned between them and their dogs with the laden sleds.

The ice field adhering to the berg swung around as upon a pivot, and, as it did so, the berg became detached from the bottom, and the whole mass floated off into deep water. The field ice broke away bit by bit, and finally the berg itself alone remained, with Peter and Carl upon it, drifting out toward the open ocean, utterly powerless to help themselves! Their first thoughts were not for themselves, but for the helpless ones at Peverick.

"Carl, my boy," said Peter, "that last crack did the business for us; and, unless God wills it otherwise, we are lost.

But it is hard to think that those on shore must starve." Peter's voice was husky, and tears trickled down his face. He had scarcely spoken when a number of seals appeared upon the edge of the land ice. The hunters instinctively raised their rifles and fired, each killing his animal, although the distance was very great. A moment afterward they saw that they were now right opposite the camp at Peverick, and the whole family were climbing up the hillside over the snow as if to look for them.

"They see us, and they must see the seals we shot," exclaimed Carl. "They won't starve now, though we may drift away, and, if they never see us again, somebody will find them before the two seals are eaten."

Up to this time the wind had been blowing quite fresh, but now it suddenly burst into a gale, with occasional spurts of snow. The clouds became dark and heavy, and after a while the snowfall became constant. The hunters were in a most wretched condition. Everything around them was obscured, and they were drifting they knew not whither, nor in what direction. Waves broke against the iceberg, and the spray wet them to the skin; as it grew colder they were covered with icicles. They spoke but little. One could hardly comfort the other in such an emergency, but both prayed fervently.

Thus they drifted through the angry sea and the gloomy, cold, and dreadful night, until at length they felt a heavy shock. The iceberg had grounded, and, to their great joy, it held fast. They knew now that they were in comparatively shallow water, and consequently not far out at sea; so hope once more inspired them. If their berg could hold until the storm should clear away, some means of escape might be discovered.

II.

If the storm would but cease ! The outlook, in spite of hopefulness, is dreary enough. Meanwhile, how different it is with their friends at Upernavik ! While the angry sounds of the warring elements deafen the ears of the hunters, lights are gleaming brightly, and the cheery fires on village hearths defy the storm that howls without. It is the night of the Hunting Festival.

Although it is night it is not dark, but the heavy clouds and the thickly falling snow render everything obscure. Candles are burning above the merry crowd, and the storm vainly tries to drown the sounds of their music and laughter. Nicholina, the daughter of the governor's assistant, is there. In all that country it is said there is no girl so pretty, so kind, so generous, so good. Carl would have made sorry work of it if he had tried to hide his feelings for her : they seemed to be known to every one, however, but Nicholina herself. Some said she was too proud ; but she was never backward in promoting the general pleasure, and Carl, a brave, manly fellow, was not ashamed of his thoughts.

Nicholina is at the festival, and her pretty dress of warm cloth trimmed with seal fur and delicate eider down, her embroidered jacket, her raven tresses and bright ribbons, make her as pretty a picture as all Greenland ever looked upon. All are as happy as happy can be, and the governor and his officials are present adding to the general enjoyment.

Some one enters and says to the governor that down upon the shore he has heard strange noises coming in from the sea. Another presently runs in and says that he, too, has heard the sounds, and that they resemble the cries of dogs in distress. But all laugh at the idea. "It is the storm you hear ! Dogs are not fish, that they should take to the water."



But a third coming in to confirm the story, they are alarmed, and hastily make for the shore. As they run down to the rocks they hear distinctly a distant wail borne on the fierce blast. Dogs are there undoubtedly, but whose dogs can they be? They go down near the beach and peer into the gloom. They have not long to wait before the air lightens up a little, and vaguely they see a broad ice field, and upon it the dogs.

Nicholina is the first to discover them, and, quickly pushing her way through the crowd, she stands almost at the water's edge. The spray touches her, but she does not seem to heed it. "Come back, Nicholina, or you'll be drowned," cried her father. "Come back, Nicholina," cried everybody; but there she stood motionless, looking from beneath her hand. There is an intense earnestness about her manner that overcomes all remonstrance, and her father, forgetting his command that she shall come back now, eagerly asks, "What is it, Nicholina?"

All the men crowd forward and their faces wear a look of pain and anxiety, as the possibility of some great calamity suggests itself. In a few minutes they can all see the dogs and recognize them. They are beyond question Peter and Carl's dogs; but where are their masters? Where are Peter's wife and his boys and girls? What has happened to them all? The dogs, seeing the people on shore and knowing they are safe, whine joyfully, and as the ice field comes crashing in, piling great fragments upon the rocks, they scamper gladly upon the land. There are eighteen of them; not one is missing, but of their masters the great ice fields give no trace.

"They are lost!" cries everybody. But Nicholina, still standing by the surf, with trembling voice says, "Oh, no!

It cannot be. When it grows lighter we shall surely see them." Two dark objects come into view upon the drifting field, and every eye is strained toward them. But as they approach each heart sinks again. They are only the sleds. The governor shakes his head sadly. "Let a watch be kept, and be relieved every hour, and let me know if anything is seen of them. All others go home; the morning may need all your energies."

The governor's order is obeyed, and Nicholina goes with her father, but she is the first at the beach in the morning. The sun mounts higher from the horizon, and little by little the clouds lift. The snow ceases to fall, and the keen eye of Nicholina detects the shimmer of a great iceberg as she scans the surface of the dark waters. It grows more and more distinct, and presently its lofty crest is visible. Other bergs come into view, one by one, and a ray of sunlight silvers the crystal mass. Her eyes follow it with an intense longing; it blazes brightly and illuminates a low white iceberg away out among the reefs and breakers. Nicholina sees for an instant a dark object near the summit, and she cries out, "It is he! it is Carl Emile! The boat! the boat!"

The astonished people flock around her and ask, "Where? Where?" She only replies, "The boat! the boat!" She leads the way to the little harbor, and, seizing the line of the best sea-boat there, cries, "I will rescue him."

"Whom?" they ask.

"Carl Emile! He is out upon the iceberg. I see him, and will go out and save him." By this time Nicholina has sprung into the boat. With flashing eyes she cries, "Who will come with me? Who will go to the rescue?"

In vain they expostulate, and say that no boat can live in such a sea. Nicholina is not to be daunted, and as she re-

peats the cry a dozen young fellows leap forward. In a moment six are in the boat and in their places. "We will go, Nicholina, but stay you here." Nicholina's answer is to seize an oar, spring to the stern, shove the boat off, and begin to pull. The people on the shore watch the boat, as at one moment it mounts a sea, and again sinks away into the trough and for an instant is lost to view. But steadily the distance between it and the shore widens, though it does not go a length without danger of being crushed by the tumbling ice.

III.

An anxious hour passes, and the boat disappears behind an island. A half-hour more, and it is seen dancing between that island and another further up to windward. Behind this it vanishes again, and then the people say, "The boat is surely lost, with all on board. Nicholina must have been mad." But the boat is not lost; only it cannot be seen from the shore. Beyond the second island it is headed toward the little iceberg where Nicholina first saw the dark object which she took for Carl Emile. But she does not see any dark object now. Perhaps it is the motion of the boat which is unfavorable to observation.

The wind is very angry, and, what with the fury of the wind and waves, the boat often makes no headway for minutes at a time. "Give way, men! Give way! pull for life!" cries Nicholina. "Give way! Give way!" they shout in chorus after her, and the boat creeps on. They come upon loose ice, which strikes their oars, and they fall back. But "Give way!" the brave girl shouts again, "Give way!" is the responsive echo, and again the boat moves on.

They are among the boiling surf of the reef and are almost overwhelmed, but "Give way!" again, and they are

safe from that danger and nearing the stiller waters in the lee of the iceberg for which they steer. They reach that water, and make more rapid headway; they reach the berg, and are dashed against it, but the boat is not broken. Nicholina has dropped her oar, and, standing up in the bow, with one foot on the gunwale, before the shock of contact with the berg has come she has leaped upon the ice. She looks about her, but does not discover the object of her search. Her heart sinks within her. She goes a little to the left, and there lie two motionless figures, locked in each other's arms. The younger is without a coat. He has taken it off and wrapped it about the other. They are partly sheltered from the wind, but only poorly from the surf. The girl seizes the younger man's hand, and calls, in an agonized voice, "Carl! Carl Emile!"

The eyes of the younger man open slightly; he moves a little, but he cannot speak. Peter gives no sign, but Nicholina makes sure that his heart beats, and is thankful. In the shelter of the iceberg they are safely carried to the boat, and it starts on its perilous journey back to Upernavik. The whole village is assembled on a hill, watching for the reappearance of the boat, and a great shout of joy goes up as it is seen once more tossing on the waves between the islands. It comes along steadily and safely, and now they can count the figures of those in it. There are but seven.

"Alas!" the people cry, "Nicholina was wrong. They have not found Carl Emile or Peter."

Nicholina soon relieves their minds by crying out, "We have found them. They are alive!" And then the people cheer. The men are carried to their home. The doctor comes, and finds that they are not frozen, only numbed. The danger of reaction is great, but with careful nursing both

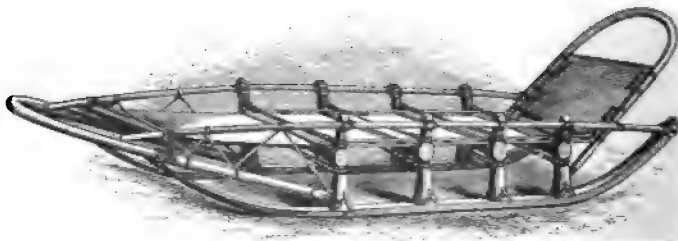
revive, and are found not to have suffered permanent harm. Within a week Carl Emile is as strong and well as ever, but it is fully a month before Peter is again himself, and it is doubtful if he will ever be the same strong man again.

Carl's first thoughts were of his mother and brothers and sisters at Peverick. But the ice was broken up, and a boat could not for many days be either pulled through or dragged over it. They were days of agony ; but at length Peverick was reached, and all was well. Carl's mother had given him and her husband up for lost from the moment she saw them being carried out to sea on the iceberg. It was fortunate for them that the two seals (which Carl's brothers brought to the camp) were shot by the hunters as they drifted away, for otherwise the family must have starved. All are soon reunited and happy at Upernavik, and the wedding of Carl Emile and the brave Nicholina was not long delayed.

ISAAC I. HAYES.

1. Ascended, artillery, fissure, adhering, instinctively, emergency, eider, idea, trough, vaguely, seizing, expostulate, daunted.

2. Is the seal a fish? For what is it most valuable? Where do we get most of our seal skins? What do the Greenlanders use instead of horses? What do Esquimaux eat? What do they wear? How do they light and warm their huts? What is meant by "make for the shore"?



LIV. THE VISION.

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796) was the son of a poor Scottish farmer. He had little education, but, while he worked hard to help support his parents and the family, he read and studied the few books to which he had access, until the "Spectator," Pope's poems, and a few other works became a part of himself. He began to write at a time when metaphysical studies were predominant, and he won the popular favor by bringing poetry nearer nature and truth. His poems are graceful, musical, and full of imagery. "Tam O'Shanter" is his masterpiece, but his "Cotter's Saturday Night" and "The Mountain Daisy" show Burns, if not in all his strength, yet in his happiest, most tender mood, while the "Vision" gives the grandest, sweetest view of a poet's aspirations and hopes.



ROBERT BURNS.

With musing-deep, astonished stare,
 I viewed the heavenly-seeming Fair;
 A whispering throb did witness bear
 Of kindred sweet,
 When with an elder sister's air
 She did me greet.

"All hail! my own inspired bard!
 In me thy native Muse regard!
 Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 Thus poorly low!
 I come to give thee such reward
 As we bestow.

“With future hope I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely caroled, chiming phrase,
 In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple, artless lays
 Of other times.

“I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar ;
Or when the North his fleecy store
 Drove through the sky,
I saw grim Nature’s visage hoar
 Struck thy young eye.

“Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherished every floweret’s birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
 In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
 With boundless love.

“I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o’er all my wide domains
 Thy fame extends ;
And some, the pride of Coila’s plains,
 Become thy friends.

“Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson’s landscape glow ;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
 With Shenstone’s art ;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
 Warm on the heart.

"Yet, all beneath the unrivaled rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows ;
Tho' large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows
Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine ;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
And, trust me, not Potosi's mine
Nor king's regard
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

"To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;
Preserve the dignity of man
With soul erect ;
And trust the Universal Plan
Will all protect.

"And wear thou this,"—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head ;
The polished leaves and berries red
Did rustling play ;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

Robert Burns

1. Viewed, caroled, cherished, swains, unrivaled.
2. Whom did he see in the first stanza? What is represented as impressing the poet? What poets are praised in these lines? What is meant by "Coila's plains"? "Potosi's mines"? "a rustic bard"?

LV. THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME GUIZOT (1787-1874) was a French statesman and author, though born in Geneva, Switzerland. He compiled a French dictionary, held various official positions, and wrote numerous books—the best-known of which among English readers are “The Life of Washington” and “The History of Civilization.”

Cromwell died in the plenitude of his power and greatness. He had succeeded beyond all expectation, far more than any of those men had succeeded who by their genius have raised themselves, as he had done, to supreme authority; for he had attempted and accomplished, with equal success, the most opposite designs. During eighteen years that he had been an ever-victorious actor on the world's stage, he had alternately sown disorder and established order, effected and punished revolution, overthrown and restored government in his country.

At every moment, under all circumstances, he had distinguished with admirable sagacity the dominant interests and passions of the time, so as to make them the instrument of his own rule,—careless whether he belied his antecedent conduct, so long as he triumphed in concert with the popular instinct, and explained the inconsistencies of his acts by the ascendant unity of his power.

He is, perhaps, the only example which history affords of one man having governed the most opposite events and proved sufficient for the most various destinies. And in the course of his violent and changeful career, incessantly exposed to all kinds of enemies and conspiracies, Cromwell experienced this crowning favor of fortune, that his life was never actually attacked; the sovereign against whom killing had been declared to be “No Murder,” never found himself face to face with an assassin. The world has never known another example of success at once so constant and so various,

or of fortune so invariably favorable in the midst of such manifold conflicts and perils.

Yet Cromwell's deathbed was clouded with gloom. He was unwilling not only to die, but also, and most of all, to die without having attained his real and final object. However great his egotism may have been, his soul was too great to rest satisfied with the highest fortune, if it were merely personal, and, like himself, of ephemeral earthly duration.

Weary of the ruin he had caused, it was his cherished wish to restore to his country a regular and stable government—the only government which was suited to its wants—a monarchy under the control of parliament. And at the same time, with an ambition that extended beyond the grave, under the influence of that thirst for permanence which is the stamp of true greatness, he aspired to leave his name and race in possession of the throne.

He failed in both designs: his crimes had raised up obstacles against him which neither his prudent genius nor his persevering will could surmount; and though covered, as far as he was himself concerned, with power and glory, he died with his dearest hopes frustrated, and leaving behind him, as his successors, the two enemies whom he had so ardently combated—anarchy and the Stuarts.

God does not grant to those great men, who have laid the foundations of their greatness amidst disorder and revolution, the power of regulating at their pleasure, and for succeeding ages, the government of nations.



1. Plenitude, sagacity, dominant, inconsistencies, ascendant, ephemeral, frustrated, parliament, possession.

2. Who was Cromwell? What king did he put to death? What was Cromwell's title when he died? Who succeeded him? Was his government respected abroad? What is meant by "the ascendant unity of his power"?

LVI. FREEDOM OF INQUIRY.



JOHN TYNDALL.

JOHN TYNDALL was born in Ireland, in 1820. As Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution, London, he gained great reputation as a teacher of science and an original investigator. He traveled extensively, and his "Mountaineering," "A Vacation Tour," and "Hours of Exercise in the Alps" are pleasant reading, even if their scientific teachings are thinly veiled. But such works as "Heat a Mode of Motion," "Sound," "Light," and "Fragments of Science" best show his value as an author and a scientist. Tyndall died in Surrey, England, in 1893.

It is not to the point to say that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer, may be wrong. Here I should agree with you, deeming it indeed certain that these views will undergo modification. But the point is that, whether right or wrong, we claim the right to discuss them. For science, however, no exclusive claim is here made; you are not urged to erect it into an idol. The inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge, and those unquenchable claims of his moral and

emotional nature which the understanding can never satisfy, are here equally set forth.

The world embraces not only a Newton, but a Shakespeare—not only a Boyle, but a Raphael—not only a Kant, but a Beethoven—not only a Darwin, but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary—not only mutually exclusive, but reconcilable. And if, unsatisfied with them all, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will still turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith ; so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs—then, casting aside all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the knowing faculties, may be called the creative faculties of man.

Here, however, I touch a theme too great for me to handle, but which will assuredly be handled by the loftiest minds, when you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past.

JOHN TYNDALL.

1. Modification, inexorable, unquenchable, reconcilable, materialism, fixity, infinite, azure.

2. What should be the aim of all study? Are the decrees of science constantly changing? Is it not likely that many things now accepted by science will be shown to be wrong? What is meant by "fixity of conception"? Has not each age "fashioned the mystery" of science for itself? Will not succeeding ages probably do the same?

LVII. SCENES FROM SHAKESPEARE.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616) was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, England. He was an actor of no great reputation, and had but little education. There are few records of his life; and no letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, and no reliable characterization of him, written during his life, have been produced. Even his name is found spelled in several different ways. And yet he stands at the head of the purely human literature of all ages, and his writings show a universal knowledge almost inconceivable in one of his position.

This has led many to doubt whether he was the author of the works bearing his name, and books have been written to show that Lord

Bacon secretly wrote what Shakespeare claimed; but the great literary world has always accepted Shakespeare's authorship.

His Sonnets, alike with his longer poems and plays, prove a genius almost beyond criticism, both in conception and in expression. The plots of his dramas were nearly all taken from novels, legends, older plays, and history. He deviated from the dramatic unities of time, place, and action, which had been universally followed. His aim was to present the blending of opposite qualities and characters in accordance with the actual experience and vicissitudes of life. His tragedies fulfill the object of all tragedy, which is to excite admiration, terror, or sympathy. He spoke from Nature's teachings with a genius and a judgment that excel all others.

Shakespeare's earlier comedies and the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" show the natural timidity of immature genius, a style yet wanting completeness, and a lack of uniform development of character and scene. In "Richard II." and "Richard III." are the most masterly delineations of purpose and character. In "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Romeo and Juliet" are found a ripened poetical imagination, a felicity of expression, and a fertility of invention nowhere else equalled; while these same qualities, with a fine vein of philosophy and morality, are seen in "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night." His inimitable power of comedy is shown in "Henry IV," "Measure for Measure,"

and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," while the tragedies of "Lear," "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," and "The Tempest" combine all his powers of wit, passion, pathos, sublimity, imagination, and expression, at their very best.

I. THE GHOST SCENE FROM "HAMLET."

Hamlet. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Horatio. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Marcellus. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws near the
season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Noise of warlike music within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse;
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't;
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honored in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though performed at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,

That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners, that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault ; the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

Enter GHOST.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes !

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us !
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee ; I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane : Oh, answer me !
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements ; why the sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?



Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removèd ground.

But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [*Holding Hamlet.*]

Ham. It will not speak ; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear ?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;

And for my soul, what can it do to that,

Being a thing immortal as itself ?

It waves me forth again ; I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff

That beetles o'er his base into the sea,

And there assume some other horrible form,

Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason

And draw you into madness ? Think of it :

The very place puts toys of desperation,

Without more motive, into every brain

That looks so many fathoms to the sea

And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.

Go on ; I'll follow thee.

II. HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

To be, or not to be—that is the question ;

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And by opposing end them ? To die,—to sleep,—

No more ; and by a sleep to say we end

The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep,—
To sleep!—perchance to dream!—ay, there's the rub :
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life ;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

III. MERCY.—FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

The quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed ;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown :
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above this sceptered sway ;
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings ;
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation ; we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

J. D. Shapley

1. Shrewdly, wassail, achievements, canonized, inurned, sovereignty, soliloquy, consummation, contumely, awry.

2. Explain "bites shrewdly," "an eager air." "To the manner born" is in some editions "To the manor born." What is the difference in the meaning? What is meant by "plausible manners"? "that beetles o'er his base"? "a pin's fee"? "who would fardels bear"?



LVIII. JEAN VALJEAN.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO (1802-1885), a noted French author, wrote mainly to correct abuses. He wrote rapidly, and with equal facility, odes, ballads, romances, dramas, political essays, and biography, and was acknowledged to be the leader of the romantic school of literature in France. At first he was a royalist, and was made a peer of France. In 1848 he was banished on account of his opposition to royalty, and lived in exile the remainder of his life. His best known work is *Les Misérables*, from which this lesson is taken.



VICTOR HUGO.

Jean Valjean, a released convict, shunned and ill-treated, finding no place of shelter, went to the bishop's house, announced himself as a convict, and asked for food.

I.

"I am very tired and hungry: will you let me stay here?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "you will lay another knife and fork."

The man advanced three paces and approached the lamp, which was burning on the table. "Wait a minute," he continued, as if he had not been understood: "that will not do. I am a galley slave, a convict. All the world has turned me out, and are you willing to receive me? Will you give me some food and a bed?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "you will put clean sheets on the bed in the alcove." The bishop turned to the man.

"Sit down and warm yourself, sir. We shall sup directly, and your bed will be got ready while we are eating." The man understood this at once. The expression of his face, which had hitherto been gloomy and harsh, was marked with stupefaction, joy, doubt, and became extraordinary. He began stammering like a lunatic.

"Is it true? What? you will let me stay, you will not turn me out, a convict? You call me *Sir*. 'Get out, dog,'—that is what is always said to me. I really believed you would turn me out, and hence told you at once who I am. I shall have supper, a bed with mattresses, and sheets, like everybody else! For nineteen years I have not slept in a bed. You really mean I am to stay? You keep an inn, do you not?"

"I am," said the bishop, "a priest, living in this house."

"You are humane, sir, and do not feel contempt. A good priest is very good. Then you do not want me to pay?"

"No," said the bishop; "keep your money." While he was speaking, the bishop had gone to close the door, which had been left open. Madame Magloire came in, bringing a silver spoon and fork, which she placed on the table.

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "lay them as near as you can to the fire;" and, turning to his guest, he said, "The night breeze is sharp on the Alps, and you must be cold, sir." Each time he said *Sir*, with his gentle, grave voice, the man's face was illumined. *Sir* to a convict is the glass of water to the shipwrecked sailor. Ignominy thirsts for respect.

"This lamp gives a bad light," the bishop continued. Madame Magloire understood, and at once fetched the two silver candlesticks, which she placed on the table ready lighted.

"Monsieur le Curé," said the man, "you are good, and do not despise me. You receive me as a friend and light your wax candles for me, and yet I have not hidden from you whence I came, and that I am an unfortunate fellow."

The bishop gently touched his hand. "You need not have told me who you were; this is not my house, but the house of the Master. This door does not ask a man who enters whether he has a name, but if he has sorrow; you are suffering, you are hungry and thirsty, and so be welcome. Why do I want to know your name? besides, before you told it to me, you had one which I knew."

The man opened his eyes in amazement. "Is that true? you know my name?"

"Yes," the bishop answered; "you are my brother."

"Monsieur le Curé," the man exclaimed, "I was very hungry when I came in, but you are so kind that I do not know at present what I feel; it has passed over."

The bishop looked at him and said, "You have suffered greatly?"

"Oh! the red jacket, a cannon ball on your foot, a plank to sleep on, heat, cold, labor, the set of men, the blows, the double chain for nothing, a dungeon for a word, even when you are ill in bed, and the chain gang! The very dogs are happier."

"Yes," said the bishop, "you have come from a place of sorrow. Listen to me; there will be more joy in heaven over the tearful face of a repentant sinner than over the white robes of a hundred just men. If you leave that mournful place with thoughts of hatred and anger against your fellow-men, you are worthy of pity; if you leave it with thoughts of kindness, gentleness, and peace, you are worth more than any of us."

II.

The whole stock of solid silver was displayed on the table. The man ate voraciously, and then soon retired to sleep. In the night Jean awoke, stole the good bishop's silver, except the candlesticks, and went away. He was arrested and brought back. The corporal who came with him walked up to the bishop with a military salute.

"Monseigneur," he said.

"Monseigneur," Jean muttered. "Then he is not a curé."

"Silence!" said a guard. "This gentleman is Monseigneur the Bishop." In the mean time the bishop had advanced as rapidly as his great age permitted.

"Ah! there you are," he said, looking at Jean. "I am glad to see you. Why, I gave you the candlesticks, too, which are also silver, and will fetch you two hundred francs. Why did you not take them with the rest of the plate?"

Jean Valjean opened his eyes and looked at the bishop with an expression no human language could render.

"Monseigneur," the corporal said, "what this man told us was true, then? We met him, and, as he looked as if he were running away, we arrested him. He had this plate—"

"And he told you," the bishop interrupted, with a smile, "that it was given him by an old priest at whose house he passed the night? I see it all. And you brought him back? That is a mistake."

"In that case we can let him go?" said the corporal.

"Of course," the bishop answered. The guards loosed their hold of Jean Valjean, who tottered back.

"Is it true that I am at liberty?" he said, as if speaking in his sleep.

"Yes, you are let go; don't you understand?" said a guard.

"My friend," the bishop added, "before you go, take your candlesticks." He fetched the two candlesticks and

handed them to Jean, who took them mechanically, trembling in every limb.

"Now," said the bishop, "go in peace;" and, walking up to Jean, he added, in a low voice, "Never forget that you have promised me to employ this money in becoming an honest man. My brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I withdraw it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition, and give it to God."

VICTOR HUGO.

1. Stupefaction, contempt, illumined, ignominy, voraciously, mechanically, perdition, dungeon.

2. What is meant by "galley slave"? "Chain gang"? Are there any such punishments in this country? What does "Monseigneur" denote? Do you approve the bishop's treatment of a criminal?

LIX. BIRDS.

The cuckoo,—the "plain-song cuckoo" of Bottom the weaver—the "blithe new-comer," the "darling of the spring," the "blessed bird," of Wordsworth,—the "beauteous stranger of the grove, the messenger of spring," of Logan,—the cuckoo, coming hither from distant lands to insinuate her eggs into the



sparrow's nest, and to fly away again with the fledglings after their cheating nursing-time is over,

little knows what a favorite is her note with schoolboys and poets. Wordsworth's lines to the cuckoo—

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice—

are familiar to all. The charming verses of the Scotch lyric poet Logan (1748–1788), which preceded Wordsworth's, are not so well known :

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove,—
Thou messenger of spring !
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear ;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, thy most curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
 Thy sky is ever clear :
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
 No winter in thy year !

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Attendants on the spring.

The swallow has been another favorite of the poets, even from the days of the Greek Anacreon (B. C. 563-478). Moore's translation of Anacreon's address to the swallow runs as follows :

Once in each revolving year,
 Gentle bird, we find thee here ;
 When Nature wears her summer vest,
 Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest ;
 But when the chilling winter lowers,
 Again thou seek'st the genial bowers



Of Memphis, on the shores
 of Nile,
 Where sunny hours of ver-
 dure smile,
 And thus thy wing of free-
 dom roves ;
 Alas ! unlike the plumed
 loves

That linger in this helpless breast,
 And never, never change their nest.

But "the bird of all birds" is the nightingale. William Drummond of Hawthornden (1585-1649), though he never heard the "jug-jug" in his northern clime, has left a beautiful tribute to this noblest of songsters :

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past or coming, void of care,
Well pleasèd with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers,—
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs,
Attired in sweetness, sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet, artless songster ! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

After Drummond, came Milton with his sonnet to the nightingale :

O nightingale that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still !
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.

In his "Il Penseroso," the poet thus addresses the nightingale :

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !

The general propriety of this epithet has been controverted in one of the most delightful pieces of blank verse in our language, by Coleridge :

And hark ! the nightingale begins its song.
" Most musical, most melancholy " bird !
A melancholy bird ! Oh, idle thought !
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so, poor wretch ! filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow), he, and such as he,



First named these notes a melancholy strain,
And many a poet echoes the conceit.

'Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates

With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music.

Wordsworth holds, and with deep philosophy, that the language of birds is the expression of pleasure. Let those whose hearts are attuned to peace, in listening to this language, not forget the poet's moral :

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

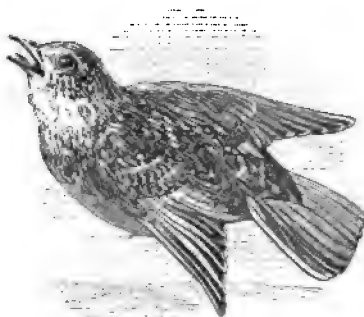
The birds around me hopped and played—
Their thoughts I cannot measure—
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

We may fitly conclude this collective tribute to the birds with Shelley's exquisite "Ode to the Skylark" :

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.



The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

1. Messenger, preceded, genial, epithet, melancholy, disburthen, exquisite, delicious, visitant, unpremeditated.

2. Who was "Bottom the weaver"? Are all the birds named found in the United States? Tell some peculiarities of the cuckoo's habits. Is it a song-bird? Which is the more beautiful singer—the nightingale or the skylark? Is "summer vest" a pleasing description of Nature? What can you tell of "Memphis, on the shores of Nile"?

3. Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) was born at Field Place, near Horsham, England. He left Eton because he would not submit to the fagging system, and was expelled from Oxford on account of his publication of a treatise on "The Necessity of Atheism." He was a natural versifier, and many of his minor poems—"The Cloud," "Ode to the Skylark," "The Sensitive Plant," etc.—are full of beauty; but the abstract, metaphysical character so common to his writings has prevented his greatest works—"Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude," "Prometheus Unbound," and "The Cenci"—from becoming popular. Macaulay says, "No modern poet has possessed in equal degree the highest qualities of the great ancient masters."

LX. WORK.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881), the distinguished essayist and historian, was born in Scotland, and inherited all the the vigor, force, and originality of his ancestors. His earnestness, grim humor, and half-sarcastic, half-sympathetic ridicule puzzled his age; but it is now well understood that, being a hater of pretense and sham, he strove with all the powers of his great intellect to break them down. So far was he carried by this intensity of purpose that at times he seems to be almost a common scold. His style was forceful but faulty, as he aimed only at results and did not value the means of their attainment. But it certainly is not the greatest mission to destroy, and it is much easier to criticise



THOMAS CARLYLE.

and to find flaws in others than to build for one's self. It is to be regretted that Carlyle did not use his talents, partly at least, to build up on his own chosen foundations secure fabrics in place of those which he was continually tearing down.

His chief works are "Sartor Resartus," "Past and Present," from which the lesson is taken, "Heroes and Hero Worship," "History of Frederick the Great," and "The French Revolution."

I.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even a sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. "Know thyself;" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to "know" it,

I believe ! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself ; thou art an unknowable individual : know what thou canst work at, and work at it like a Hercules ! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in work." Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities ; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work !

Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man ; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame ?

Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose ; he has found it, and will follow it.

Work is of a religious nature : work is of a brave nature, which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer's ; a waste ocean threatens to devour him ; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along ! "It is so," says Goethe, "with all things that man undertakes in this world."

Brave Sea-captain, Norse Sea-king—Columbus, my hero, royalist Sea-king of all ! it is no friendly environment this

of thine, in the waste deep waters ; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night. Brother, these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep bases, are not entirely there on thy behalf ! Meseems they have other work than floating thee forward :—and the huge Winds, that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant waltz through the kingdoms of Chaos and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mutton sails in this cockle skiff of thine ! Thou art not among articulate-speaking friends, my brother ; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them : see how thou wilt get at that !

Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad Southwester spend itself, saving thyself by dexterous science of defense the while ; valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when the favoring East, the Possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress ; weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage ; thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself ;—how much wilt thou swallow down !

There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, far deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep ; a Silence more unsoundable ; known to God only. Thou shalt be a Great Man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the world Marine-service—thou wilt have to be greater than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is : thou in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace it, harness it down, and make it bear thee on,—to new Americas, or whither God wills.

II.

Admirable was that religion of the old monks, "*Laborare est Orare*, Work is Worship." Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever-enduring Gospel: Work, and therein have well-being. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lies there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a Spirit of active Method, a Force for Work? and burns like a painfully smoldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent Facts around thee? What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable; obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make Order of him, the subject not of Chaos, but of Intelligence, Divinity, and Thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out, that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub,—gather its waste white down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But above all, where thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness, attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives; but smite, smite, in the name of God! The Highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee; still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with His *unspoken* voice, awfuller than any Sinai thunders or syllabled speech of Whirlwinds; for the Silence of deep Eternities, of Worlds from beyond the morning stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn Ages; the old Graves, with their long-moldering dust, the very tears that wetted it now all dry—do not these speak to thee what ear hath not heard? The deep Death-

kingdoms, the Stars in their never-resting courses, all Space and all Time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called To-day. For the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.

All true Work is sacred ; in all true Work there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-Workmen there, in God's Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving; sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Body-guard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the unmeasured solitudes of Time! To thee Heaven, though severe, is not unkind; Heaven is kind—as a noble Mother; as that Spartan Mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" Thou too shalt return home in honor; to thy far-distant Home, in honor; doubt it not—if in the battle thou keep thy shield.

Thomas Carlyle

1. Perennial, benighted, beleaguering, environment, meseems, cockle, dexterous, inarticulate, ineradicable, immethodic, arable, unweariedly, audibly, denizen.

2. Is man naturally lazy? Who was "Hercules"? Do all have work which they should do? What is "work"? What is "a shoulder-of-mutton sail"? How did Columbus save himself by "the dexterous science of defense"? Is work a blessing? Who was "that Spartan Mother"? Carlyle uses frequent capitals for emphasis. What would be your criticism of his style?

LXI. THE MORAL FORCE OF PUBLIC OPINION.



DANIEL WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER (1782-1852) the eminent statesman and eloquent orator, was a New Hampshire farmer's boy. He was graduated at Dartmouth College. He studied law, teaching school meanwhile to support himself, and, after being admitted to the bar, practiced in New Hampshire and in Boston. In 1812 he was elected to Congress, and he remained in public service as Representative or Senator most of the time until his death. He was twice appointed Secretary of State, and he negotiated the Ashburton Treaty with Great Britain. Webster was an example of manly American culture. His speeches had strength, fervor, and dignity ; full of imagination

tion, they were yet clear, direct, and rational, with "the lightning of passion running along the solid links of argument." He was filled with national pride and patriotism, which always impressed his hearers. His orations are representative of the man. The following extract is from his first speech in Congress on "The Greek Revolution."

The time has been, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, a great change has taken place in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced ; and the public opinion of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendancy over mere brutal force.

It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression ; and as it grows more intelligent and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressi-

ble, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassible, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

Vital in every part,
Cannot, but by annihilating, die.

Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is vain for power to talk either of triumphs or of repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun.

In the history of the year that has passed by us, and in the instance of unhappy Spain, we have seen the vanity of all triumphs in a cause which violates the general sense of justice of the civilized world. It is nothing that the troops of France have passed from the Pyrenees to Cadiz; it is nothing that an unhappy and prostrate nation has fallen before them; it is nothing that arrests, and confiscation, and execution sweep away the little remnant of national resistance. There is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations; it calls upon him to take notice that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant; it shows him that the scepter of his victory is a barren scepter; that it shall confer neither joy nor honor, but shall molder to dry ashes in his grasp.

In the midst of his exaltation, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice; it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind.

David Webster

1. Subsidies, ascendancy, intense, invulnerable, propitiated, confiscation, scepter, consciousness, impassible.

2. When were fleets and armies the principal reliance of nations? Is public opinion still gaining rule over brute force? When did French soldiers go to Cadiz? What speeches of Webster have you read?

LXII. TUBAL CAIN.

CHARLES MACKAY (1814-1889), editor and poet, was born in Perth, Scotland. His prose works and his more ambitious poems are but little known here, while some of his songs, filled with a spirit of social reform and a sympathy with humanity, are as familiar as household words wherever the English language is read. Of his larger works, "The Salamandrine, or Love and Immortality," is the most finished, but "The Hope of the World," "Voices from the Mountains," and "A Man's Heart" are well worth reading.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when Earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well!
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire:
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,

And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"
—And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands;
And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plow,
We'll not forget the sword."

CHARLES MACKAY.

1. Handiwork, brooding, smoldered, plowshare, oppression, wrought, wield, weapons, stanch.

2. In what book is Tubal Cain first mentioned? Are the changes in his work representative of civilization? Has not the invention of implements of war increased equally with the growth of civilization? May not the increase of the efficacy of these implements tend to prevent war?

LXIII. UNDER THE PALMS.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS (1824-1892), noted as a journalist, orator, and author, was born at Providence, R.I. When young Curtis was fifteen his father moved to New York, and he gave up school for business. After a year's trial he went back to his books until he was eighteen, when he joined the idyllic Brook Farm Community, where, in the company of cultivated friends, he entered heartily into the pastoral and literary pursuits of the association. In 1846 he went to Europe, and for several years wandered wherever his fancy dictated. His first book, "Nile Notes of a Howadji," from which this extract is taken, is one of his best works. It was through these and other charming sketches of travel that he came into public notice.

He was connected with several periodicals, and is best known by his journalistic work. His graceful, original style, genial humor, and cutting satire are well shown in "Prue and I," "Trumps," and "The Potiphar Papers."

"A motion from the river won,
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
My shallop through the star-strewn calm,
Until another night in night
I entered, from the clearer light,
Imbowered vaults of pillared Palm."

Humboldt, the only cosmopolitan and a poet, divides the earth by beauties, and celebrates as dearest to him, and first fascinating him to travel, the climate of palms.

I knew a palm tree upon Capri. It stood in select society of shining fig leaves and lustrous oleanders; it overhung the balcony, and so looked, far over-leaning, down upon the blue Mediterranean. Through the dream-mists of southern Italian noons, it looked up the broad bay of Naples and saw vague Vesuvius melting away; or at sunset the isles of the Sirens, whereon they singing sat, and wooed Ulysses as he went; or in the full May moonlight the oranges of Sorrento shone across it, great and golden, permanent planets of that delicious dark. And from the Sorrento where Tasso was born, it looked across to pleasant Posilippo, where Vergil is buried, and to stately Ischia. The palm of Capri saw all that was fairest and most famous in the bay of Naples.

A wandering poet, whom I knew, sang a sweet song to the palm, as he dreamed in the moonlight upon that balcony. But it was only the freemasonry of sympathy. It was only syllabled moonshine. For the palm was a poet too, and all palms are poets.

Yet when I asked the bard what the palm tree sang in its melancholy measures of waving, he told me that not Vesuvius, nor the Sirens, nor Sorrento, nor Tasso, nor

Vergil, nor stately Ischia, nor all the broad blue beauty of Naples bay, was the theme of that singing. But partly it sang of a river forever flowing, and of cloudless skies, and green fields that never faded, and the mournful music of water wheels, and the wild monotony of a tropical life—and partly of the yellow silence of the desert, and of drear solitudes inaccessible, and of wandering caravans, and lonely men; of gardens overhanging rivers that roll gorgeous-shored through Western fancies; of gardens in Bagdad watered by the Euphrates and the Tigris, whereof it was the fringe and darling ornament—of oases in those sear, sad deserts where it overfountained fountains, and every leaf was blessed; more than all, of the great Orient universally, where no tree was so abundant, so loved, and so beautiful.

When I lay under that palm tree in Capri in the May moonlight, my ears were opened, and I heard all that the poet had told me of its song. But the palms are not only poets in the West; they are prophets as well. They are like heralds sent forth upon the farthest points to celebrate to the traveler the glories they foreshow. Like spring birds they sing a summer unfading, and climes where Time wears the year as a queen a rosary of diamonds. The mariner, eastward-sailing, hears tidings from the chance palms that hang along the southern Italian shore. They call out to him across the gleaming calm of a Mediterranean noon, "Thou happy mariner, our souls sail with thee."

At Alexandria you are among them. Do not deery Alexandria as all Howadji do. To my eyes it was the illuminated initial of the oriental chapter. Certainly it reads like its heading,—camels, mosques, bazaars, turbans, baths, and chibouques; and the whole East rows out to you in the turbaned and fluttering-robed rascal who officiates as

your pilot and moors you in the shadow of palms under the Pasha's garden. Malign Alexandria no more, although you do have your choice of camels or omnibuses to go to your hotel ; for when you are there and trying to dine, the wild-eyed Bedouin who serves you, will send you deep into the desert by his masquerading costume and his restless eye, looking as if he would momentarily spring through the window and plunge into the desert depths.

As you donkey out of Alexandria to Pompey's Pillar, you will pass a beautiful garden of palms, and by sunset nothing is so natural as to see only those trees. Yet the fascination is lasting. The poetry of the first exiles you saw, does not perish in the presence of the nation ; for those exiles stood beckoning like angels at the gate of Paradise, sorrowfully ushering you into the glory whence themselves were outcasts forever. The many are as beautiful as the one.

The eye never wearies of palms more than the ear of singing birds. Solitary they stand upon the sand, or upon the level, fertile land in groups, with a grace and dignity that no tree surpasses. Very soon the eye beholds in their forms the original type of the columns which it will afterward admire in the temples. So is the palm inwound with our art, and poetry, and religion, and of all trees would the Howadji be a palm, wide-waving peace and plenty, and feeling his kin to the Parthenon and Raphael's pictures.

George Wm Curtis.

1. Cosmopolitan, mosques, chibouques, malign, masquerading.
2. Who was Humboldt? What is "the climate of palms"? Who was Ulysses? Where are the different places that are mentioned in the palm tree's song? Who are the "Howadji"? What is meant by "donkey out"? Where was the "Parthenon"?

LXIV. THE LORELEI.



HEINRICH HEINE.

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856), a German poet and critic of note, was born of Jewish parentage at Düsseldorf. He studied law at Bonn and Berlin, but resided after 1831 in Paris. His claims as a writer are based mostly on his lyrical poems, which are original and often dramatic,—suggesting pictures which they do not describe. It is almost impossible, however, to get the full beauty of any poem in a translation. Heine's originality and simple, half-expressed thought are well shown in "The Lorelei," from the legend of a dangerous siren on the steep cliffs of the Rhine, where the echo is loud and

clear. Heine's "Pictures of Travel" and "Book of Songs" are full of exquisite passages, and rank him, as a lyric poet at least, next to Goethe in German literature.

I know not what it presages,
 This heart with sadness fraught :
 'Tis a tale of the olden ages,
 That will not from my thought.

The air grows cool, and darkles ;
 The Rhine flows calmly on ;
 The mountain summit sparkles
 In the light of the setting sun.

There sits, in soft reclining,
 A maiden wondrous fair,
 With golden raiment shining,
 And combing her golden hair.

With a comb of gold she combs it ;
 And combing, low singeth she—
 A song of a strange, sweet sadness,
 A wonderful melody.

The sailor shudders, as o'er him
 The strain comes floating by ;
 He sees not the cliffs before him—
 He only looks on high.

Ah ! round him the dark waves flinging
 Their arms draw him slowly down—
 And this with her wild, sweet singing
 The Lorelei has done.

HEINRICH HEINE.

1. Lorelei, presages, fraught, wondrous, raiment, combing, darkles.

LXV. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING (1780-1842) was born at Newport, R. I. He was a minister, but devoted himself largely to literature. A metaphysician, he dealt with mind in the abstract, and always sought, behind the act, for the principles of thought, action, and being. *Lives of Milton and Napoleon* are his representative works.

His intellect was distinguished by rapidity of thought. He understood by a glance what most men, and superior men, could learn only by study. He darted to a conclusion rather by intuition than reasoning. In war, which was the only subject of which he was master, he seized in an instant on the great points of his own and his enemy's positions ; and combined at once the movements by which an overpowering force might be thrown with unexpected fury on a

vulnerable part of the hostile line, and the fate of an army be decided in a day. He understood war as a science ; but his mind was too bold, rapid, and irrepressible to be enslaved by the technics of his profession. He found the old armies fighting by rule, and he discovered the true characteristic of genius, which, without despising rules, knows when and how to break them.

He understood thoroughly the immense moral power which is gained by originality and rapidity of operation. He astonished and paralyzed his enemies by his unforeseen and impetuous assaults, by the suddenness with which the storm of battle burst upon them, and, whilst giving to his soldiers the advantages of modern discipline, he breathed into them, by his quick and decisive movements, the enthusiasm of ruder ages. This power of disheartening the foe, and of spreading through his own ranks a confidence and exhilarating courage, which made war a pastime and seemed to make victory sure, distinguished Napoleon in an age of uncommon military talent, and was one main instrument of his future power.

The wonderful effects of that rapidity of thought by which Bonaparte was marked, the signal success of his new mode of warfare, and the almost incredible speed with which his fame was spread through the nations, had no small agency in fixing his character and determining for a period the fate of empires. These stirring influences infused a new consciousness of his own might. They gave intensity and audacity to his ambition ; gave form and substance to his indefinite visions of glory, and raised his fiery hopes to empire.

The burst of admiration which his early career called forth, must in particular have had an influence in imparting

to his ambition that modification by which it was characterized, and which contributed alike to its success and to its fall. He began with astonishing the world, with producing a sudden and universal sensation, such as modern times had not witnessed. To astonish as well as to sway by his energies, became the great end of his life. Henceforth to rule was not enough for Bonaparte. He wanted to amaze, to dazzle, to overpower men's souls, by striking, bold, magnificent, and unanticipated results.

To govern ever so absolutely would not have satisfied him, if he must have governed silently. He wanted to reign through wonder and awe, by the grandeur and terror of his name, by displays of power which would rivet on him every eye, and make him the theme of every tongue. Power was his supreme object; but a power which should be gazed at as well as felt, which should strike men as a prodigy, which should shake old thrones as an earthquake, and by the suddenness of its new creations should awaken something of the submissive wonder which miraculous agency inspires.

His history shows a spirit of self-exaggeration unrivaled in enlightened ages, and which reminds us of an oriental king to whom incense had been burned from his birth as to a deity. This was the chief source of his crimes. He wanted the sentiment of a common nature with his fellow-beings. He had no sympathies with his race. That feeling of brotherhood which is developed in truly great souls with peculiar energy, and through which they give up themselves willing victims, joyful sacrifices, to the interests of mankind, was wholly unknown to him.

His heart, amidst all its wild beatings, never had one throb of disinterested love. The ties which bind man to

man he broke asunder. The proper happiness of a man, which consists in the victory of moral energy and social affection over the selfish passions, he cast away for the lonely joy of a despot. With powers which might have made him a glorious representative and minister of the beneficent Divinity, and with natural sensibilities which might have been exalted into sublime virtues, he chose to separate himself from his kind, to forego their love, esteem, and gratitude, that he might become their gaze, their fear, their wonder; and, for this selfish, solitary good, he parted with peace and imperishable renown.

This spirit of self-exaggeration wrought its own misery, and drew down upon him terrible punishments; and this it did by vitiating and perverting his high powers. First, it diseased his fine intellect, gave imagination the ascendancy over judgment, turned the inventiveness and fruitfulness of his mind into rash, impatient, restless energies, and thus precipitated him into projects which, as the wisdom of his counselors pronounced, were fraught with ruin.

To a man whose vanity took him out of the rank of human beings, no foundation for reasoning was left. All things seemed possible. His genius and his fortune were not to be bounded by the barriers which experience had assigned to human powers. Ordinary rules did not apply to him. His imagination, disordered by his egotism and by unbounded flattery, leaped over appalling obstacles to the prize which inflamed his ambition.



1. Intuition, vulnerable, technics, paralyzed, exhilarating, characterized, beneficent, vitiating, egotism.

2. What was the secret of Napoleon's success? What was the cause of his downfall? What was his last battle? Where did he die? Compare Napoleon's character (intellectual and moral) with that of any other great leader.

LXVI. THE MIDDLE AGES.

HENRY HALLAM (1777-1859), an English historian, was educated at Oxford, and called to the bar. Being possessed of a sufficient fortune, he had leisure to study and write. His style is grave and impressive, but clear even when it becomes rhetorical. He was a patient, fair-minded investigator, and is seldom found, like Hume, Macaulay, Froude, and most other historians, writing his prejudices as history. He gave us the first reliable history of literature in his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries," while his "Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II." and "A View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages" (from which this extract is taken) are marvels of erudition, and show the sagacity of a philosopher and the fairness of a judge.

I. FIELD SPORTS.

The favorite diversions of the Middle Ages, in the intervals of war, were those of hunting and hawking. A knight seldom stirred from his house without a falcon on his wrist, or a greyhound that followed him. In the monuments of those who died anywhere but on the field of battle, it is usual to find the greyhound lying at their feet, or the bird upon their wrists. Nor are the tombs of ladies without their falcon; for this diversion, being of less danger and fatigue than the chase, was shared by the delicate sex.

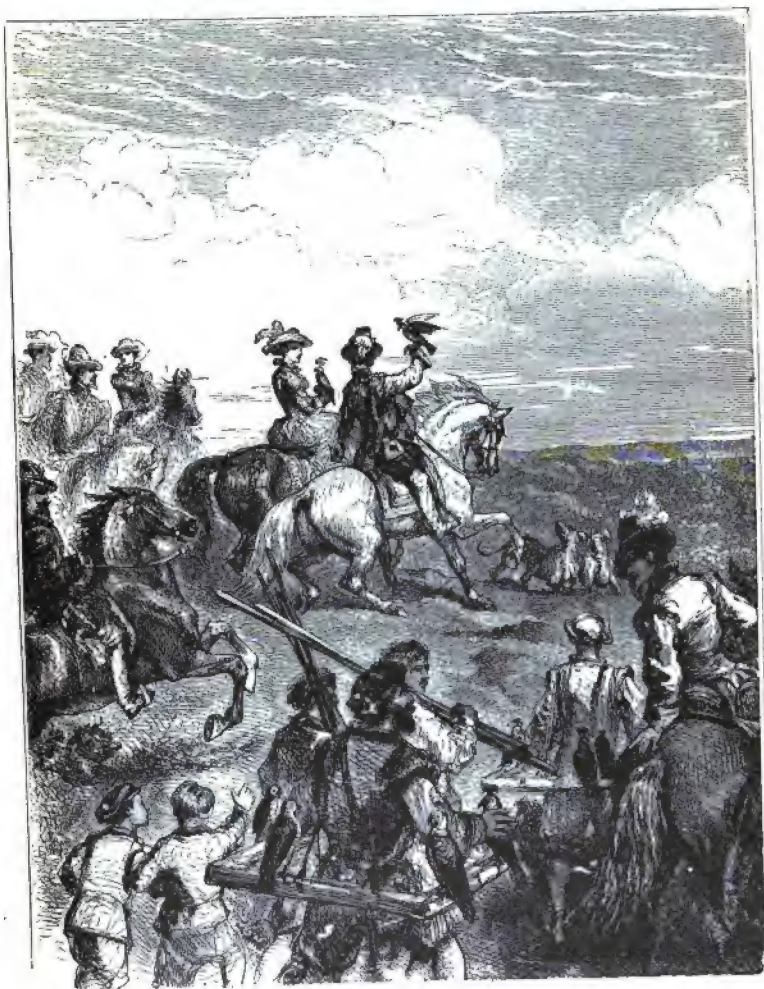
Though hunting had ceased to be a necessary means of procuring food, it was a very convenient resource on which the wholesomeness and comfort, as well as the luxury, of the table depended. Before the natural pastures were im-

proved, and new kinds of fodder for cattle discovered, it was impossible to maintain the summer stock during the cold season. Hence a portion of it was regularly slaughtered and salted for winter provision. We may suppose that, when no alternative was offered but these salted meats, even the leanest venison was devoured with relish. There was somewhat more excuse, therefore, for the severity with which the lords of forests and manors preserved the beasts of the chase, than if they had been considered as merely objects of sport.

The laws relating to preservation of game were in every country uncommonly rigorous. They formed in England that odious system of forest laws which distinguished the tyranny of our Norman kings. Capital punishment for killing a stag or wild boar was frequent, and perhaps warranted by law, until the charter of John. The French code was less severe, but even Henry IV. enacted the pain of death against the repeated offense of chasing deer in the royal forests. The privilege of hunting was reserved to the nobility till the reign of Louis IX., who extended it in some degree to persons of lower birth.

II. AGRICULTURE.

This excessive passion for the sports of the field produced those evils which are apt to result from it: a strenuous idleness, which disdained all useful occupations, and an oppressive spirit toward the peasantry. The leveling of forests, the draining of morasses, and the extirpation of mischievous animals which inhabit them, are the first objects of man's labor in reclaiming the earth to his use; and these were forbidden by a landed aristocracy, whose control over the prog-



ress of agricultural improvement was unlimited, and who had not yet learned to sacrifice their pleasures to their avarice.

These habits of the rich, and the miserable servitude of those who cultivated the land, rendered its fertility unavailing. Predial servitude, indeed, in some of its modifications, has always been the great bar to improvement. In the agricultural economy of Rome, the laboring husbandman, a menial slave of some wealthy senator, had not even that qualified interest in the soil which the tenure of villanage afforded to the peasant of feudal ages. Italy, therefore, a country presenting many natural impediments, was but imperfectly reduced into cultivation before the irruption of the barbarians. That revolution destroyed agriculture with every other art, and succeeding calamities during five or six centuries left the finest regions of Europe unfruitful and desolate.

There are but two possible modes in which the produce of the earth can be increased: one by rendering fresh land serviceable; the other by improving the fertility of that which is already cultivated. The last is only attainable by the application of capital and of skill to agriculture; neither of which could be expected in the ruder ages of society. The former is, to a certain extent, always practicable whilst waste lands remain; but it was checked by laws hostile to improvement, such as the manorial and commonable rights in England, and by the general tone of manners.

III. TRADE, TOLLS, AND ROBBERY.

The condition even of internal trade was hardly preferable to that of agriculture. There is not a vestige perhaps to be

discovered for several centuries of any considerable manufacture ; I mean, of working up articles of common utility to an extent beyond what the necessities of an adjacent district required. Rich men kept domestic artisans among their servants ; even kings, in the ninth century, had their clothes made by the women upon their farms ; but the peasantry must have been supplied with garments and implements of labor by purchase ; and every town, it cannot be doubted, had its weaver, its smith, and its currier. But there were almost insuperable impediments to any extended traffic ; the insecurity of movable wealth, and difficulty of accumulating it ; the ignorance of mutual wants ; the peril of robbery in conveying merchandise ; and the certainty of extortion.

In the domains of every lord a toll was to be paid in passing his bridge, or along his highway, or at his market. These customs, equitable and necessary in their principle, became in practice oppressive, because they were arbitrary, and renewed in every petty territory which the road might intersect. Several of Charlemagne's capitularies repeat complaints of these exactions, and endeavor to abolish such tolls as were not founded on prescription. One of them rather amusingly illustrates the modesty and moderation of the landholders. It is enacted that no one shall be compelled to go out of his way in order to pay toll at a particular bridge, when he can cross the river more conveniently at another place. These provisions, like most others of that age, were unlikely to produce much amendment.

It was only the milder species, however, of feudal lords who were content with the tribute of merchants. The more ravenous descended from their fortresses to pillage the wealthy traveler, or shared in the spoil of inferior plun-

derers, whom they both protected and instigated. Proofs occur, even in the later periods of the Middle Ages, when government had regained its energy and civilization had made considerable progress, of public robberies systematically perpetrated by men of noble rank. In the more savage times, before the twelfth century, they were probably too frequent to excite much attention. It was a custom in some places to waylay travelers, and not only to plunder, but to sell them as slaves, or compel them to pay a ransom.

Germany appears to have been, upon the whole, the country where downright robbery was most unscrupulously practiced by the great. Their castles, erected on almost inaccessible heights among the woods, became the secure receptacle of predatory bands, who spread terror over the country. From these barbarian lords of the Dark Ages, as from a living model, the romancers are said to have drawn their giants and other disloyal enemies of true chivalry. Robbery, indeed, is the constant theme both of the capitularies and of the Anglo-Saxon laws; one has more reason to wonder at the intrepid thirst of lucre, which induced a very few merchants to exchange the products of different regions, than to ask why no general spirit of commercial activity prevailed.

HENRY HALLAM.

1. Diversions, slaughtered, strenuous, morasses, extirpation, predial, feudal, irruption, manorial, commonable, preferable, adjacent, artisans, insuperable, equitable, capitularies, prescription, predatory.

2. What is the meaning of the "Middle Ages"? What ages preceded and followed? Who held the land? What was "predial servitude"? When was the charter of John granted? Does excessive wealth or passion for sport generally induce dislike for useful work? Are agriculture and manufactures largely dependent on trade?

LXVII. SONG OF THE ARCHANGELS.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1749-1832) was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main: his name is one of the greatest in German literature. His "Sorrows of Werther" startled and enraptured the world. Even in China its hero and heroine were modeled in porcelain. Its clear, sunny pictures of German life, its delicious simplicity, in which the real and the ideal are harmoniously blended, have never been excelled. The Venetian and Roman Elegies, "Tasso," and "Iphigenia" are representative works. "Wilhelm Meister" is regarded by many as his greatest prose work.

His greatest poem, "Faust," deals with the two powers of good and evil contending in every man. "When I would do good, evil is present with me." "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," by Stevenson, tells the same story.

The extract given here, from a translation of "Faust," is the Song of the Sons of God, in harmony with the Morning Stars.



GOETHE.

RAPHAEL.

With pace of thunder rolls along
 The Sun, in concord never ending,
 Still chanting a primeval song,
 With tones from all the planets blending;
 The Angels from the glorious sight
 Derive their power and inspiration,

And all the wondrous works are bright
As in the morning of creation.

GABRIEL.

There rolls the earth—so swift and bright!—
And changeful day and night attend her,
As out of gloom of awful night
She turns to Paradisian splendor ;
While foams the sea—broad waves upthrowing
On rocky barriers deep and strong—
And rocks, and billows, onward going,
Are carried with the spheres along !

MICHAEL.

And tempests blow, in emulation,
From sea to land and o'er the main,
And form, through all their perturbation,
A circling, energetic chain ;
There flames the lightning's devastation,
And thunders roll along its way ;—
But we, O Lord, with veneration,
Behold thy calmly-changeful day.

THE THREE ARCHANGELS.

The vision gives us inspiration,
Though no one comprehend thee may,
And all the works of thy creation
Are bright as on the Primal Day.



LXVIII. A DECEPTION.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774) was distinguished as poet, novelist, satirist, and dramatist. He was born in Ireland, studied medicine in Edinburgh, and attempted to build up a practice in London. Finding the outlook in his profession discouraging, he embarked in miscellaneous literature, writing for the papers and magazines of his day. "The Citizen of the World" was his most telling satire, "The Vicar of Wakefield" his most pleasing novel, "The Deserted Village" his most popular poem, and "She Stoops to Conquer," from which this lesson is taken, his best comedy. Goldsmith's monument is in Westminster Abbey.

LANDLORD of the "*Three Jolly Pigeons*" and TONY
LUMPKIN.

Landlord. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest, and they are talking something about Mr. Harcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. [*Exit Landlord.*] Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. [*Exeunt Mob from the Alehouse.*]

Tony. [*Alone.*] Father-in-law has been calling me whelp and hound, this half-year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter LANDLORD, conducting MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Marlow. What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had

of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above threescore—

Tony. No offense, gentlemen, but I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hast. Not in the least, sir; but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hast. No, sir; but if you can inform us—

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is that—you have lost your way.

Mar. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Mar. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offense; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face, a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapesing, trolloping, talkative May-pole; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

Mar. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son, an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem! Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell

you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate !

Tony. It's a long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's [*winking at the Landlord*]*—*Mr. Hardcastle's of Quagmire Marsh, you understand me.

Land. Master Hardcastle's ! Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong. When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash Lane.

Mar. Cross down Squash Lane ?

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward till you came to four roads.

Mar. Come to where four roads meet ?

Tony. Ay ; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Mar. Oh, sir ! you're facetious.

Tony. Then, keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull Common ; there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to Farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right-about again, till you find out the old mill—

Mar. Zounds, man ! we could as soon find out the longitude !

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow ?

Mar. This house promises but a poor reception ; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And, to my knowledge, that's taken up by three

lodgers already. [*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*] I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fireside with—three chairs and a bolster.

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fireside.

Mar. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you? Then let me see—what if you go on a mile further to the Buck's Head,—the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole county?

Hast. Oh ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. [*Apart to Tony.*] Sure you be n't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum! you fool you; let them find that out. [*To them.*] You have only to keep on straight forward till you come to a large old house by the roadside. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door: that's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way?

Tony. No, no: but I tell you, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he, he, he! He'll be for giving you his company; and, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Mar. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further accommodation. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no; straight forward. I'll just step myself and show you a piece of the way. [*To the Landlord.*]
Mum. [*Exeunt.*]

Arrival at the Supposed Inn.

Enter MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Servant. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome! This way.

Hast. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well looking house; antique, but creditable.

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hardcastle. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? [*Mar. advances.*] Sir, you are heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Mar. [*Aside.*] He has got our names from the servants already. [*To Hard.*] We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. [*To Hast.*] I have been thinking, George, of changing our traveling-dresses in the morning. I am grown ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, Charles, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hard. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty Hall, gentlemen; you may do just as you please here.

Mar. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison—

Mar. Don't you think the yellow waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hard. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Hast. I think not: brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

Hard. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Mar. The girls like finery.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men,—well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. “Now,” says the Duke of Marlborough to George Brooks, that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks—“I’ll pawn my dukedom,” says he, “but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood.” So—

Hast. [*Aside.*] I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he’s an innkeeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

Mar. I suppose, my old friend, you have a good deal of business in this part of the country? Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose?

Hard. No, sir; I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there is no business “for us that sell ale.”

Hast. So, then, you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about Hyder Ally, or Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croaker.

Hast. So that, with eating above stairs and drinking below, with receiving your friends within and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlor.

Mar. And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster Hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

Hast. So, then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with hospitality. Here's your health, my philosopher!

Hard. Good, very good; thank you; ha! ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Mar. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir? [*Aside.*] Was ever such a request to a man in his own house?

Mar. Yes, sir, supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make sad work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. [*Aside.*] Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. [*To him.*] Why really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cookmaid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Mar. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By the bye, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Mar. Then I beg they'll admit *me* as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offense, I hope, sir.

Hard. Oh, no, sir, none in the least: yet, I don't know, —our Bridget, the cookmaid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see your list of the larder, then. I ask it as a favor. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Mar. [*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise.*] Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper: I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

[*Servant brings in the bill of fare, and exit.*]

Hast. [*Aside.*] All upon the high rope! His uncle a colonel! We shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of peace. But let's hear the bill of fare.

Mar. [*Perusing.*] What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. The mischief, sir! Do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners'

Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Mar. [*Reading.*] For the first course, at the top, a pig and prune sauce.

Hast. Confound your pig! I say.

Mar. And confound your prune sauce! say I.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig with prune sauce is very good eating.

Mar. At the bottom a calf's tongue and brains.

Hast. Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir: I don't like them.

Mar. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves: I do.

Hard. [*Aside.*] Their impudence confounds me. [*To them.*] Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there anything else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Mar. Item, a pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream.

Hast. Confound your made dishes! I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I'm for plain eating.

Hard. I'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be anything you have a particular fancy to—

Mar. Why, really sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

Hard. I entreat you, leave that to me. Do not stir.

Mar. Leave that to you ! I protest, sir, you must excuse me ; I always look to these things myself.

Hard. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head.

Mar. You see I'm resolved on it. [*Aside.*] A very troublesome fellow this, as ever I met with.

Hard. Well sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. [*Aside.*] This may be modern modesty, but I never saw anything look so like old-fashioned impudence.

Oliver Goldsmith

LXIX. THE MEN OF OLD.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, LORD HOUGHTON (1809–1885), an English statesman and author, was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1832, and at once began his literary career. He was soon elected a member of Parliament, and was raised to the peerage. Though an earnest politician, his warm sympathy with human suffering led him to study various social questions, the influence of which is shown in many of his writings. He had a delicate fancy, and was a keen observer of human nature. His chief works are "Poems of Many Years," "Palm Leaves," and "Poems Legendary and Historical."

I know not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenuous brow ;
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of Time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

Still it is true, and over true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness
The world has since foregone,—
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone.

With rights, though not too closely scanned,
Enjoyed, as far as known,—
With will by no reverse unmanned,—
With pulse of even tone,—
They from to-day and from to-night
Expected nothing more
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffered them before.

To them was life a simple art
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
A race where all must run ;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know,
Content, as men at arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

Man *now* his virtue's diadem
Puts on and proudly wears.
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them
Like instincts, unawares ;

Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds
As noble boys at play.

And what if Nature's fearful wound
They did not probe and bare,
For that their spirits never swooned
To watch the misery there,—
For that their love but flowed more fast,
Their charities more free,
Not conscious what mere drops they cast
Into the evil sea.

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet ;
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet :
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire,—
Our hearts must die except they breathe
The air of fresh Desire.

Yet, Brothers who up Reason's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer,
Oh, loiter not ! those heights are chill,
As chill as they are clear.
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below.

LORD HOUGHTON.

1. Ingenuous, scanned, proffered, scheme, sublimest, swooned.
2. What is meant by "a ghost of time"? "ingenuous brow"? "men at arms"? "those heights are chill"? Were the men of old better than the men of to-day?

LXX. CONTENTMENT.

IZAACK WALTON (1593-1683) was born in Stafford, England. He had very little school education, but was a student of nature. He was a linendraper and had, in London, a shop *seven and a half feet long and five feet wide*. He had great power of description, an exquisitely simple, touching, and impressive style, and a purity of thought remarkable for his times. His principal work, "The Complete Angler," from which this selection is taken, is a unique production, full of quaint, wise thoughts and pleasing fancies,—a veritable storehouse of rural pictures and pastoral poetry. Walton also wrote interesting biographies of Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Donne.



IZAACK WALTON.

Let me tell you that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, "How many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need?" And truly is it so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of.

Can any man charge God that He hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will, it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbor, for not worshiping or not flattering him; and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves.

I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbor's was. And I knew another, to whom God had given health and plenty; but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud, and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a law-suit with a dogged neighbor who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other: and this law-suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills.

Well, this willful purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy.

I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often

trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, "If he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him, for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul."

And this may appear if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's Gospel; for He there says, "Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure of heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And, Blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth."

Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; but in the mean time he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven, by being humble, and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honor or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share: but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing both to God and himself.

Let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him, because they be common; let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together?

I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. This, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises ; but let not us ; because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us.

My meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labor to possess my own soul ; that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you that riches without them do not make any man happy. But let me tell you that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavor to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor ; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all.

For it is well said, "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that. And in the next place, look to your health ; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience ; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of ; a blessing that money cannot buy ; and therefore value it and be thankful for it.

As for money (which may be said to be the third blessing), neglect it not : but note, that there is no necessity of being rich ; for, I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them : and if you have a competence,

enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave divine say, that God has two dwellings; one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me, and to my honest Scholar!

IZAACK WALTON.

1. Contention, dogged, actionable, willful, allotted, turbulent, sacrifice, competence, gimcracks, finnimbrums.

2. Who was Diogenes? What is the secret of happiness? The quotations from the Bible are made from the translation then in use. Did you ever know people to complain on account of their height, appearance, or condition? How can contentment be gained?

LXXI. NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

ROBERT SOUTHNEY (1774-1843) was born in Bristol, England. He was compelled to leave Westminster School at seventeen on account of some articles he wrote attacking its discipline. Later he entered Balliol College, Oxford, but was not graduated. A poet, critic, and historian, he wrote more than any other author of his time, and burned more of his writings than he published. His poems are original in conception and execution, and, though containing some imperfections, bear the impress of power and have a charm in spite of somewhat extravagant imaginings. His prose is plain, clear, and pointed. His representative works are "Thalaba the Destroyer," "Joan of Arc," "The Curse of Kehama," "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," "The Maid of the Inn," a "History of the Peninsular War," and a "Life of Lord Nelson."

How beautiful is night!

A dewy freshness fills the silent air;

No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,

Breaks the serene of heaven:

In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine

Rolls through the dark-blue depths.

Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night !

Who, at this untimely hour,
Wanders o'er the desert sands ?
No station is in view,
No palm grove, islanded amid the waste.
The mother and her child,
The widowed mother and the fatherless boy,
They, at this untimely hour,
Wander o'er the desert sands.

Alas ! the setting sun
Saw Zeinab in her bliss,
Hodeirah's wife beloved,
Alas ! the wife beloved,
The fruitful mother late,
Whom, when the daughters of Arabia named,
They wished their lot like hers !
She wanders o'er the desert sands
A wretched widow now ;
The fruitful mother of so fair a race,
With only one preserved,
She wanders o'er the wilderness.

No tear relieved the burden of her heart ;
Stunned with the heavy woe, she felt like one
Half-wakened from a midnight dream of blood.
But sometimes, when the boy
Would wet her hand with tears,
And, looking up to her fixed countenance,

Sob out the name of Mother ! then she groaned.
At length collecting, Zeinab turned her eyes
To heaven, and praised the Lord :

“ He gave, He takes away !”

The pious sufferer cried,

“ The Lord our God is good !”

Robert Southey

1. Obscures, islanded, widowed, relieved, stunned, countenance.
2. What is meant by “palm grove, islanded”? Who was Hodeirah? Zeinab? She was mother of what race? Where have you read this story? Is it correct to call a *desert* a *wilderness*?

LXXII. JERUSALEM.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI (1805–1881), English politician and novelist, was born in London of Jewish ancestors. He was well educated, and possessed a strong character and a firm determination to succeed in life. In spite of the prejudice against him, he was elected to Parliament, where, at first, the members refused to hear him speak. Soon, however, his ability as a leader was recognized, and he rose to the highest position in English politics,—becoming prime minister, and receiving the title of Earl of Beaconsfield.

He ranked high both as statesman and as author. His first novel, “Vivian Grey,” showed great poetic feeling and imagination, but was arrogant and sarcastic. His writings



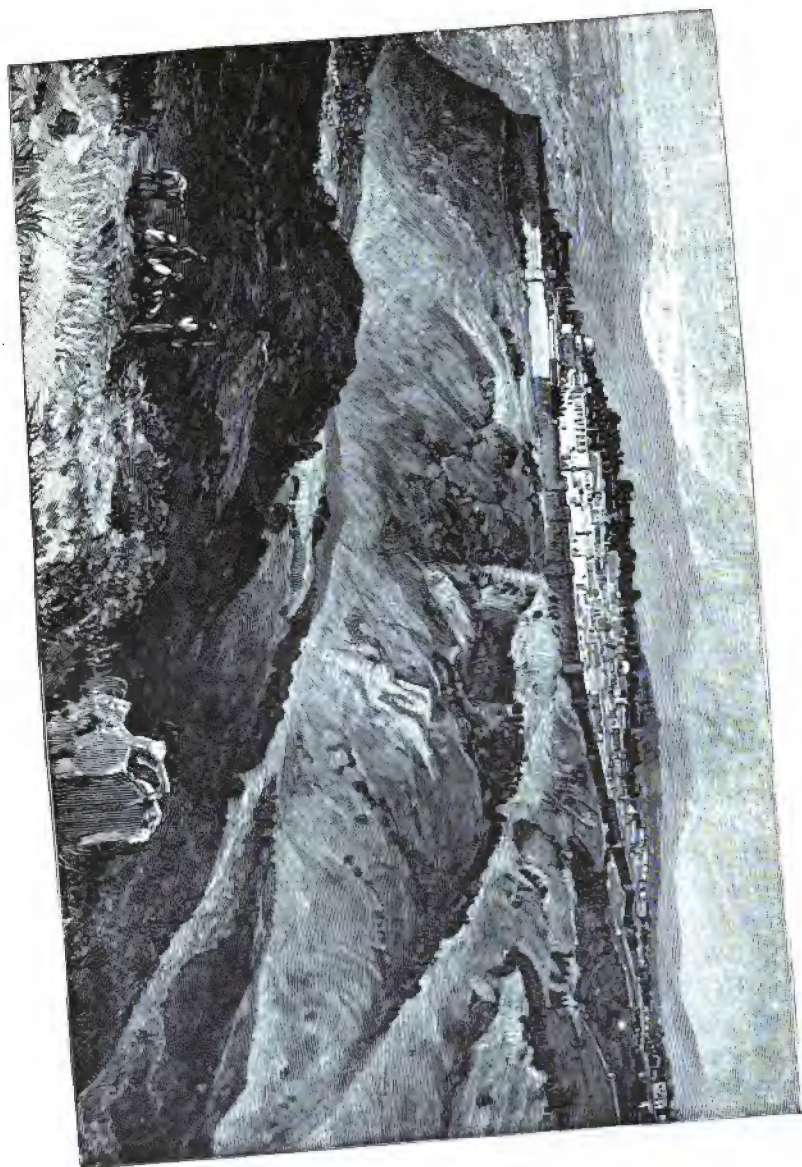
BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

teem with passages of fine description and exalted imagination, tarnished by

improbable incidents and an exaggerated tone. He considered "Contarini Fleming" his greatest novel, but "Lothair," though far inferior to his earlier books, was the most widely read,—being helped by the reputation Disraeli had acquired in his successful attempt to gain political honors. The following beautiful description of Jerusalem by moonlight is from "Tancred."

The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendor, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills far more famous than those of Rome; for all Europe has heard of Sion and of Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are as ignorant of the Capitolian and Aventine Mounts as they are of the Malvern or the Chiltern Hills.

The broad steep of Sion crowned with the tower of David; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas! by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool; further on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary—called the Street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human, as well as of the Hebrew, race, the descendant of King David, and the divine Son of the most favored of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph



and of honor; passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisedek built his mystic citadel; and still remains the hill of Scopas, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault.

Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob is now worshiped before every altar in Rome.

Jerusalem by moonlight! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail; and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivaled scene. A fortified city, almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the center of chains of far-spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land!

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze that seems to have traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea? Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impend-

ing fate Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this Mount! Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city!

There might be counted heroes and sages who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and the wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch, whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher, whose doctrines have modeled civilized Europe—the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers—what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these?

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

1. Undulates, cupolae'd, terraced, surmounted, encircles, subverted, mitigating, indissoluble, austerity.

2. Where is Jerusalem? Who now rule there? Where are the "Capitolian and Aventine Mounts"? The "Malvern and the Chiltern Hills"? From what sea would the breeze "travel over Sharon"? Allusion is made to what "lawgiver"? what "monarch"? what "teacher"?

LXXIII. FROM "LORNA DOONE."

RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE was born in Berkshire, England, in 1825. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, and was called to the bar, but never practiced law. He has written some pleasing poems, but his reputation as an author rests on his novels. His descriptions are wonderfully vivid and natural, and his stories are full of humor and odd turns of thought, like Fielding's. His representative novels are "The Maid of Sker," "Alice Lorraine," "Cradock Nowell," "Cripps the Carrier," and "Lorna Doone." The quaint style which he affects in the story of "Lorna Doone" is meant to

represent the simplicity of the person supposed to be telling about his *own* adventures. While at first it may interest by its novelty, it will grow tiresome in the end.

In the olden time Europe was greatly troubled by bands of outlaws, who lived in almost inaccessible places and committed all sorts of depredations on honest farmers and travelers. As late as the last of the seventeenth century bands of this description infested England, and there are legends of the Doones, who, in Bagworthy Forest, made their home among the rocks, and by their oppression roused the country to destroy them. The story is ostensibly told by John Ridd, the son of a man who had been murdered by the Doones. He married Lorna Doone and thus drew down upon him their hatred, and they came to destroy his home. Their plans were discovered, however, and the neighbors gathered sufficient force to defeat them.

I. THE ATTACK.

The robbers rode into our yard as coolly as if they had been invited, having lifted the gate from the hinges first, on account of its being fastened. Then they actually opened our stable doors, and turned our honest horses out and put their own rogues in the place of them.

By this time I could see our troopers waiting in the shadow of the house, round the corner from where the Doones were, and expecting the order to fire; but Jeremy Stickles very wisely kept them in readiness until the enemy should advance upon them.

"Two of you lazy fellows go," it was the deep voice of Carver Doone, "and make us a light to cut their throats by. Only one thing, once again. If any man touches Lorna, I will stab him where he stands. Now for our rights. We have borne too long the insolence of these yokels. Kill every man and every child, and burn the miserable place down."

Presently two young men came toward me, bearing brands of resined hemp, kindled from Carver's lamp. The foremost of them set his torch to the rick within a yard of me, the smoke concealing me from him. I struck him with a

back-handed blow on the elbow, as he bent it, and I heard the bone of his arm break as clearly as ever I heard a twig snap.

With a roar of pain he fell on the ground, and his torch dropped there, and singed him. The other man stood amazed at this, not having yet gained sight of me, till I caught his firebrand from his hand and struck it into his countenance. With that he leaped at me; but I caught him in a manner learned from early wrestling, and snapped his collar bone, as I laid him upon the top of his comrade.

This little success so encouraged me that I was half inclined to advance and challenge Carver Doone to meet me; but I bore in mind that he would be apt to shoot me without ceremony; and what is the utmost of human strength against the power of powder?

While I was hesitating thus, a blaze of fire lit up the house, and brown smoke hung around it. Six of our men had let go at the Doones, by Jeremy Stickles's order, as the villains came swaggering down in the moonlight. Two of them fell, and the rest hung back, to think at their leisure what this was. They were not used to this sort of thing; it was neither just nor courteous.

Being unable any longer to contain myself, I came across the yard, expecting whether they would shoot at me. However, no one shot at me; and I went up to Carver Doone, whom I knew by his size in the moonlight, and I took him by his beard, and said, "Do you call yourself a man?"

For a moment he was so astonished that he could not answer. None had ever dared, I suppose, to look at him in that way; and he saw that he had met his equal, or perhaps his master. And then he tried a pistol at me; but I was too quick for him.

"Now, Carver Doone, take warning," I said to him, very soberly; "you have shown yourself a fool by your contempt of me. I may not be your match in craft, but I am in manhood. You are a despicable villain. Lie low in your native muck."

And with that word I laid him flat upon his back in our straw-yard by a trick of the inner heel, which he could not have resisted (though his strength had been twice as great as mine) unless he were a wrestler. Seeing him down, the others ran, though one of them made a shot at me, and some of them got their horses before our men came up, and some went away without them. And among these last was Captain Carver, who arose and strode away with a train of curses enough to poison the light of the moon.

We gained six very good horses by this attempted rapine, as well as two young prisoners, whom I had smitten by the clover-rick. And two dead Doones were left behind, whom I, for my part, was most thankful that I had not killed. For to have the life of a fellow-man laid upon one's conscience—deserved he his death, or deserved it not—is, to my sense of right and wrong, the heaviest of all burdens; and the one that wears most deeply inward, with the dwelling of the mind on this view and on that of it.

II. AN OCTOBER SUNRISE.

The rising of the sun was noble in the cold and warmth of it; peeping down the spread of light, he raised his shoulder heavily over the edge of gray mountain and wavering length of upland. Beneath his gaze the dew-fogs dipped, and crept to the hollow places; then stole away in line and column, holding skirts, and clinging subtly at the sheltering

corners, where rock hung over grassland ; while the brave lines of the hills came forth, one beyond another gliding.

Then the woods arose in folds, like drapery of awakened mountains, stately with a depth of awe and memory of the tempests. Autumn's mellow hand was on them, as they owned already, touched with gold, and red, and olive ; and their joy toward the sun was less to a bridegroom than to a father.

Yet before the floating impress of the woods could clear itself, suddenly the gladsome light leaped over hill and valley, casting amber, blue, and purple, and a tint of rich red rose, according to the scene they lit on and the curtain flung around ; yet all alike dispelling fear and the cloven hoof of darkness, all on the wings of hope advancing, and proclaiming "God is here."

Then life and joy sprang reassured from every crouching hollow ; every flower, and bud, and bird had a fluttering sense of them ; and all the flashing of God's gaze merged into soft beneficence.

So, perhaps, shall break upon us that eternal morning, when crag and chasm shall be no more, neither hill and valley, nor great unvintaged ocean ; when glory shall not scare happiness, neither happiness envy glory, but all things shall arise and shine in the light of the Father's countenance, because itself is risen.

R. D. BLACKMORE.

1, Yokels, insolence, resined, singed, ceremony, swaggering, despicable, rapine, impress, crouching, unvintaged.

2. What is "a back-handed blow" ? In what part of England is this scene laid ? Is the "October Sunrise" told with the simplicity of "The Attack" ? Still the same style is retained, though elevated. Would any man like John Ridd use such beautiful expressions in this way ?

LXXIV. POEMS FROM COLERIDGE.



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772–1834) received most of his education at Cambridge University, England. He had no ambition, as a boy, and would have become a shoemaker had not the head-master of his school obtained for him a free scholarship. His genius was naturally erratic, and was rendered doubly so by the use of opium. His life was spent in poverty and dependence, and he was devoid of the steady purpose of character necessary to put his great talents to their proper use.

Filled with visions of grace, tenderness, and majesty, he had not the art to combine and arrange his thoughts. His writing lacks clearness and precision, but his language is rich and musical, figurative and ornate. His poetical

works are most various in subject and style, embracing ode, tragedy, epigram, patriotism, and superstition. His most original and impressive poem is "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," but "Odes," "Kubla Khan," "Christabel," and "Genevieve" are full of melody and passion.

I. KUBLA KHAN.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree,
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
 Through caverns measureless to man,
 Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round;
 And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm, which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced ;
Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst,
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail ;
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles, meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale, the sacred river ran—
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean ;
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war.

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device—
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw ;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me

Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That, with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air—
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! beware
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

I. THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains.

For shame, my friend! renounce this idle strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heaps of corpses which his sword hath slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.

Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The great good man? Three treasures,—love, and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night,—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

L. F. Colbridge

1. Sinuous, incense, chasm, athwart, vaulted, meandering, ancestral, symphony, inherits, equable.

2. What is the meaning of "decree"? How could any sea be sunless? How would the poet "build that dome"? What is meant by the last two lines? Do you think the first verse of "The Good Great Man" satirical? Is the last verse true?

3. Coleridge dreamed that he was reading in *Purchas' Pilgrimage* about this palace and garden. The scene rose before him, and, in his dream, he composed several hundred verses. When he awoke he remembered them all, and commenced to write them. Being unfortunately interrupted when he had written this fragment, the rest fled from his mind like the vision of a dream.

LINES FROM "MAUD MULLER."

God pity them both & pity us also
 Who vainly the dreams of life recall!
 From all sad words of tongue or pen
 The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
 Ah well! for us all some dreamer has
 Deeply buried from human eyes
 And in the hereafter angels may
 Roll the stone from its grave away!

John G. Whittier

LXXV. GRANDMOTHER'S GOVERNMENT.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER STOWE, daughter of Dr. Lyman Beecher, was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1811. She inherited the literary genius of the Beecher family, and began to write for the press when she was a mere child. The first work that brought her into general notice was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was translated into several languages. More than half a million copies were sold the first year after its publication in book form, and its subsequent sales were probably greater than those of any other novel ever written. Among the many books from her pen are "Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp," "The Minister's Wooing," "Agnes of Sorrento," "Pink and White

Tyranny," and "Oldtown Folks," from which the following selection is taken. Mrs. Stowe was gifted with an exquisite sense of humor, a wonderful knowledge of human nature, and a rare power of describing life and character that changes pathos to humor at will. She died, July 1, 1896.

"Oldtown Folks" was written to interpret New England life and character in the early days—"the ante-railroad times when New England was a sort of half Hebrew theocracy, half ultra-democratic republic of little villages, burning with all the fervid activity of an intense, newly-kindled, peculiar, and individual life." The home with its "best room," its intelligent and hospitable inmates, the "motherly meeting-house with its tall white spire," the school-house, the academy, the village store "where everything was sold from hoe-handles up to cambric needles," and where the natives and loafers spent their leisure moments in discussing almost everything in heaven and earth and the waters under the earth, are all faithfully and interestingly described.

There is a story running through the book the characters in which are skillfully used to further the object of the author. Tina and Harry were orphans. Tina, a little girl of seven, had run away from a home she hated, and with her brother was trying to go to Oldtown. They found a deserted house, stayed there overnight, and were discovered by some Oldtown people.

Miss Mehitable took the little girl to "bring up," but, feeling her inexperience, was discussing proper methods with some of her friends and neighbors.

I.

"It's a very serious responsibility," said Miss Mehitable, "at my time of life, to charge one's self with the education of a child. One treats one's self to a child as one buys a picture or a flower. But the child will not remain a picture or a flower, and then comes the awful question, what it may grow to be, and what share you may have in determining its future."

"Well," said Aunt Lois, "old Parson Moore said you must begin in the very beginning and break a child's will,—short off—nothing to be done without that. I remember he whipped little Titus, his first son, off and on, nearly a whole day, to make him pick up a pocket-handkerchief."

Here the edifying conversation was interrupted by a loud explosive expletive from the buttery, which showed that my grandmother was listening with anything but approbation.

"*Fiddlesticks!*" quoth she.

"And did he succeed in entirely subduing the child's will in that one effort?" said Miss Mehitable, musingly.

"Well, no. Mrs. Moore told me he had to have twenty or thirty just such spells before he brought him under; but he persevered, and he broke his will at last,—at least so far that he always minded when his father was round."

"*FIDDLESTICKS!*" quoth my grandmother, in a yet louder and more explosive tone.

"Mrs. Badger does not appear to sympathize with your views," said Miss Mehitable.

"Oh! mother? Of course she don't; she has her own ways and doings, and she won't hear to reason," said Aunt Lois.

"Come, come, Lois; I never knew an old maid who didn't think she knew just how to bring up children," said my grandmother. "Wish you could have tried yourself with that sort of doxy when you were little. Guess if I'd broken your will I should have had to break you for good and all, for your will is about all there is of you! But I tell you, I had too much to do to spend a whole forenoon making you pick up a pocket-handkerchief. When you didn't mind, I hit you a good clip, and picked it up myself; and when you wouldn't go where I wanted you, I picked you up, neck and crop, and put you there. That was my government. I let your will take care of itself. I thought the Lord had given you a pretty strong one, and he knew what 'twas for, and could take care of it in his own time.

"I hate to hear folks talk nonsense. People don't need to talk to me about Parson Moore's government. Tite Moore was well enough while his father was round, but about the worst boy I ever saw when his eye was off from him."

"Well, now, there was Aunt Sally Morse," said Aunt Lois, steadily ignoring the point of my grandmother's discourse. "There was a woman that brought up children exactly to suit me. Everything went like clock-work with her babies; they were put down to sleep at just such a time, and nobody was allowed to rock 'em, or sing to 'em, or fuss with 'em. If they cried, she just whipped them till they stopped; and when they began to toddle about, she never put things out of their reach, but just slapped their hands whenever they touched them, till they learned to let things alone."

"I'd like to have seen that tried on my children," quoth my grandmother. "Sally had a set of white, still children, that were all just like dipped candles by nature, and she

laid it all to her management; and look at 'em now they're grown up. Lucinda Morse isn't a bit better than you are, Lois, if she was whipped and made to lie still when she was a little baby, and you were taken up and rocked whenever you cried. All is, they had hard times when they were little, and cried themselves to sleep nights, and were hec-tored and worried when they ought to have been taking some comfort.

"I hate to see a woman that don't want to rock her own baby, and is contriving ways all the time to shirk the care of it. Why, if all the world was that way, there would be no sense in Scripture. 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you,' the Bible says—taking for granted that mothers were made to comfort children and give them good times when they were little. I took comfort in mine, and let them have their comfort as they went along; and they're none the worse for it now, as I see."

II.

"Well, in all these cases there is a medium, if we could hit it," said Miss Mehitable. "There must be authority over these ignorant, helpless little folks in early years, to keep them from ruining themselves."

"Oh, yes! of course there must be government," said my grandmother. "I always made my children mind me; but I wouldn't pick quarrels with 'em, nor keep up long fights to break their will; if they didn't mind, I came down on 'em and had it over with at once, and then was done with 'em. They turned out pretty fair, too."

"I was reading Mr. John Locke's treatise on education yesterday," said Miss Mehitable. "It strikes me there are many good ideas in it."

"Well, one live child puts all your treatises to rout," said my grandmother. "There ar'n't any two children alike; and what works with one will not with another. Folks have just got to open their eyes, and look and see what the Lord meant when he put the child together, if they can, and not stand in his way."

My grandmother, like other warm-tempered, impulsive, dictatorial people, had formed her theories of life to suit her own style of practice. She was, to be sure, autocratic in her own realm, and we youngsters knew that at certain times, when her blood was up, it was but a word and a blow for us, and that the blow was quite likely to come first and the word afterward; but the temporary severities of kindly-natured, generous people never lessen the affection of children or of servants, any more than do the too hot rays of the benignant sun, or the too driving patter of the needful rain.

When my grandmother detected us in a childish piece of mischief, and soundly cuffed our ears, or administered summary justice with immediate pelts of her rheumatic crutch, we never felt the least rising wrath or rebellion, but only made off as fast as possible, generally convinced that the good woman was in the right of it, and that we got no more than we deserved.

I remember one occasion when Bill had been engaged in making some dressed chickens dance. Bill set them up on their pins and put them through active gymnastics, in course of which their interior treasures were rapidly scattered out upon the table. A howl of indignation from grandmother announced coming wrath, and Bill darted out of the back door, while I was summarily seized and chastised.

"Grandmother, grandmother! *I* didn't do it: it was Bill."

"Well, but I can't catch Bill, you see," said my venerable monitor, continuing the infliction.

"But I didn't do it."

"Very well, let it stand for something you did do, then," quoth my grandmother, by this time quite pacified: "you do bad things enough that you ar'n't whipped for, any day."

The whole resulted in a large triangle of pumpkin pie, administered with the cordial warmth of returning friendship, and thus the matter was happily adjusted. Even the prodigal son Bill, when, returning piteously and standing penitent under the milk-room window, he put in a submissive plea, "Please, grandmother, I will not do so any more," was allowed a peaceable slice of the same comfortable portion, and bid go in peace.

The theorists on education will find no improvement in the contemplation of my grandmother's methods, and will pronounce her a pig-headed, passionate, impulsive, soft-hearted body, as entirely below the notice of a rational, inquiring mind as an old brooding hen, which model of maternity in many respects she resembled. It may be so, but the longer I live the more faith I have in grandmothers and grandmotherly logic.

W. B. Stowe

1. Responsibility, edifying, expletive, hectoring, treatise, dictatorial, summarily, gymnastics, maternity.

2. What is meant by "government"? What should be the underlying principle of all government? How would grandmother's theory work in school? Aunt Lois's theory? For what words are the following abbreviations: "don't," "won't," "didn't," "ar'n't," "'em"?

LXXVI. THE VALUE OF YESTERDAY.

DAVID SWING (1830-1894), was born at Cincinnati, Ohio. He was Professor of Greek and Latin at Miami University, Oxford, O., for thirteen years. He then became pastor of a church in Chicago, Ill., where he gained a national reputation as a writer and speaker. There is a charm in his expressions that attracts more, perhaps, than the thought itself, which, however is always deserving of our study.

I.

Time divides itself into three continents, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow—each grand, each peculiar, and each measureless. The divinity that presides over to-morrow is called Hope; the present has no guardian by name; and the divinity of the past is called Memory. There is no eloquence, no poetry, no process of reasoning, that can do justice to the beauty and influence of any one of these periods. Looking backward and forward, the heart becomes overwhelmed with the weight and mystery of the theme.

The study of the distances in the heavens, in which we find that there are suns whose light could not have reached our world in less than a million of years, is scarcely less bewildering than the contemplation of the yesterday and the to-morrow. Led by its own impulse, the human heart has always prized the to-morrow more than the present or the yesterday, and hence has written most of its poetry in the name of Hope.

Hope has always been the popular goddess of earth's children. When all other shrines are vacant, this one receives its daily offering of flowers. But the days that are past are like a mother, whose youth and powers of mind and affection have all failed in the life-long devotion to her children. The marks in her forehead, the whiteness of her face, the solemnity of her heart, are only proofs that her

bloom and vivacity have journeyed over to her loved ones, and their life, their love, their works, their language, their song, are a direct inheritance from the one who is soon to be recalled from their sight.

Thus Yesterday is the mother of us all, and the tomb and ruins of all the nations are only marks upon the forehead of this great parent; they are the whiteness of that face which faded in behalf of new life and new happiness; they are the fragments of that home where Yesterday lived and taught the new generations playing about her. The future greatness of man may be a dream, but the past is a great fact of which nothing can rob us, and whose worth no fancy can overestimate.

Beyond the unfolding of truths yesterday possesses another power,—that of softening and modulating the mind and heart. Egotism draws its vanity from a perfect forgetfulness of yesterday, while, if the past retains anything of value, it is that all self-worship and glorification are the weakest shape human nature can assume, and that there is nothing worth living for except the general mental and moral progress of self and of all mankind. The great graves are those that cover the dust of hearts that did some work, that entered after them into the public welfare and happiness.

There is no vanity away from man. The sea gives us her music without egotism. The rainbow spreads her gorgeous arch without boasting; the nightingale sings her notes unseen among the wild thorns in the silent night. The flowers fill the air with perfume and the sight with indescribable tints, but without ostentation. Man alone has vanity, because he has been blind to yesterday, and lives too much in the proud thrones and glories of to-morrow.

It is only where the past begins to be recognized by the mind, where the soul looks back at its own path and at the great path of mankind, that a spirit rises from that wide silent ocean, that drives away all self-worship and makes man stand in a combined strength and humility, the only combination worthy of man or his Maker.

II.

Yesterday contains all the battlefields in which freedom was gradually wrought out from many threads, all dipped in blood. Yesterday contains the experiments and the failures of all despotisms. Yesterday contains the onset and the defeat of every form of vice and sin. Yesterday holds the ashes of all beauty and of all life, except that of the soul with God.

God has not without reason thrown such an immense history behind his children of to-day. It must be that out of the world that has been, there is always flowing down to those who are living, a stream of wisdom and character that bears them onward to a sacred destiny. To-day is the sublime part of life, because it is continually making that yesterday which will always follow us, go where we may in this life or one to come. If this is so, and we all feel that it is, then there is one thing better than all high resolve,—namely, noble deeds already done. Better therefore than hope of great things to come is the memory of good already performed.

O my friends! before whose feet the stream of life is running swiftly to-day, and above all, O you young hearts who have as yet no yesterday, but in whose hands its destiny is lying all untouched and ready to be formed for joy or grief! do not despise to-day and fill your eyes with only the vision

of glittering Hope; do not sit upon the banks of this stream waiting for its waters to run by and bring you the beautiful Future, but pour out your hearts' powers and life upon the Present, because it is creating a Yesterday whose smile, if it wears one, will never perish, and whose tears of sin, if it has them, not even a merciful God can wipe away.

The chief part of your life is not that which spreads out before you, but it will soon be that which shall be back of you. The impulse of a river is not in the broad expanses where it emerges into the sea, but is far back of that, in the table-lands and mountain ranges of a vast continent, all which, having caught the rains and having dissolved the snows of yesterday, crowd the stream forward in a majestic sweep.

Thus life should not go on allured only by a poetic Hope, but pressed forward by the momentum and majestic flow of days that are gone. They weave its texture out of their golden threads; they fill it with wisdom, with love and humility, and then throw it forward to Heaven, as the South Wind carries northward in spring the song of birds and the garlands of flowers.

Hope is herself founded upon the past. It is a glorious past only that produces a serene glorious hope. Yesterday is the foundation of the Heavenly City. Hope is the sweet blue sky in which the structure rises. O friends! combine both Hope and Memory. Coming to the grave, he only can look forward with joy who can sweetly look back.

DAVID SWING.

1. Bewildering, vivacity, inheritance, modulating, indescribable, ostentation, allured, momentum, structure, texture.

2. Is there any limitation to the past and the future? Why do we

look more to the future than towards the past? What is the value of Yesterday? Why does a knowledge of the past tend to drive away egotism? This extract has the flow of poetry, and its well-rounded sentences are not often excelled in form and beauty.

LXXVII. DECEMBER.

ALICE CARY (1820-1871) was born near Cincinnati, Ohio. While several of her family were writers, her sister Phoebe and herself are the best known. Her writings have a sweet tenderness and a deep pathos, which can come only from heartfelt experience, and are always read by young and old with pleasure. There is a touch of nature in many of her shorter poems that attracts and moves all alike.

The moon, she is little and old,
The flowers are all in their graves,
And the withered leaves they are drifting by
In the cruel and crazy waves ;
For the boughs are brown, and the leaves are down
In the cold and curdling waves.

The moon she is little and low,
And over the hill, and away
By the huts of the fishers, I see the lift
Of the sea-fog cold and gray ;
And the bars of sand lying in toward the land
Are blind with the fog so gray.

I am come to an unknown world,
Where all is dreary and dim,
And no man speaketh back to me
In the tongue that I speak to him,
And my old, old dreams they are like the streams
With the leaves of December dim.

The moon she is little and old,
And down in the fields by the sea
The cowboy calls to his cows in a voice
That is sad and strange to me ;
And the winds have a tone that is not their own,
Beating about on the sea.

ALICE CARY.

LXXVIII. THE CHARIOT RACE.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE was born at Brookville, Indiana, in 1827. He has acquired distinction as a soldier, a diplomatist, and an author. He was a lieutenant in the Mexican War and a major-general in the Civil War. He was United States minister to Turkey for four years. His historical and romantic novels have been remarkably successful, owing to a happy choice of subjects, an intense realism, and a brilliant descriptive style. Wallace's vivid word-painting is seen in the following chapter from "Ben-Hur: a Tale of the Christ," * which is his greatest work. The scene is laid at Antioch. His other stories are "The Fair God: a Tale of the Conquest of Mexico," "The Boyhood of Christ," and "The Prince of India."



LEW WALLACE.

I. THE START.

At length the recess came to an end.

The trumpeters blew a call at which the absentees rushed back to their places. At the same time, some attendants appeared in the arena, and, climbing upon the division wall,

* From "Ben-Hur," by Gen. Lew Wallace—copyright, 1880, by Harper & Brothers.

went to an entablature near the second goal at the west end, and placed upon it seven wooden balls ; then returning to the first goal, upon an entablature there they set up seven other pieces of wood hewn to represent dolphins.

"What shall they do with the balls and fishes, O sheik?" asked Balthasar.

"Hast thou never attended a race?"

"Never before ; and hardly know I why I am here."

"Well, they are to keep the count. At the end of each round run thou shalt see one ball and one fish taken down."

The preparations were now complete, and presently a trumpeter in gaudy uniform arose by the editor, ready to blow the signal of commencement promptly at his order. Straightway the stir of the people and the hum of their conversation died away. Every face near by, and every face in the lessening perspective, turned to the east, as all eyes settled upon the gates of the six stalls which shut in the competitors.

The structure containing the stalls, it should be observed, was in form of the segment of a circle, retired on the right so that its central point was projected forward, and midway the course, on the starting side of the first goal. Every stall, consequently, was equally distant from the starting-line.

The trumpet sounded short and sharp ; whereupon the starters, one for each chariot, leaped down from behind the pillars of the goal, ready to give assistance if any of the fours proved unmanageable. Again the trumpet blew, and simultaneously the gate keepers threw the stalls open.

First appeared the mounted attendants of the charioteers, five in all, Ben-Hur having rejected the service. The chalked line was lowered to let them pass, then raised again.

They were beautifully mounted, yet scarcely observed as they rode forward ; for all the time the trampling of eager horses, and the voices of drivers scarcely less eager, were heard behind in the stalls, so that one might not look away an instant from the gaping doors.

Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours ; and up the vast assemblage arose, electrified and irrepressible, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the Circus and the air above it with yells and screams. This was the time for which they had so patiently waited !—this the moment of supreme interest treasured up in talk and dreams since the proclamation of the games !

The competitors were now under view from nearly every part of the Circus, yet the race was not begun ; they had first to make the chalked line successfully.

The line was stretched for the purpose of equalizing the start. If it were dashed upon, discomfiture of man and horses might be apprehended ; on the other hand, to approach it timidly was to incur the hazard of being thrown behind in the beginning of the race ; and that was certain forfeit of the great advantage always striven for—the position next the division wall on the inner line of the course.

The arena swam in a dazzle of light ; yet each driver looked first for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. So, all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable ; nor that merely. What if the editor, at the last moment, dissatisfied with the start, should withhold the signal to drop the rope ? Or if he should not give it in time ? The crossing was about two hundred and fifty feet in width. Quick the eye, steady the hand, unerr-

ing the judgment required. If now one look away ! or his mind wander ! or a rein slip !

The competitors having started each on the shortest line for the position next the wall, yielding would be like giving up the race ; and who dared yield ? It is not in common nature to change a purpose in mid career ; and the cries of encouragement from the balcony were indistinguishable and indescribable : a roar which had the same effect upon all the drivers.

The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeters by the editor's side blew a signal vigorously. Twenty feet away it was not heard. Seeing the action, however, the judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

As Messala turned in, the bronze lion's head at the end of his axle caught the foreleg of the Athenian's right-hand trace-mate, flinging the brute over against its yoke-fellow. Both staggered, struggled, and lost their headway. The ushers had their will at least in part. The thousands held their breath with horror.

Messala having passed, the Corinthian was the only contestant on the Athenian's right, and to that side the latter tried to turn his broken four ; and then, as ill-fortune would have it, the wheel of the Byzantine, who was next on the left, struck the tailpiece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunate Cleanthes fell under the hoofs of his own steeds : a terrible sight, against which Esther covered her eyes.

On swept the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian. When the Jewess ventured to look again, a party of workmen were removing the horses and broken car; another party were taking off the man himself; and every bench upon which there was a Greek was vocal with execrations and prayers for vengeance. Suddenly she dropped her hands; Ben-Hur, unhurt, was to the front, coursing freely forward along with the Roman! Behind them, in a group, followed the Sidonian, the Corinthian, and the Byzantine. The race was on; the souls of the racers were in it; over them bent the myriads.

II. THE STRUGGLE.

When the dash for position began, Ben-Hur, as we have seen, was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half blinded by the light in the arena; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. When not halfway across the arena, he saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall; that the rope would fall, he ceased as soon to doubt.

The rope fell, and all the fours but his sprang into the course under urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trails of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to lose the least time and gain the greatest possible advance. So, while the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine, and Corinthian were striving, with such skill as they possessed, to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the

outside. And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal.

The pedestal of the three pillars there, viewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were bent in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered in all respects the most telling test of a charioteer ; it was, in fact, the very feat in which Orestes failed. As an involuntary admission of interest on the part of the spectators, a hush fell over all the Circus, so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben-Hur, and recognized him ; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars !" he shouted, whirling his lash with practised hand—"Down Eros, up Mars !" he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known. The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. The silence deepened ; up on the benches behind the consul the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus : then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people. The four sprang forward affrighted. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love ; they had been nurtured ever so tenderly ; and as they grew, their confidence in man became a lesson to men beautiful to see. What should such dainty natures do under such indignity but leap as from death ? Forward they sprang as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car.

Past question, every experience is serviceable to us. Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which

helped him now so well? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea? And what was this spring of the floor under his feet to the dizzy eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows, drunk with their power? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only: on approaching the first goal, he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. So clearly was the feeling shown, so vigorous its manifestation, that Messala, with all his boldness, felt it unsafe to trifle further.

Three rounds concluded: still Messala held the inside position; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before. The contest began to have the appearance of one of the double races which became so popular in Rome during the later Cæsarean period,—Messala and Ben-Hur in the first, the Corinthian, Sidonian, and Byzantine in the second. In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside Ben-Hur, but lost it directly. The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position.

The interest which from the beginning had centered chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless, except as their faces turned following the contestants.

Messala had attained his utmost speed, and the effort was with effect; slowly but certainly he was beginning to forge

ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down ; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth ; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion ; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly the good steeds were doing their best ! How long could they keep the pace ? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car. The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound : they screamed and howled, and tossed their colors ; and Sanballat filled his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

III. THE FINISH.

Along the home stretch—sixth round—Messala leading, next him Ben-Hur, and so close it was the old story :

“First flew Eumelus on Pheretian steeds ;
With those of Tros bold Diomed succeeds ;
Close on Eumelus' back they puff the wind,
And seem just mounting on his car behind ;
Full on his neck he feels the sultry breeze,
And, hovering o'er, their stretching shadow sees.”

Thus to the first goal, and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp ; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces ; yet, when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel-tracks of the two cars, could have said, here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them.

One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablatures ; and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

First, the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and, smarting with fear and pain, they dashed desperately for-

ward, promising for a brief time to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next, the Byzantine and Corinthian each made the trial with like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, with a readiness perfectly explicable, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben-Hur, and openly indulged their feeling.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted, and the blent voices of the many rolled overwhelmingly against the consular stand. From the benches above him as he passed, the favor descended in fierce injunctions.

"Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now!"

"On! loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

"Let him not have the turn on thee again! Now or never!"

Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him. Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for halfway round the course and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change! And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, an act which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman genius was still president. On the three pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotions, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him!

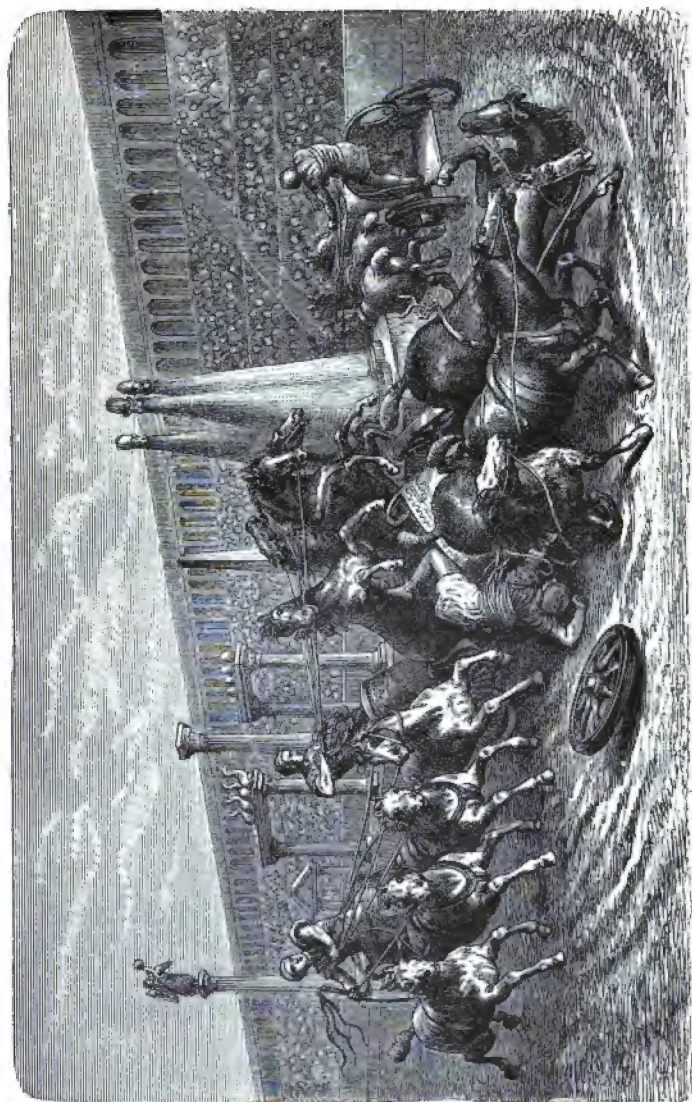
That moment Malluch, in the gallery, saw Ben-Hur lean forward over his Arabs, and give them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; and though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming,

along the reins he seemed to flash his will ; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car.

Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people he received no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs :

"On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse—oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women—singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory!—and the song will never end. Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent—home! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha, ha!—steady! The work is done—soho! Rest!"

There had never been anything of the kind more simple ; seldom anything so instantaneous. At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him, Ben-Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction ; that is, on a like circle limited to the least possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all : they saw the signal given—the magnificent response ; the four close outside Messala's outer wheel ; Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car—all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the Circus, and, quicker than thought, out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side



toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another and another; then the car went to pieces; and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong.

To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four, all mad with fear. Presently, out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the resound of blows, the murky cloud of dust and sand, he crawled, in time to see the Corinthian and Byzantine go on down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which, by look, word, and gesture, he so suddenly inspired his Arabs.

And such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and Corinthian were half-way down the course, Ben-Hur turned the first goal.

And the race was won!

1. Dolphins, entablature, sheik, missiles, electrified, irrepressible, competitors, equalizing, discomfiture, pedestal, balustrade.

2. What is "a segment of a circle"? Why is *e* retained before *able* in *unmanageable*? What is meant by "the arena swam in a dazzle of light"? Tell what you can about Sidon. About Corinth. From what city or country was "the Byzantine"? The verses in part III. are from the chariot race in the *Iliad*, where Diomedes gained the prize. The Aramaic language was spoken in Palestine in the time of Christ.

LXXIX. THE WIZARD'S CALL.

JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748) was the son of a Scotch clergyman. He was graduated at the University of Edinburgh, and commenced the study of divinity, but soon gave it up and devoted himself to literature. In originality, power of description, and pathos, he takes high rank among the poets. "The Seasons," which describes the varied year with great beauty and truth, is the most popular of his poems, though it is marred by heavy narrative and interpolated declamation. "The Castle of Indolence," an extract from which is given, is the greatest effort of Thomson's genius. The charm of his personality and of his poems is his deep sympathy for suffering man or brute.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
 And there, a season atween June and May,
 Half pranked with spring, with summer half embrowned,
 A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
 No living wight could work, ne cared e'en for play.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
 Close hid his castle 'mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,

And made a kind of checkered day and night.
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed ; and to his lute of cruel fate
And labor harsh complained, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that passed thereby ;
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighboring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;
Till clustering round the enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his siren melody ;
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung :

“ Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !
See all but man with unearned pleasure gay ;
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May !
What youthful bride can equal her array ?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

“ Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove ;
Ten thousand throats that from the flowering thorn
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove !
They neither plow, nor sow ; ne, fit for flail,

E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove ;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

"Come, ye who still the cumbrous load of life
Push hard up hill ; but as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labors to the valley deep,
For ever vain ; come, and, withouten fee,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils ; will steep you in a sea
Of full delight ; oh, come, ye weary wights, to me !

"What, what is virtue but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm that knows no storm ;
Above the reach of wild Ambition's wind,
Above the passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm ?
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy ; as breezes stray
Across th' enlivened skies, and make them still more gay.

"The best of men have ever loved repose ;
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
Where the soul sours and gradual rancor grows,
Embittered more from peevish day to day.
E'en those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renowned of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stolen away ;
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

“O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,
 Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;
 When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,
 And gives th’ untasted portion you have won,
 With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
 To those who mock you gone to Pluto’s reign,
 There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun ;
 But sure it is of vanities most vain,
 To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.”

JAMES THOMSON.

1. Encompassed, atween, hight, cumbrous, wight, malignant.
2. In what respect is the wizard wrong? Can we obtain without toil what we need? What is meant by “Cumæan shore”?

LXXX. CHANGES IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, the well-known English historian, was born in 1818, and was educated at Oxford. He wrote largely for the press, but his fame as an author rests on his “History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada” and “The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century.” His histories are full of interest to the general reader, though he often sacrifices accuracy for picturesque and dramatic effect, and makes both the lights and the shadows too prominent. Though his works have much merit, it is clear that he is acting as special pleader. In his *English History* he evidently means to remove the stains from Henry VIII.; and his

History of Ireland, written from a partial standpoint, attempts to justify the conduct of England toward that country.

For, indeed, a change was coming upon the world, the meaning and direction of which even still is hidden from us, a change from era to era. The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were taken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the old world were passing away, never to return.

A new continent had risen up beyond the western sea. The floor of heaven, inlaid with stars, had shrunk back into an infinite abyss of unmeasurable space; and the firm earth itself, unfixed from its foundation, was seen to be but a small atom in the awful vastness of the universe. In the fabric of habit which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer.

And now it is all gone—like an unsubstantial pageant faded; and between us and the old English there lies a gulf of mystery which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them.

Only among the aisles of the cathedral, only as we gaze upon their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were when they were alive; and perhaps in the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of the mediæval age, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

1. Unmeasurable, fabric, pageant, adequately, dissolving, unsubstantial, laboriously, mediæval.

2. What is an "era"? What was the greatest cause of sixteenth cen-

tury changes? What specially "was passing away"? What form of "chivalry" was dying? What is meant by "The floor of heaven had shrunk back"? How was the earth "unfixed from its foundation"?

LXXXI. RARE BEN JONSON.



BEN JONSON.

BEN JONSON (1573-1637) a noted early English dramatist, was born at Westminster. He was well educated, "possessing all the learning that was wanting in Shakespeare, and wanting all the genius which the other possessed," as Hume says. His works are voluminous, and, as records of his age, highly valued; but, aside from some poetic gems like "A Vision of Beauty" and his exquisite "Hymn to Cynthia," they have little attraction for the general reader. "Every Man in his Humor," "Volpone," and "The Alchemist" are perhaps his best known plays.

Jonson was buried in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey. Sir John Young's epitaph upon his tombstone is "O rare Ben Jonson!"

I. A VISION OF BEAUTY.

It was a beauty that I saw,—

So pure, so perfect, as the frame

Of all the universe were lame

To that one figure could I draw,

Or give least line of it a law :

A skein of silk without a knot !

A fair march made without a halt !

A curious form without a fault !

A printed book without a blot !

All beauty !—and without a spot.

II. THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear ;
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far than May,
 Although it fall and die that night,—
 It was the plant and flower of Light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see ;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

LXXXII. THE THREE FORCES.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY (1814-1877), a graduate at Harvard University, devoted his life to history, though incidentally secretary of the United States Legation at St. Petersburg and Minister Plenipotentiary to England and to Austria. His rhetorical style, clear, interesting, and even eloquent, is well adapted to the scenes of which he writes. His representative works are "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "The History of the United Netherlands," and the "Life and Death of John of Barneveld." The following extract from "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" describes the three great forces acting upon each other and upon society when rights were not recognized and only brute force controlled.^a



JOHN MOTLEY.

The sword—the first, for a time the only, force ; the force of iron. The "land's master," having acquired the property

^a From Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," copyright, 1857, by Harper & Brothers.

in the territory and in the people who feed thereon, distributes to his subalterns, often but a shade beneath him in power, portions of his estate, getting the use of their faithful swords in return. Vavasours subdivide again to vassals, exchanging land and cattle, human or otherwise, against fealty, and so the iron chain of a military hierarchy, forged of mutually interdependent links, is stretched over each little province. Impregnable castles, here more numerous than in any other part of Christendom, dot the level surface of the country. Mailclad knights, with their followers, encamp permanently upon the soil.

Thus organized, the force of iron asserts and exerts itself. Duke, count, seignor and vassal, knight and squire, master and man, swarm and struggle amain. A wild, chaotic, sanguinary scene. Here, bishop and baron contend, centuries long, murdering human creatures by ten-thousands for an acre or two of swampy pasture; there, doughty families, hugging old musty quarrels to their heart, buffet each other from generation to generation; thus they go on, raging and wrestling among themselves, with all the world, shrieking insane war-cries which no human soul ever understood; acting, on the whole, according to their kind, and so getting themselves civilized or exterminated, it matters little which. Thus they play their part, those energetic men-at-arms; and thus one great force, the force of iron, spins and expands itself, century after century, helping on, as it whirls, the great progress of society toward its goal, wherever that may be.

Another force—the force clerical—arises; the might of educated mind measuring itself against brute violence. Priesthood works out its task, age after age; now smoothing penitent death-beds, consecrating graves, feeding the

hungry, clothing the naked, incarnating the Christian precepts in an age of rapine and homicide, doing a thousand deeds of love and charity among the obscure and forsaken—deeds of which there shall never be human chronicle, but a leaf or two, perhaps, in the recording angel's book ; hiving precious honey from the few flowers of gentle art which bloom upon a howling wilderness ; holding up the light of science over a stormy sea ; treasuring the few fossils of antique learning which become visible, as the extinct megatherium of an elder world reappears after the Gothic deluge. Thus the force of cultivated intellect, wielded by a chosen few and sanctioned by supernatural authority, becomes as potent as the sword.

A third force, developing itself more slowly, becomes even more potent than the rest : the power of gold. Even iron yields to the more ductile metal. The importance of municipalities, enriched by trade, begins to be felt. Commerce, the mother of Netherland freedom, and, eventually, its destroyer—even as in all human history the vivifying becomes afterwards the dissolving principle—commerce changes insensibly the aspect of society. Clusters of hovels become towered cities ; the green and gilded Hanse of commercial republicanism coils itself around the decaying trunk of feudal despotism. Cities leagued with cities throughout and beyond Christendom—empire within empire—bind themselves closer and closer in the electric chain of human sympathy and grow stronger and stronger by mutual support.

Fishermen and river raftsmen become ocean adventurers and merchant princes. Commerce plucks up half drowned Holland by the locks and pours gold into her lap. Gold wrests power from iron. Needy Flemish weavers become mighty manufacturers. Armies of workmen, fifty thousand strong,

tramp through the swarming streets. Silk-makers, clothiers, brewers, become the gossips of kings, lend their royal gossips vast sums, and burn the royal notes of hand in fires of cinnamon wood. Wealth brings strength, strength confidence. Gold in the end weighs up the other forces, and thus the mighty power of the purse develops itself and municipal liberty becomes a substantial fact.

J. Z. Motley.

1. Subalterns, vavasours, hierarchy, seignor, incarnating, megatherium, ductile, fealty, doughty, vivifying.

2. Does the Dutch Republic still exist? Why do not soldiers wear mail now? What is meant by "the force of iron"? Do these three forces still govern the world? Which is the most powerful? What is meant by "half drowned Holland"?

LXXXIII. RICHELIEU AND D'ARTAGNAN.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS père (1803-1870) was born in France, of African origin. He was one of the greatest of French novelists and dramatists. His stories deal largely with historical incidents, covered so deeply by the plot and the dialogue as to be almost unperceived. "The Count of Monte-Cristo" is called his greatest book, but "The Man in the Iron Mask" and "The Three Guardsmen," from which this extract is taken, are representative works. Alexandre Dumas fils ranks as a writer nearly as high as his illustrious father.

Cardinal Richelieu had in various ways attempted to gain the service of D'Artagnan. Lady de Winter had been employed by the cardinal to rid him of some enemies, and he had given her a paper protecting whomsoever should do the deed. This paper D'Artagnan had obtained. He and his friend had killed Lady de Winter, and he was arrested by order of the cardinal. His friends accompanied him to the cardinal's quarters.

L A CONFESSION.

The next day, at three in the afternoon, they reached Surgères. The cardinal was waiting there for Louis XIII.

The minister and the king exchanged their caresses freely, and congratulated each other on the happy chance which had freed France from the inveterate enemy who was arming Europe against her. After this, the cardinal, who had been informed by Rochefort that D'Artagnan had been arrested, and who was in haste to interrogate him, took leave of the king, inviting his majesty to go the next day to see the works at the embankment, which were at last complete.

On returning in the evening to his quarters, near the Pont de Pierre, the cardinal found the three musketeers all armed, and D'Artagnan, who was without his sword, standing before the door of the house which he inhabited. On this occasion, as he had all his strength about him, he looked sternly at them, and made a sign with his eye and hand for D'Artagnan to follow him. D'Artagnan obeyed.

"We will wait for you, D'Artagnan," said Athos, loud enough for the cardinal to hear. His eminence knitted his brows, stopped for an instant, and then went on, without uttering a single word.

D'Artagnan entered behind the cardinal, and Rochefort followed D'Artagnan; the door was guarded. His eminence entered the chamber which he made use of as a cabinet, and signed to Rochefort to introduce the young musketeer. Rochefort obeyed, and retired. D'Artagnan stood alone before the cardinal. It was his second interview with Richelieu; and he afterward confessed that he felt quite convinced it was to be his last. Richelieu remained leaning upon the chimney-piece, and there was a table standing between him and D'Artagnan.

"Sir," said the cardinal, "you have been arrested by my orders."

"I have been informed so, my lord."

"Do you know why?"

"No, my lord; for the only thing for which I ought to be arrested is yet unknown to your eminence."

Richelieu looked earnestly at the young man.

"Hallo!" said he, "what does this mean?"

"If your eminence will first tell me the charges against me, I will afterward tell you what I have done."

"There are crimes imputed to you which have cost the heads of people higher far than you are," replied the cardinal.

"And what are they, my lord?" demanded D'Artagnan, with a calmness which surprised even the cardinal himself.

"You are accused of corresponding with the enemies of the realm; of having pried into the secrets of the state; and of having attempted to make our general's plans miscarry."

"And who is my accuser, my lord?" inquired D'Artagnan, who had no doubt that it was her ladyship: "a woman branded by the justice of her country—a woman who was married to one man in France, and to another in England—a woman who poisoned her second husband, and attempted to poison me?"

"What are you saying, sir?" exclaimed the astonished cardinal, "and of what woman are you thus speaking?"

"Of Lady de Winter," replied D'Artagnan; "yes, of Lady de Winter—of whose crimes your eminence was undoubtedly ignorant when you honored her with your confidence."

"Sir," replied the cardinal, "if Lady de Winter has been guilty of the crimes you have mentioned, she shall be punished."

"She is punished, my lord!"

"And who has punished her?"

"We have."

"She is in prison, then?"

"She is dead."

"Dead!" repeated the cardinal, who could not credit what he heard: "dead! Did you say that she was dead?"

"Three times had she endeavored to kill me, and I forgave her; but she murdered the woman I loved, and then my friends and I seized her, tried her, and condemned her."

D'Artagnan then related the poisoning of Madame Bonan-cieux in the Carmelite convent at Béthune, the trial in the solitary house, and the execution on the banks of the Lys.

A shudder ran throughout the frame of the cardinal, who did not shudder easily. But suddenly, as if from the influences of some silent thought, his dark countenance became gradually clearer, and at last attained perfect serenity.

II. THE REWARD.

"So," said the cardinal, in a voice the gentleness of which contrasted strangely with the severity of his words, "you constituted yourselves the judges, without considering that those who are not legally appointed, and who punish without authority, are assassins."

"My lord, I have not for one instant thought of defending my head against your eminence. I will submit to whatever punishment your eminence may please to inflict. I do not value life sufficiently to fear death."

"Yes, I know it: you are a man of courage, sir," said the cardinal, in a voice almost affectionate. "I may therefore tell you beforehand that you will be tried, and even condemned."

"Another might reply to your eminence, that he had his pardon in his pocket. I content myself with saying, command, my lord, and I am ready."

"Your pardon!" said Richelieu, in surprise.

"Yes, my lord," replied D'Artagnan.

"And signed by whom? By the king?" The cardinal pronounced the words with a singular expression of contempt.

"No; by your eminence."

"By me? You are mad, sir."

"Your eminence will undoubtedly recognize your own writing?" And D'Artagnan presented to the cardinal the precious paper which Athos had extorted from her ladyship, and had given to D'Artagnan to serve him as a safeguard.

The cardinal took the paper and read in a very slow voice, and dwelling upon each syllable,

"It is by my order, and for the good of the state, that the bearer of this has done what he has done."

RICHELIEU.

The cardinal, after having read these lines, fell into a profound revery, but did not return the paper to D'Artagnan.

"He is deciding by what kind of punishment I am to die," said the Gascon to himself. "Well, faith! he shall see how a gentleman can die."

Richelieu continued in meditation, rolling and unrolling the paper in his hand. At last he raised his head, and, fixing his eagle eye upon that loyal, open, and intelligent countenance, read upon that face, all furrowed with tears, the sufferings which he had endured within a month, and he then thought, for the third or fourth time, what futurity might have in store for such a youth of barely twenty years, and what resources his activity and courage and intelligence might offer to a good master. On the other side, the crimes,

the power, the almost infernal genius of her ladyship had more than once alarmed him, and he felt a secret joy at being forever freed from such a dangerous accomplice. He slowly tore up the paper that D'Artagnan had so generously returned to him.

"I am lost," said D'Artagnan, in his own heart.

The cardinal approached the table, and, without sitting down, wrote some words on a parchment, of which two thirds were already filled up, and then fixed his seal upon it.

"That is my condemnation," thought D'Artagnan: "he spares me the misery of the Bastille and the details of a trial. It is really very kind of him."

"Here, sir," said the cardinal to the young man: "I took one *carte blanche* from you, and I give you another. The name is not inserted: you will write it yourself."

D'Artagnan took the paper with hesitation, and cast his eyes upon it. It was a commission of lieutenant in the musketeers. D'Artagnan fell at the cardinal's feet.

"My lord," said he, "my life is yours—make use of it henceforth; but this favor, which you bestow upon me, is beyond my merits: I have three friends who are more worthy of it."

"You are a brave youth, D'Artagnan," said the cardinal, tapping him familiarly on the shoulder, in his delight at having conquered that rebellious nature: "do what you like with this commission, as the name is omitted; only remember that it is to you I give it."

"Your eminence may rest assured," said D'Artagnan, "that I will never forget it."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

2. Who was king of France at the time of this story? Who was the cardinal? What was his position? Did he nearly rule the nation? What is meant by "knitted his brows"? By what title was the cardinal addressed? Do we have similar titles in this country? Who is entitled to the term "Honorable"? "Excellency"? "Your honor"? Has the President of the United States any title?

LXXXIV. THE LIE.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552-1618) was born in Devonshire, England. He was of an adventurous disposition, and became a soldier at the age of seventeen. Later he engaged in voyages of exploration to America. Receiving a patent from the Crown, in 1584, to take possession of lands in North America, he fitted out two ships, and discovered and occupied the territory known as Virginia. He was a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, but after the accession of James I. he was tried and executed for high treason. His short poems show a brilliant imagination and great felicity of expression. His greatest work, the "History of the World" (written during his imprisonment in the Tower of London), in matter and

style far excels any similar work previously written by English authors.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errand;
 Fear not to touch the best;
 The truth shall be thy warrant:
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others' action ;
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction :
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending :
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth ;
Tell honor how it alters ;
Tell beauty how she blasteth ;
Tell favor how it falters :
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness ;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness :
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness ;
Tell skill it is pretension ;
Tell charity of coldness ;
Tell law it is contention :
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness ;
Tell nature of decay ;
Tell friendship of unkindness ;
Tell justice of delay :
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming ;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming :
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city ;
Tell how the country erreth ;
Tell, manhood shakes off pity ;
Tell, virtue least preferreth :
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Yet, stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

LXXXV. THE SKY.

JOHN RUSKIN was born in London in 1819, and was graduated at Oxford. He studied painting as preliminary to his work as an art critic, and became professor of fine arts both at Cambridge and at Oxford. "Modern Painters" (intended to prove the superiority of modern landscape painters to the old masters), "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "The Stones of Venice" (the last two written to improve domestic architecture) are his representative works. His writings on various subjects have been voluminous. His best books display great thought, imagination, and knowledge, and at times his style is eloquent; but he lacks the logical faculty, and is apt to be too intense to be just in his criticisms.



JOHN RUSKIN.

It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has sky-painting like this doing for him constantly.

The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few ; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them ; he injures them by his presence ; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all ; bright as it is, it is

. . . not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;

it is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart ; for the soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful ; never the same for two moments together ; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, and almost divine in its infinity,—its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.

And yet we never make it a subject of thought but as it has to do with our animal sensations ; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the



worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration.

If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we

turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and moldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed, unregretted as unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed.

God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty—the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood—things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated—which are to be found always, yet each found but once,—it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught and the blessing of beauty given.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "J Ruskin". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large, stylized initial "J" and a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

1. Sole, functions, capricious, chastisement, monotonous, insipidity, apathy, unobtrusive.

2. Define *sky*. Does the sky present more constant pictures than the earth? Why? Why do we notice but few of its beauties? Can you add any beautiful sky-scenes to those given here?

LXXXVI. THE PAINS OF OPIUM.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859) was one of the most brilliant writers of the nineteenth century. His essays and miscellaneous works fill sixteen volumes. De Quincey began to take opium when he was eighteen, as a cure for toothache, and continued the use of the drug for about eight years, until he was in a state of misery and torpor. His work was done largely under its influence or in its shadow.



THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

His representative books are "Confessions of an English Opium Eater" (from which the lesson is taken), "The Cæsans," "Biographical Sketches," and "English Poets and Writers."

The Malay has been a fearful enemy for months. I have been every night, through his means, transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point; but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England, and to live in China and among

Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep ; and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it.

But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Hindostan. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, histories, and modes of faith, is so impressive that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of *castes* that have flowed apart, and refused to mix, through such immemorial tracts of time ; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life.

Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also, in which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all Oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and the barrier of utter abhorrence, and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals.

All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of Oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlight, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Hindostan.

From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshiped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brama through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed with cancerous kisses by crocodiles, and laid, confounded with all unutterable slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud.

These Oriental dreams always filled me with such amazement at the monstrous scenery, that horror seemed absorbed for a while in sheer astonishment. Sooner or later came a reflux of feeling that swallowed up the astonishment, and left me, not so much in terror, as in hatred and abomination of what I saw. Over every form, and threat, and punishment, and dim sightless incarceration, brooded a sense of eternity and infinity that drove me into an oppression as of madness.

Into these dreams only it was, with one or two slight exceptions, that any circumstances of physical horror entered. All before had been moral and spiritual terrors. But here the main agents were ugly birds, or snakes, or crocodiles; especially the last. The cursed crocodile became to me the object of more horror than almost all the rest. I was compelled to live with him, and (as was always the case almost in my dreams) for centuries. I escaped sometimes, and found myself in Chinese houses, with cane tables and other bamboo furniture. All the feet of the tables, sofas, and chairs soon became instinct with life: the abominable head of the crocodile, and his leering eyes, looked out at me, multiplied into a thousand repetitions; and I stood loathing and fascinated.

And so often did this hideous reptile haunt my dreams, that many times the very same dream was broken up in the very same way; I heard gentle voices speaking to me (I hear everything when I am sleeping), and instantly I awoke: it was broad noon, and my children were standing, hand in hand, at my bedside,—come to show me their colored shoes or new frocks, or to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the fearful crocodile, and the other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dreams, to the sight of innocent human natures and of infancy, that, in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept, and could not forbear it, as I kissed their faces.

Very truly yours,
Thomas Dr. Quincy

1. Superstitions, antediluvian, pagodas, incarceration, fascinated, transition, revulsion.

2. Mention some of the Chinese customs that differ from ours. Why does antiquity impress us? Where are the Ganges and the Euphrates? Who was Brama (or Brahma)? Vishnu? Seeva (or Siva)? Isis? Osiris? The ibis and the crocodile were regarded as sacred animals in ancient Egypt.

LXXXVII. LINES FROM TENNYSON.

I. TEARS.

Home they brought her warrior dead :

She nor swooned, nor uttered cry.

All her maidens, watching, said,

“She must weep, or she will die.”

Then they praised him, soft and low,

Called him worthy to be loved,

Truest friend and noblest foe ;

Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,

Lightly to the warrior stept,

Took the face-cloth from the face ;

Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,

Set his child upon her knee,—

Like summer tempest came her tears—

“Sweet my child, I live for thee.”

FROM “THE PRINCESS.”

II. ASK ME NO MORE!

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea.
 The cloud may stoop from heaven & take the shape.
 With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape,
 But, O too fond, when have I answered thee?

ask me no more.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart & gather to the eyes
 In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
 And thinking on the days that are no more.

Alfred
 Tennyson.

LXXXVIII. THE LIFE BEYOND.

GERALD MASSEY was born in Hertfordshire, England, May 29, 1828. He is a genuine songster, full of imaginative conceptions which are fittingly expressed in almost perfect rhythm. His chief works are "The Ballad of Babe Christabel," "A Tale of Eternity," and "Craigcrook Castle."

Although its features fade in light of unimagined bliss,
 We have shadowy revealings of the Better World in this.

A little glimpse, when Spring unveils her face and opes her
 eyes,
 Of the Sleeping Beauty in the soul that wakes in Paradise!

A little drop of Heaven in each diamond of the shower,
A breath of the Eternal in the fragrance of each flower !

A little low vibration, in the warble of Night's bird,
Of the praises and the music that shall be hereafter heard !

A little whisper in the leaves that clasp their hands and try
To glad the heart of man, and lift to Heaven his grateful
eye !

A little semblance mirrored in old Ocean's smile or frown
Of His vast glory who doth bow the heavens and come
down !

A little symbol shining through the worlds that move at rest
On invisible foundations of the broad Almighty breast !

A little hint that stirs and thrills the wings we fold within,
And tells of that full heaven yonder which must here begin !

A little springlet welling from the fountain head above,
That takes its earthly way to find the ocean of all love !

A little silver shiver in the ripple of the river
Caught from the light that knows no night for ever and for
ever !

A little hidden likeness, often faded or defiled,
Of the great, the good All-father, in his poorest human
child !

Although the best be lost in light of unimagined bliss,
We have shadowy revealings of the Better World than this.

LXXXIX. THREE GREAT SENATORS.

HORACE GREELEY (1811-1872) was a poor farmer's boy, born in New Hampshire. At fifteen he became a printer, and at twenty he went to New York as poor as Franklin was when he went to Philadelphia. By his energy, perseverance, and genius for hard work, in spite of his eccentricities and lack of policy, he became the leading editor of this country. He was the founder of the "New York Tribune," a member of Congress, a candidate for the Presidency, and the author of several valuable works. The "American Conflict" and "Recollections of a Busy Life," from which this extract is taken, are his best known books.

Our great triumvirate—Clay, Webster, Calhoun—last appeared together in public life in the Senate of 1849-50: the two former figuring conspicuously in the debates which preluded and resulted in what was termed the Compromise of that year—Mr. Calhoun dying as they had fairly opened, and Messrs. Clay and Webster not long after their close. This chapter is, therefore, in some sort, my humble tribute to their genius and their just renown.

I best knew and loved Henry Clay; he was by nature genial, cordial, courteous, gracious, magnetic, winning. When General Glascock, of Georgia, took his seat in Congress as a Representative, a mutual friend asked, "General, may I introduce you to Henry Clay?" "No, sir!" was the stern response: "I am his adversary, and choose not to subject myself to his fascination."

I think it would have been hard to constitute for three or four years a legislative body whereof Mr. Clay was a member, and not more than four sevenths were his pledged, implacable opponents, whereof he would not have been the master spirit, and the author and inspirer of most of its measures, after the first or second year.

Mr. Webster was colder, graver, sterner, in his general bearing; though he could unbend and be sunny and blithe

in his intercourse with those admitted to his intimacy. There were few gayer or more valued associates on a fishing or sailing party. His mental caliber was much the larger ; I judge that he had read and studied more ; though neither could boast much erudition, not even intense application. I believe each was about thirty years in Congress, where Mr. Clay identified his name with the origin or success of at least half a dozen important measures to every one thus blended with Mr. Webster's. Though Webster's was far the more massive intellect, Mr. Clay as a legislator evinced far the greater creative, constructive power.

I once sat in the Senate Chamber when Mr. Douglas rose to move forward a bill in which he was interested. "We have no such practice in the Senate, sir," said Mr. Webster, in his deep, solemn voice, fixing his eye on the mover, but without rising from his seat. Mr. Douglas at once varied his motion, seeking to achieve his end in a somewhat different way. "That is not the way we do business in the Senate, sir," rejoined Mr. Webster, still more decisively and sternly. "The Little Giant" was a bold, ready man, not easily overawed or disconcerted ; but, if he did not quiver under the eye and voice of Webster, then my eyesight deceived me,—and I was very near him.

Mr. Calhoun was a tall, spare, earnest, evidently thoughtful man, with stiff, iron-gray hair, which reminded you of Jackson's about the time of his accession to the Presidency. He was eminently a logician,—terse, vigorous, relentless. He courted the society of clever, aspiring young men who inclined to fall into his views, and exerted great influence over them. As he had abandoned the political faith which I distinguish and cherish as National while I was yet a schoolboy, I never met him at all intimately.

Yet once, while I was connected with mining on Lake Superior, I called on him, as on other leading members of Congress, to explain the effect of the absurd policy, then in vogue, of keeping mineral lands out of market, and attempting to collect a percentage of the mineral as rent accruing to the Government. He received me courteously, and I took care to make my statement as compact and perspicuous as I could, showing him that, even in the lead region, where the system had attained its full development, the Treasury did not receive enough rent to pay the salaries of the officers employed in collecting it.

"Enough," said Mr. Calhoun; "you are clearly right. I will vote to give away these lands rather than perpetuate this vicious system."

"We only ask, Mr. Calhoun," I rejoined, "that Congress fix on the lands whatever price it may deem just, and sell them at that price to those lawfully in possession; they failing to purchase, then to whomsoever will buy them."

"That plan will have my hearty support," he responded; and it did. When the question came at length to be taken, I believe there was no vote in either House against selling the mineral lands.



1. Triumvirate, fascination, implacable, caliber, erudition, evinced, achieve, decisively, perspicuous.

2. Why are these senators called "Our Great Triumvirate"? What do you know about them? What is the meaning of "figuring conspicuously"? Senator Douglas was called "The Little Giant." What are "mineral lands"?

XC. MAHOMET.

EDWARD GIBBON (1737-1794) was a famous English historian. In early life he showed a literary instinct, but he passed more than thirty years in study, travel, and as an officer in the army. Then, becoming interested in Rome, he began to prepare his great work, "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Gibbon may not have been so deep a thinker as Hume, but he had a greater variety of learning, and a more perfect command of his knowledge. Professor Smyth pronounces his "Decline and Fall" one of "the most extraordinary monuments that have appeared of the literary powers of a single mind." His partiality and prejudice, however, led him to misrepresent facts in some cases, even if not enough to mar greatly the value of the history as a whole.

According to the tradition of his companions, Mahomet was distinguished by the beauty of his person—an outward gift which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused. Before he spoke, the orator engaged on his side the affections of every audience. They applauded his commanding presence, his majestic aspect, his piercing eye, his gracious smile, his flowing beard, his countenance that painted every sensation of the soul, and his gestures that enforced each expression of the tongue.

In the familiar offices of life he scrupulously adhered to the grave and ceremonious politeness of his country: his respectful attention to the rich and powerful was dignified by his condescension and affability to the poorest citizens of Mecca; the frankness of his manner concealed the artifice of his views; and the habits of courtesy were imputed to personal friendship or universal benevolence. His memory was capacious and retentive, his wit easy and social, his imagination sublime, his judgment clear, rapid, and decisive. He possessed the courage both of thought and action; and although his designs might gradually expand with his success, the first idea which he entertained of his divine mission bears the stamp of an original and superior genius.

The son of Abdallah was educated in the bosom of the noblest race, in the use of the purest dialect of Arabia ; and the fluency of his speech was corrected and enhanced by the practice of discreet and seasonable silence. With these powers of eloquence, Mahomet was an illiterate barbarian ; his youth had never been instructed in the arts of reading and writing ; the common ignorance exempted him from shame or reproach, but he was reduced to a narrow circle of existence, and deprived of those faithful mirrors which reflect to our mind the minds of sages and heroes.

Yet the book of nature and of man was open to his view ; and some fancy has been indulged in the political and philosophical observations which are ascribed to the Arabian traveler. He compares the nations and the religions of the earth ; discovers the weakness of the Persian and Roman monarchies ; beholds with pity and indignation the degeneracy of the times ; and resolves to unite, under one God and one king, the invincible spirit and primitive virtues of the Arabs. Our more accurate inquiry will suggest, that instead of visiting the courts, the camps, the temples of the East, the two journeys of Mahomet into Syria were confined to the fairs of Bostra and Damascus ; that he was only thirteen years of age when he accompanied the caravan of his uncle, and that his duty compelled him to return as soon as he had disposed of the merchandise of Cadijah.

In these hasty and superficial excursions, the eye of genius might discern some objects invisible to his grosser companions ; some seeds of knowledge might be cast upon a fruitful soil ; but his ignorance of the Syriac language must have checked his curiosity, and I cannot perceive in the life or writings of Mahomet that his prospect was far extended beyond the limits of the Arabian world.

From every region of that solitary world the pilgrims of Mecca were annually assembled, by the calls of devotion and commerce : in the free concourse of multitudes, a simple citizen, in his native tongue, might study the political state and character of the tribes, the theory and practice of the Jews and Christians. Some useful strangers might be tempted or forced to implore the rights of hospitality ; and the enemies of Mahomet have named the Jew, the Persian, and the Syrian monk, whom they accuse of lending their secret aid to the composition of the Koran.

Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius ; and the uniformity of a work denotes the hand of a single artist. From his earliest youth Mahomet was addicted to religious contemplation : each year, during the month of Ramadan, he withdrew from the world ; in the cave of Hera, three miles from Mecca, he consulted the spirit of fraud or enthusiasm, whose abode is not in the heavens but in the mind of the prophet. The faith which, under the name of Islam, he preached to his family and nation, is compounded of an eternal truth and a necessary fiction—THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE GOD, AND THAT MAHOMET IS THE APOSTLE OF GOD.



1. Tradition, scrupulously, affability, fluency, enhanced, illiterate, exempted, degeneracy, primitive, artificer, courtesy.

2. Who was Mahomet (or Mohammed)? On what does the biography of most heroes depend? Is the earlier history of all countries dependent on legends and tradition? What is the sacred book of the Mohammedans called? What races now believe in Mahomet?

XCI. INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850) was a native of Cockermouth, Cumberland, England. He was graduated at Cambridge, and soon afterwards published his first work. His earlier ballads were not well received. They were so different from the philosophical, refined, and chivalrous poems of the times, and mingled pathos and tenderness with ludicrous images and odd associations to such an extent, that their simple, natural beauties were not appreciated. But he soon remedied most of his errors of taste and judgment, and won great favor. The influence of Wordsworth has been beneficial and lasting. He es-

tablished a new school of poetry, in which the study of man and nature was made prominent, and which enlisted the reader's sympathy in the sorrows and sufferings of his fellows. He wrote pure English, and his verses are full of power, originality, and beauty, while their touch of nature and their deep pathos, resting on his sympathy with man, and illustrated by the play of his lofty imagination, place him in the front rank of the poets of all time. Wordsworth's representative poems are "The Excursion," "Ode on Intimations of Immortality, from Recollections of Early Childhood," "The Skylark," and "We are Seven."

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,

To me did seem

Appareled in celestial light—

The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore :

Turn whereso'er I may,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose ;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home.

Oh, joy ! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive !
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction : not, indeed,
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise ;

But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,
 To perish never—
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
 Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !

Hence, in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither—
 Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
 And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound !

We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May !
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower—
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind :
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be ;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering ;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves !
Forebode not any severing of our loves !
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway ;
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet ;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears—

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Wm. L. G. Swarth

1. Appareled, benediction, thither, forebode, relinquished.

2 To what time does the first stanza refer? With nature the same, what "glory" has gone from earth? What is meant by "in our embers"? Why did the poet "raise the song of thanks"? To what does he turn for new strength?

XCII. ROME.

SARAH MARGARET FULLER (1810-1850), known as Marchesa d'Ossoli, was born in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts. She read Latin when six years of age, and at fifteen was studying Greek, French, and Italian literature, and Scotch metaphysics, besides keeping a critical journal. After her father's death she taught in Boston and Providence, but soon began her "Conversations," which Emerson records. During a trip to Europe she married Marquis Ossoli, and for a time lived in Italy. She lost her life by shipwreck off Fire Island, near New York. An intellectual, sympathetic, noble-hearted woman, she left an impress of power and culture on every page of her works. "Papers on Literature and Art," "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," and "At Home and Abroad" are her best known books.

The genius of Rome displayed itself in Character, and scarcely needed an occasional wave of the torch of thought to show its lineaments, so marble strong they gleamed in every light. Who, that has lived with those men, but admires the plain force of fact, of thought passed into action? They take up things with their naked hands. There is just the man, and the block he casts before you,—no divinity, no demon, no unfulfilled aim, but just the man

and Rome, and what he did for Rome. Everything turns your attention to what a man can become, not by yielding himself freely to impressions, not by letting nature play freely through him, but by a single thought, an earnest purpose, an indomitable will, by hardihood, self-command, and force of expression.

Architecture was the art in which Rome excelled, and this corresponds with the feelings these men of Rome excite. They did not grow,—they built themselves up, or were built up by the fate of Rome, as a temple for Jupiter Stator. The ruined Roman sits among the ruins; he flies to no green garden; he does not look to heaven; if his intent is defeated, if he is less than he meant to be, he lives no more.

The names which end in "*us*" seem to speak with lyric cadence. That measured cadence,—that tramp and march,—which are not stilted, because they indicate real force, yet which seem so when compared with any other language,—make Latin a study in itself of mighty influence. The language alone, without the literature, would give one the *thought* of Rome. Man present in nature, commanding nature too sternly to be inspired by it, standing like the rock amid the sea, or moving like the fire over the land, either impassive or irresistible; knowing not the soft mediums or fine flights of life, but, by the force which he expresses, piercing to the center.

We are never better understood than when we speak of a "Roman virtue," "a Roman outline." There is somewhat indefinite, somewhat yet unfulfilled, in the thought of Greece, of Spain, of modern Italy; but ROME! it stands by itself, a clear Word. The power of Will, the dignity of a fixed purpose, is what it utters. Every Roman was an Emperor.

Nursed by this Roman wolf, man gains a different complexion from that which is fed by the Greek honey. He takes a noble bronze in camps and battlefields; the wrinkles of councils well besem his brow, and the eye cuts its way like the sword. The Eagle should never have been used as a symbol by any other nation; it belonged to Rome.

The history of Rome abides in mind, of course, more than the literature. It was degeneracy for a Roman to use the pen; his life was in the day. The "vaunting" of Rome, like that of the North American Indians, is her proper literature. A man rises; he tells who he is, and what he has done; he speaks of his country and her brave men; he knows that a conquering god is there, whose agent is his own right hand; and he should end like the Indian, "I have no more to say."

It never shocks us that the Roman is self-conscious. One wants no universal truths from him, no philosophy, no creation, but only his life, his Roman life, felt in every pulse, realized in every gesture. The universal heaven takes in the Roman only to make us feel his individuality the more. The Will, the Resolve of man!—it has been expressed!

I steadily loved this ideal in my childhood, and this is the cause, probably, why I have always felt that man must know how to stand firm on the ground, before he can fly. In vain for me are men more, if they are less, than Romans.

MARGARET FULLER (OSSOLI).

1. Lineaments, indomitable, lyric, cadence, piercing, symbol.
2. Of what period in history does this treat? Are the people of Rome called "Romans" now? Do they speak Latin? Who was "Jupiter Stator"? What is the allusion in "Nursed by this Roman wolf"? The Romans did have a remarkable literature. Vergil, Horace, Cicero, Cæsar, and many others give evidence of Rome's literary greatness.

XCIII. MARIUS THE EPICUREAN.

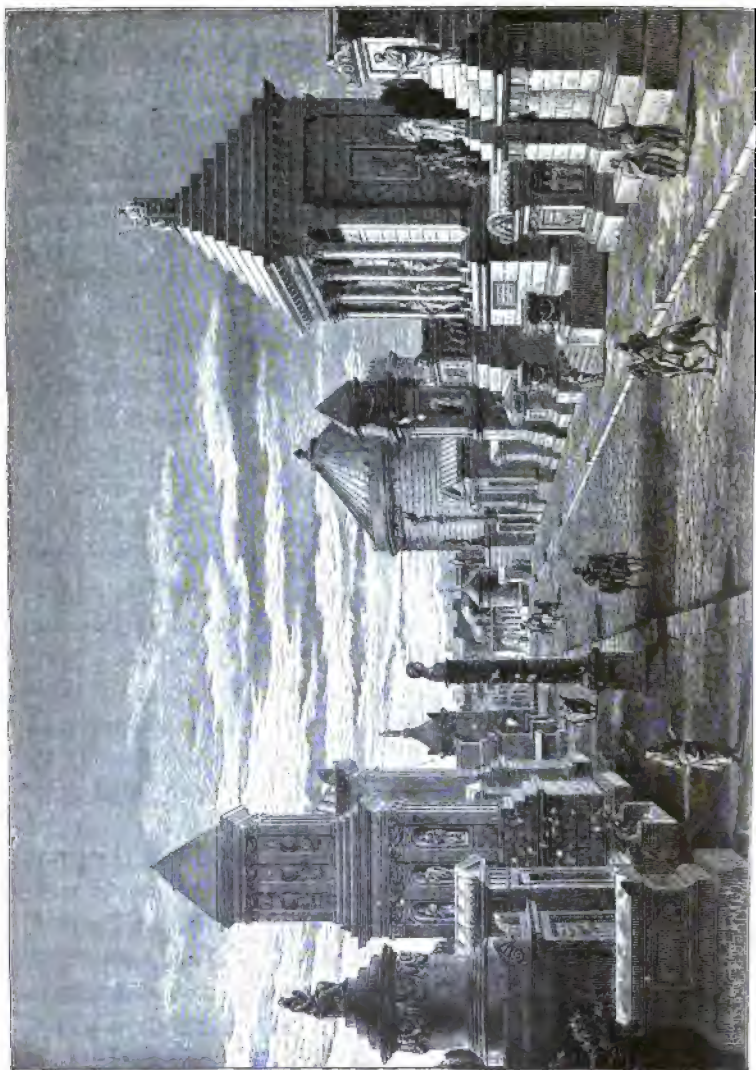
These extracts are taken from "*Marius the Epicurean*," by Walter Pater (1839-1894), a Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, England. It is one of the very few novels of our times that will outlast the century. It is called a novel perhaps because there is the thread of a story running through it; yet it is by no means a novel of incidents, but a novel of philosophy, a book to be read, re-read, and studied, attracting the thoughtful reader by its simple, pleasing style as well as by its exposition of humanity. Pater's other books are "*Studies in the History of the Renaissance*," "*Imaginary Portraits*," and "*Appreciations*."

I. MARIUS'S FIRST VIEW OF ROME.

Marius was certainly fortunate in the time of his coming to Rome. That old pagan world, of which Rome was the flower, had reached its perfection in the things of poetry and art—a perfection which indicated only too surely the eve of decline. As in some vast intellectual museum, all its manifold products were intact and in their places, and with custodians, also still extant, duly qualified to appreciate and explain them. And at no period of history had the material Rome itself been better worth seeing; lying there not less consummate than that world of pagan intellect which it represented in every phase of its darkness and light. The various work of many ages fell here harmoniously together, as yet untouched save by time, adding the final grace of a rich softness to its complex expression.

Much which spoke of ages earlier than Nero, the great rebuilder, lingered on, antique, quaint, immeasurably venerable, like the relics of the mediæval city in the Paris of Louis the Fourteenth; while the work of Nero's own time had come to have that sort of old-world and picturesque interest which the work of Louis has for ourselves.

The temple of Antoninus and Faustina was still fresh in all the majesty of its closely arrayed columns, but, on the



whole, little had been added under the late and present emperors, and during fifty years of public quiet, a sober brown and gray had grown apace on things.

The gilding on the roof of many a temple had lost its garishness; cornice and capital of polished marble shone out with all the crisp freshness of real flowers, amid the already moldering travertine and brickwork, though the birds had built freely among them.

What Marius then saw was in many respects, after all deduction of differences, more like the modern Rome than the enumeration of particular losses might lead us to suppose; the Renaissance, in its most ambitious mood and with amplest resources, having resumed the ancient classical tradition there, with no break or obstruction, as it had happened, in any very considerable work of the middle age.

Immediately before him, on the square, steep height, where the earliest little old Rome had huddled itself together, arose the palace of the Cæsars. Half veiling the vast substruction of rough, brown stone—line upon line of successive ages of builders—the trim, old-fashioned garden walks, under their closely woven walls of dark, glossy foliage, test of long and careful cultivation, wound gradually, among choice trees, statues and fountains, distinct and sparkling in the full morning sunlight, to the richly tinted mass of pavilions and corridors above, centering in the lofty, white marble dwelling-place of Apollo himself.

II. THE AGE OF GOLD.

That a Numa, and his age of gold, would return, has been the hope or the dream of some, in every age. Yet if he did come back, or any equivalent of his presence, he

could but alleviate, and by no means wholly remove, that root of evil, certainly of sorrow, of outraged human sense, in things which one must carefully distinguish from all preventable accidents.

Death, and the little perpetual daily dyings which have something of its sting, he must necessarily leave untouched. And methinks that were all the rest of man's life framed entirely to his liking, he would straightway begin to sadden himself, over the fate—say, of the flowers! For there is, has come to be since Numa lived, perhaps, a capacity for sorrow in his heart, which grows with all the growth, alike of the individual and of the race, in intellectual delicacy and power, and which will find its aliment.

At all events, the actual conditions of our life being as they are, and the capacity for suffering so large a principle in things, and the only principle always safe, a sympathy with the pain one actually sees, it follows that the constituent practical difference between men will be their capacity for a trained insight into those conditions, their capacity for sympathy; and the future with those who have most of it.

And for the present, those who have much of it have (I tell myself) something to hold by, even in the dissolution of a world, or in that dissolution of self which is for every one no less than the dissolution of the world it represents for him. Nearly all of us, I suppose, have had our moments in which any effective sympathy for us has seemed impossible, and our pain in life a mere stupid outrage upon us, like some overwhelming physical violence; and we could seek refuge from it, at best, only in a mere general sense of goodwill somewhere, perhaps.

And then, to one's surprise, the discovery of that goodwill, if it were only in a not unfriendly animal, may seem

to have explained, and actually justified, the existence of our pain at all. Certainly, there have been occasions when I have felt that if others cared for me as I did for them, it would be, not so much a solace of loss as an equivalent for it—a certain real thing in itself—a touching of that absolute ground among all the changes of phenomena, such as our philosophers of late have professed themselves quite unable to find.

In the mere clinging of human creatures to each other; nay, in one's own solitary self-pity, even amidst what might seem absolute loss, I seem to touch the eternal. A certain very real new thing is evolved in that pitiful contact, which, on a review of all the perplexity of life, satisfies the moral sense, and removes that appearance of unkindness in the soul of things themselves, and assures us that not everything has been in vain.

WALTER PATER.

1. Antique, mediæval, travertine, Renaissance, misshapen, equivalent, preventable, aliment, substruction, garishness.

2. In what century did Marius see Rome? Why does perfection indicate decline? What did Nero rebuild? When was Louis XIV. king of France? What is the first record of brick-making? What is meant by the "Age of Gold"? "The little daily dyings"?

XCIV. THREE CONTEMPORARY POETS.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS (1806-1867) was born in Portland, Maine. He was a graduate at Yale College, where he gained a prize for an original poem. He became a journalist of no mean reputation, and his books were carefully and ably written. A few of his sacred poems, like "The Leper," and some of his simple, descriptive pieces, like "The Belfry Pigeon" and "Homeward Bound," have gained lasting favor.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK (1790-1867) was a native of Guilford, Conn. He devoted himself to business, and made literature a recreation. His writings

are refined, full of fancy, and in excellent taste. "Marco Bozzaris" and "Alnwick Castle" are among his most popular poems.

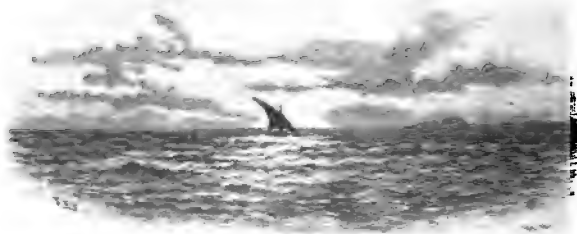
GEORGE POPE MORRIS (1802-1864) was born in Philadelphia. As editor of the "Home Journal" of New York he represented the best literary, artistic, and dramatic interests of his time, but his reputation rests largely on his songs of patriotism and friendship, such as "The West," "Woodman, Spare That Tree," and "My Mother's Bible."

I. HOMEWARD BOUND.

Bright flag at yonder tapering mast,
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!
Point home, my country's flag of stars!

Adieu, O lands of fame and eld!
I turn to watch our foamy track,
And thoughts with which I first beheld
Yon clouded line come hurrying back;
My lips are dry with vague desire,
My cheek once more is hot with joy—
My pulse, my brain, my soul on fire!
Oh, what has changed that traveler-boy!

As leaves the ship this dying foam,
His visions fade behind—his weary heart speeds home.



Adieu, O soft and southern shore,
Where dwelt the stars long missed in heaven,—
Those forms of beauty, seen no more,
Yet once to Art's rapt vision given !
Oh, still the enamored sun delays,
And pries through fount and crumbling fane,
To win to his adoring gaze
Those children of the sky again !
Irradiate beauty, such as never
That light on other earth hath shone,
Hath made this land her home forever ;
And, could I live for this alone—
Were not my birthright brighter far
Than e'en this beauteous land's can be,—
Held not the West one glorious star,
New-born, and blazing for the free,—
Soared not to heaven our eagle yet,—
Rome, with her memories grand, should teach me to forget !

Adieu, O fatherland ! I see
Your white cliffs on the horizon's rim,
And, though to freer skies I flee,
My heart swells, and my eyes are dim ;
As knows the dove the task you give her,
When loosed upon a foreign shore ;
As spreads the raindrop in the river
In which it may have flowed before—
Home, over vale and over mountain,
My fancy flies from climes more fair ;
My blood, that knew its parent fountain,
Leaps at the thought of Freedom's air.

W. P. Morris

II. ALNWICK CASTLE.

I wandered through the lofty halls
Trode by the Percys of old fame,
And traced upon the chapel walls
Each high, heroic name,—
From him who once his standard set
Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons,
To him who, when a younger son,
Fought for King George at Lexington,
A major of dragoons.

That last half stanza—it has dashed
From my warm lip the sparkling cup ;
The light that o'er my eyebeam flashed,
The power that bore my spirit up
Above this banknote world, is gone ;
And Alnwick's but a market town,
And this, alas ! its market day,
And beasts and borderers throng the way.

These are not the romantic times
So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,
So dazzling to the dreaming boy :
Ours are the days of fact, not fable,
Of knights, but not of the Round Table,
Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy.
Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglas in red herrings ;
And noble name and cultured land,
Palace, and park, and vassal band,

Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschild or the Barings.

You'll ask if yet the Percy lives
In the armed pomp of feudal state?
The present representatives
Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate"
Are some half dozen serving men,
In the drab coat of William Penn;
A chambermaid, whose lip, and eye,
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,
Spoke Nature's aristocracy;
And one, half groom, half seneschal,
Who bowed me through court, bower, and hall,
From donjon keep to turret wall,
For ten-and-sixpence sterling.



III. THE WEST.

Ho! brothers—come hither and list to my story—
Merry and brief will the narrative be:
Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glory—
Master am I, boys, of all that I see.
Where once frowned a forest, a garden is smiling—
The meadow and moorland are marshes no more;
And there curls the smoke of my cottage, beguiling
The children who cluster like grapes at the door.
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
The land of the heart is the land of the West.

Talk not of the town, boys,—give me the broad prairie,
Where man, like the wind, roams impulsive and free;
Behold how its beautiful colors all vary,
Like those of the clouds or the deep-rolling sea!
A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing;
With proud independence we season our cheer,
And those who the world are for happiness ranging
Won't find it at all, if they don't find it here.
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
I'll show you the life, boys, we live in the West.

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,
We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own;
We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,
And care not a jot for the king on his throne.
We never know want, for we live by our labor,
And in it contentment and happiness find;
We do what we can for a friend or a neighbor,
And die, boys, in peace and good will to mankind.
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
You know how we live, boys, and die in the West.

Geo. F. Morris.

1. Lithe, enamored, irradiate, mosque, minaret, seneschal, denjon, beguiling, turmoil.

2. In "Homeward Bound" to what lands does the poet bid adieu? What is meant by "strain home"? "fame and eld"? What kind of dove is meant? Who was Percy? What is meant by "banknote world"? "notes of hand"? How are the times changed? Where is the West?

XCV. A TAVERN BRAWL.

STANLEY J. WEYMAN was born in Shropshire, England, in 1855. After graduating from college, he taught, practiced law, and traveled until he began his literary work. His novels deal largely with history, and are widely read. "*The House of the Wolf*," "*The Red Cockade*," and "*A Gentleman of France*," from which this lesson is taken, are representative works.

This romance is so set against a background of history as to bring out prominently the principal personages of the time of Henry of Navarre. It is full of adventure, and is fairly good from a literary standpoint. The hero, conducting two ladies to the camp before Paris, reached Etampes, twelve leagues from the capital, and sought rest in the principal inn, which was crowded. They obtained a small room, but were obliged to eat in the Public, —a large room, with long board tables, surrounded by rough people. The hero and the ladies were masked, a not uncommon thing in those days; they were insulted by a braggart, who demanded that they should take a glass of wine with him. Our hero civilly refused, and retired with the ladies. On his return to the room a fight followed, as herein related.

I. THE CHALLENGE.

I had not taken two paces across the floor before I found my road blocked by the Italian, and read alike in his eyes and in the faces of the company that the meeting was premeditated. The man's face was flushed with wine; proud of his many victories, he eyed me with a boastful contempt my patience had perhaps given him the right to feel.

"Ha! well met, sir," he said, sweeping the floor with his cap in an exaggeration of respect. "Now, perhaps, your high-mightiness will condescend to unmask?"

"If I still refuse, sir," I said civilly, wavering between anger and prudence, and hoping still to avoid a quarrel which might endanger us all, "be good enough to attribute it to private motives, and to no desire to disoblige you."

"No, I do not think you wish to disoblige me," he answered, laughing scornfully—and a dozen voices echoed the gibe. "But for your private motives,—bah! Is that plain enough, sir?"

"It is plain enough to show me that you are an ill-bred man," I answered, choler getting the better of me. "Let me pass, sir!"

"Unmask!" he retorted, moving so as still to detain me, "or shall I call in the grooms to perform that office for you?"

Seeing at last that all my attempts to evade the man only fed his vanity, and encouraged him to further excesses, and that the motley crowd, who filled the room and already formed a circle round us, had made up their minds to see sport, I would no longer balk them; I could no longer do it, indeed, with honor. I looked round, therefore, for some one whom I might enlist as my second, but I saw no one with whom I had the least acquaintance. The room was lined from table to ceiling with mocking faces and scornful eyes all turned to me.

My opponent saw the look, and misread it; being much accustomed, I imagine, to a one-sided battle. He laughed contemptuously.

"No, my friend, there is no way out of it," he said. "Let me see your pretty face, or fight."

"So be it," I said quietly. "If I have no other choice, I will fight."

"In your mask?" he cried incredulously.

"Yes," I said sternly, feeling every nerve tingle with long-suppressed rage. "I will fight as I am. Off with your back and breast, if you are a man. And I will so deal with you that if you see to-morrow's sun you shall need a mask for the rest of your days."

"Ho! ho!" he answered, scowling at me in surprise, "you sing in a different key now. But I will put a term to it. There is space enough between these tables, if you

can use your weapon ; and much more than you will need to-morrow."

"To-morrow will show," I retorted.

Without more ado he unfastened the buckles of his breast-piece, and, relieving himself of it, stepped back a pace. Those of the bystanders who occupied the part of the room he indicated—a space bounded by four tables, and not unfit for the purpose though somewhat confined—hastened to get out of it and seize instead upon neighboring posts of 'vantage. The man's reputation was such, and his fame so great, that on all sides I heard naught but wagers offered against me at odds ; but this circumstance, which might have flurried a younger man and numbed his arm, served only to set me on making the most of such openings as the fellow's presumption and certainty of success would be sure to afford.

II. A DESPERATE DUEL.

The news of the challenge running through the house had brought together by this time so many people as to fill the room from end to end, and even to obscure the light, which was beginning to wane. At the last moment, when we were on the point of engaging, a slight commotion marked the admission to the front of three or four persons, whose consequence or attendants gained them this advantage.

In the few seconds of waiting while this went forward I examined our relative positions with the fullest intention of killing the man—whose glittering eyes and fierce smile filled me with a loathing which was very nearly hatred—if I could. The line of windows lay to my right and his left. The evening light fell across us, whitening the row of faces on

my left, but leaving those on my right in shadow. It occurred to me on the instant that my mask was actually an advantage, seeing that it protected my sight from the side light, and enabled me to watch his eyes and point with more concentration.

"You will be the twenty-third man I have killed!" he said boastfully, as we crossed swords and stood an instant on guard.

"Take care!" I answered. "You have twenty-three against you."

A swift lunge was his only answer. I parried it, and thrust, and we fell to work. We had not exchanged half a dozen blows, however, before I saw that I should need all the advantage which my mask and greater caution gave me. I had met my match, and it might be something more; but that for a time it was impossible to tell. He had the longer weapon, and I the longer reach. He preferred the point, after the new Italian fashion, and I the blade. He was somewhat flushed with wine, while my arm had scarcely recovered the strength of which illness had deprived me. On the other hand, excited at the first by the cries of his backers, he played rather wildly; while I held myself prepared, and, keeping up a strong guard, waited cautiously for any opening or mistake on his part.

The crowd round us, which had hailed our first passes with noisy cries of derision and triumph, fell silent after a while, surprised and taken aback by their champion's failure to spit me at the first onslaught. My reluctance to engage had led them to predict a short fight and an easy victory.

Convinced of the contrary, they began to watch each stroke with bated breath; or now and again, muttering the name of Jarnac, broke into brief exclamations as a blow

more savage than usual drew sparks from our blades, and made the rafters ring with the harsh grinding of steel on steel.

The surprise of the crowd, however, was but a small thing compared with that of my adversary. Impatience, disgust, rage, and doubt chased one another in turn across his flushed features. Apprised that he had to do with a swordsman, he put forth all his power. With spite in his eyes he labored blow on blow, he tried one form of attack after another; he found me equal, if barely equal, to all.

And then at last there came a change. The perspiration gathered on his brow, the silence disconcerted him; he felt his strength failing under the strain, and suddenly, I think, the possibility of defeat and death, unthought of before, burst upon him. I heard him groan, and for a moment he fenced wildly. Then he again recovered himself. But now I read terror in his eyes, and knew that the moment of retribution was at hand. With his back to the table, and my point threatening his breast, he knew at last what those others had felt.

He would fain have stopped to breathe, but I would not let him, though my blows also were growing feeble, and my guard weaker; for I knew that if I gave him time to recover himself he would have recourse to other tricks, and might outmaneuver me in the end. As it was, my black unchanging mask, which always confronted him, which hid all emotions and veiled even fatigue, had grown to be full of terror to him—full of blank, passionless menace.

He could not tell how I fared, or what I thought, or how my strength stood. A superstitious dread was on him, and threatened to overpower him. Ignorant who I was or whence I came, he feared and doubted, grappling with

monstrous suspicions, which the fading light encouraged. His face broke out in blotches, his breath came and went in gasps, his eyes began to protrude. Once or twice they quitted mine for a part of a second to steal a despairing glance at the rows of onlookers that ran to right and left of us. But he read no pity there.

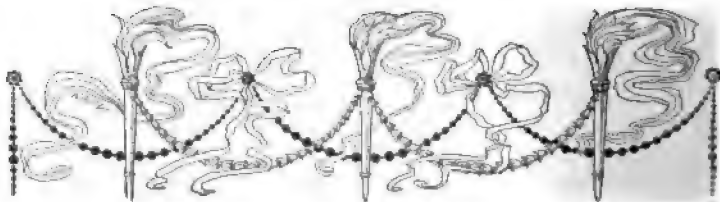
At last the end came—more suddenly than I had looked for it, but I think he was unnerved. His hand lost its grip of the hilt, and a parry which I dealt a little more briskly than usual sent the weapon flying among the crowd, as much to my astonishment as to that of the spectators. A volley of exclamations hailed the event; and for a moment I stood at gaze, eying him watchfully. He shrank back; then he made for a moment as if he would fling himself upon me dagger in hand. But seeing my point steady, he recoiled a second time, his face distorted with rage and fear.

“Go!” I said sternly. “Begone! Follow your sword! But spare the next man you conquer!”

STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

1. Premeditated, condescend, gibe, choler, motley, balk, derision, onslaught, retribution, outmaneuver, flurried.

2. What were the opposing forces in France at this time? Was dueling common? What is meant by “You have twenty-three against you”? “I the longer reach”? “Keeping a strong guard”? Are braggarts usually cowards?



XCVI. THE FREEMAN.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800) was born of a noble race, but his father was poor and he was not given a collegiate education. He was called to the bar, but disliked law and never practiced it. His reason gave way, and he was sent to an asylum. He was over forty years old before he completely recovered. Then he began his literary work. "The Task" is his greatest poem: "John Gilpin's Ride" has enjoyed wide popularity. His English translations of Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were the best up to the time of their appearance. He wrote in simple language the poetry of common life. His purity of character and great intellectual force are shown in all his writings.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That evil foes confederate for his harm
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and, though poor perhaps compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valley his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "My Father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That planned, and built, and still upholds a world
So clothed with beauty, for rebellious man?
Yes, ye may fill your garners, ye that reap

The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot ; but ye will not find
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeached
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city, planned or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains opened, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in every state ;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less.
For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury can cripple or confine ;
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
His body bound ; but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain ;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom He dwells.



1. Confederate, resplendent, filial, unimpeached, usurpation, withes.
2. How does the truth make us free? How was Samson bound? What is meant by "a peculiar right"? "or ere the hills were built"? "to no man's wrong"?

XCVII. MEMORY.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864) was born in Warwickshire, and educated at Rugby and Oxford. He refused to enter the army or to study law, though his father offered him a good income to do either. His rare acquirements and literary genius are shown in his "Imaginary Conversations," which cover a wide range of subjects, including universal history. His poems in general are inferior to his prose, but some of them are graceful, meditative, and full of pathos. "Memory" is the sad plaint of an old poet who sees his powers decaying.

The mother of the Muses, we are taught,
Is Memory : she has left me ; they remain,
And shake my shoulder, urging me to sing
About the summer days, my loves of old.
" Alas ! alas !" is all I can reply,
Memory has left with me that name alone,
Harmonious name, which other bards may sing,
But her bright image in my darkest hour
Comes back, in vain comes back, called or uncalled.
Forgotten are the names of visitors
Ready to press my hand but yesterday ;
Forgotten are the names of earlier friends
Whose genial converse and glad countenance
Are fresh as ever to mine ear and eye ;
To these, when I have written, and besought
Remembrance of me, the word " Dear " alone
Hangs on the upper verge, and waits in vain.
A blessing wert thou, O oblivion,
If thy stream carried only weeds away,—
But vernal and autumnal flower alike
It hurries down to wither on the strand !

Walter Savage Landor

XCVIII. WIT AND HUMOR.

SYDNEY SMITH (1771-1845) was born at Woodford, in Essex, England. He was educated at Oxford, and entered the Church. On account of his liberal opinions, he gained but little favor from the government, and his "livings" were not commensurate with his talent. He was one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*, and was its first editor. In all his contributions to the press he tried to enforce the opinions he held of public policy. He was the originator of "Mrs. Partington;" and the description of the good dame mopping back the Atlantic Ocean is one of the happiest specimens of humor. He was a professed joker and wit, but his sallies flow without apparent effort. He was a powerful reasoner, and the greatest master of ridicule since Swift, whom he equaled in wit, breadth of humor, and drollery of illustration, though inferior to him in originality. His "Plymley Letters," "Moral Philosophy," and essays in various periodicals are his best known works.

I wish, after all I have said about wit and humor, I could satisfy myself of their good effects upon the character and disposition; but I am convinced the probable tendency of both is to corrupt the understanding and the heart. I am not speaking of wit where it is kept down by more serious qualities of mind, and thrown into the background of the picture; but where it stands out boldly and emphatically, and is evidently the master quality in any particular mind. Profound wits, though they are generally courted for the amusement they afford, are seldom respected for the qualities they possess. The habit of seeing things in a witty point of view increases, and makes incursions from its own proper regions upon principles and opinions which are ever held sacred by the wise and good.

A witty man is a dramatic performer: in process of time, he can no more exist without applause than he can exist without air; if his audience be small, or if they are inattentive, or if a new wit defrauds him of any portion of his admiration, it is all over with him—he sickens, and is extinguished. The applauses of the theater on which he per-

forms are so essential to him, that he must obtain them at the expense of decency, friendship, and good feeling. It must always be probable, too, that a *mere* wit is a person of light and frivolous understanding. His business is not to discover relations of ideas that are useful and have a real influence upon life, but to discover the more trifling relations which are only amusing; he never looks at things with the naked eye of common sense, but is always gazing at the world through a Claude Lorraine glass,—discovering a thousand appearances which are created only by the instrument of inspection, and covering every object with factitious and unnatural colors. In short, the character of a mere wit it is impossible to consider as very amiable, very respectable, or very safe.

So far the world, in judging of wit where it has swallowed up all other qualities, judge aright; but I doubt if they are sufficiently indulgent to this faculty where it exists in a lesser degree, and as one out of many other ingredients of the understanding. There is an association in men's minds between dullness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a very powerful influence in decision upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. The reason is, that the outward signs of a dull man and a wise man are the same, and so are the outward signs of a frivolous man and a witty man; and we are not to expect that the majority will be disposed to look to much more than the outward sign. Wit is very seldom the only eminent quality which resides in the mind of any man; it is commonly accompanied by many other talents of every description, and ought to be considered as a strong evidence of a fertile and superior understanding. Almost all the great poets, orators, and statesmen of all times have been witty.

I have talked of the danger of wit ; I do not mean by that to enter into commonplace declamations against faculties because they are dangerous ;—wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, everything is dangerous that has efficacy and vigor for its characteristics ; nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something ; to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible.

The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is *eight* men, not one man ; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit ; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information ; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle ; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much better than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit ;—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature.

There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men ; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness,—teaching age, and care, and pain, to smile,—extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit,

like this, is surely the flavor of the mind. Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food ; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "support his uneasy steps over the burning marle."

Sydney Smith

1. Tendency, incursions, defrauds, frivolous, factitious, indulgent, efficacy, mediocrity, incompatible, judicious, irretrievably.

2. What is the difference between *wit* and *humor*? What is meant by "a Claude Lorraine glass"? Are the greatest faculties dangerous?

XCIX. FABLES AND APHORISMS.

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745), Dean of St. Patrick's, was born in Dublin, of English parentage. He studied at Trinity College, Dublin, but received his degree only as a special favor. His entire life was embittered by disease, which finally culminated in insanity, foreshadowed by many of the wildest and most grotesque literary productions that were ever published. He was a poor boy, and felt deeply the disgrace of being an object of charity, which added to his bitterness and increased his hatred of mankind. Swift's poetry is perfect mechanically, and the purity of his prose style places it with Addison's as a model of English composition. He used at will irony, invective, wit, and argument,



JONATHAN SWIFT.

most powerfully. He knew the weaknesses of human nature, and assailed the frivolities and absurdities of the age with unsparing satire. He took either side in politics with equal facility.

The "Tale of a Tub" is one of the wittiest controversial tracts ever written. This and "Gulliver's Travels" are the corner stones of Swift's fame. His Correspondence is still read, but most of his Political Pamphlets have passed away with the times.

An old miser kept a tame jackdaw, that used to steal pieces of money, and hide them in a hole, which the cat observing, asked "Why he should hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of?" "Why," said the jackdaw, "my master has a whole chestful, and makes no more use of them than I."

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Imaginary evils often become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he, who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

"He who does not provide for his own house," St. Paul says, "is worse than an infidel." And I think he who provides only for his own house is just equal with an infidel.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others but useless to themselves; like a sundial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbors and passengers but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, etc., beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present; but are providing to live another time.

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

"That was excellently observed," said I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine: when we differ, then I pronounce him to be mistaken.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: "Future ages shall talk of this;" "This shall be famous to all posterity;" whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now. The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

It is in disputes, as in armies,—where the weaker side sets up false lights and makes a great noise, to make the enemy believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.

Some men, under the notion of weeding out prejudices, eradicate virtue, honesty, and religion.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

A man seeing a wasp creeping into a vial filled with honey that was hung on a fruit tree, said thus: "Why, thou sottish animal, art thou mad to go into the vial, where you see many hundreds of your kind dying before you?" "The reproach is just," answered the wasp, "but not from you men, who are so far from taking example by other people's follies that you will not take warning by your own. If after falling several times into this vial, and escaping by chance, I should fall in again, I should then resemble you."

There are few countries which, if well cultivated, would not support double the number of their inhabitants, and yet fewer where one third of the people are not extremely stinted even in the necessities of life. I send out twenty barrels of corn, which would maintain a family in bread for a year, and I bring back in return a vessel of wine, which half a dozen good fellows would drink in less than a month, at the expense of their health and reason.

In all well-constituted commonwealths, care has been taken to limit men's possessions; which is done for many reasons, and, among the rest, for one which perhaps is not often considered, that when bounds are set to men's desires, after they have acquired as much as the laws will permit them, their private interest is at an end, and they have nothing to do but to take care of the public.

DEAN SWIFT.

1. Imaginary, passengers, inconsistencies, posterity, prejudices.
 2. What is an aphorism? What is a fable? Which of the two is the first paragraph? Why? What is the plural of *chestful*? What is meant by "stoical scheme"? Who were the Stoics?
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C. THE BRICKMAKER.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ (1822-1872) was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, but passed most of his life in Italy. He was an artist, a sculptor, and a poet, but poetry was with him more of a recreation than an end. He had great imagination, and pictured in words as well as with the brush and the chisel. He is best known by "Sheridan's Ride," "Drifting," and "The Brickmaker."

I.

Let the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground,
And no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be molded.

In no stately structures skilled,
What the temple we would build?
Now the massive kiln is risen—
Call it palace—call it prison;
View it well: from end to end
Narrow corridors extend,—
Long, and dark, and smothered aisles:—
Choke its earthly vaults with piles
Of the resinous yellow pine;
Now thrust in the fettered fire—
Hearken! how he stamps with ire,
Treading out the pitchy wine;
Wrought anon to wilder spells,
Hear him shout his loud alarms;
See him thrust his glowing arms
Through the windows of his cells.

But his chains at last shall sever ;
Slavery lives not forever,
And the thickest prison wall
Into ruin yet must fall.
Whatsoever falls away
Springeth up again, they say ;
Then, when this shall break asunder,
And the fire be freed from under,
Tell us what imperial thing
From the ruin shall upspring ?

There shall grow a stately building,
Airy dome and columned walls ;
Mottoes writ in richest gilding
Blazing through its pillared halls.

In those chambers, stern and dreaded,
They, the mighty ones, shall stand ;
There shall sit the hoary-headed
Old defenders of the land.

There shall mighty words be spoken,
Which shall thrill a wondering world ;
Then shall ancient bonds be broken,
And new banners be unfurled.

But anon those glorious uses
In these chambers shall lie dead,
And the world's antique abuses,
Hydra-headed, rise instead.

But this wrong not long shall linger—
The old capitol must fall ;
For, behold ! the fiery finger
Flames along the fated wall.

II.

Let the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground,
And no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be molded—
Till the heavy walls be risen,
And the fire is in his prison :
But when break the walls asunder,
And the fire is freed from under,
Say again what stately thing
From the ruin shall upspring ?

There shall grow a church whose steeple
To the heavens shall aspire ;
And shall come the mighty people
To the music of the choir.

On the infant, robed in whiteness,
Shall baptismal waters fall,
While the child's angelic brightness
Sheds a halo over all.

There shall stand enwreathed in marriage
Forms that tremble, hearts that thrill,—
To the door Death's sable carriage
Shall bring forms and hearts grown still !

Decked in garments richly glistening,
Rustling wealth shall walk the aisle ;
And the poor without stand listening,
Praying in their hearts the while.

There the veteran shall come weekly
With his cane, oppressed and poor,
'Mid the horses standing meekly
Gazing through the open door.

But these wrongs not long shall linger—
The presumptuous pile must fall ;
For, behold ! the fiery finger
Flames along the fated wall.

III.

Let the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground,
And no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be molded :
Say again what stately thing
From the ruin shall upspring ?

Not the hall with columned chambers,
Starred with words of liberty,
Where the freedom-canting members
Feel no impulse of the free ;

Not the pile where souls in error
Hear the words, " Go, sin no more !"
But a dusky thing of terror,
With its cells and grated door.

To its inmates each to-morrow
Shall bring in no tide of joy.
Born in darkness and in sorrow
There shall stand the fated boy.

With a grief too loud to smother,
With a throbbing, burning head,
There shall groan some desperate mother,
Nor deny the stolen bread !

There the veteran, a poor debtor,
Marked with honorable scars,
Listening to some clanking fetter,
Shall gaze idly through the bars !

Shall gaze idly, not demurring,
Though with thick oppression bowed,
While the many, doubly erring,
Shall walk honored through the crowd.

Yet these wrongs not long shall linger—
The benighted pile must fall ;
For, behold ! the fiery finger
Flames along the fated wall.

IV.

Let the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground,
And no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be molded—
Till the heavy walls be risen
And the fire is in his prison.
Capitol, and church, and jail,
Like our kiln at last shall fail ;

Every shape of earth shall fade ;
But the Heavenly Temple, made
For the sorely tried and pure,
With its Builder shall endure !

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

1. Structures, corridors, resinous, columned, benighted, molded, aisle, presumptuous, kiln.

2. Describe brick-making. Compare the poetic description with your own. Who "stamps with ire"? How is the fire "fettered"? What is meant by "hydra-headed"? To what is allusion made in "the fiery finger"?

CI. A CHRISTMAS DINNER.



CHARLES DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870) was born of poor parents near Portsmouth, England. His father's family were imprisoned for debt. This may have made him the champion of the common people. Dickens's characters were living pictures, and one often forgets the story in his interest in the persons portrayed. His stories were always written for a purpose. One of them abolished imprisonment for debt; another exposed the cheap boarding-schools; a third attacked the poor-house system. Thus he used the novel to reform abuses which ordinary methods failed to reach. His critics have charged him with nearly every fault as an author, from "lack of plot" to "unnecessary exaggeration of details," but the best reply to them is the pop-

ularity of his works and the good they have done. He called "*David Copperfield*" his best book ; but "*Pickwick Papers*," "*Oliver Twist*," "*Nicholas*

Nickleby," "Dombey and Son," "Our Mutual Friend," and "A Tale of Two Cities" are equally admired by many. Dickens's humor is quaint and peculiar. He excels in pathos, yet always writes in a sound and healthy tone, without morbid sentimentality, and, in a spirit of loving kindness, tries to lead humanity upward.

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and, getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha warn't as late last Christmas-day by half an hour?"

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! there's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and

taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well, never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke, so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the washhouse, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.



"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire. Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table: the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it

in the breast ; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried " Hurrah !"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family ; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last ! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows ! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough ! Suppose it should break in turning out ! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid ! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo ! A great deal of steam ! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day ! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that ! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour.

Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass,—two tumblers, and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

Charles Dickens



1. Officious, exclusive, threadbare, declension, prematurely, credulity, ubiquitous, phenomenon, quartern, shriek, bedight, heresy, eked.

CII. SONGS OF STODDARD.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD was born in Higham, Mass., July 2, 1825. He had little school education, but, while working in a cotton factory, subsequently as a lawyer's clerk, a reporter, and a bookkeeper, and finally as apprentice to an iron-molder, he found time to read and study the best authors, and began his literary career by writing a few fugitive poems, which were published in book form as "Footprints." He has published several other volumes of poems, and has contributed many prose articles to the leading American magazines. His poems show a vivid imagination and great love of truth and beauty, and are generally finished in style, revealing an intimate knowledge of humanity and a depth of feeling.

I. NATURE.

O Nature, Nature ! I have worshiped thee
From being's dimmest dawn, perchance before ;
Or ere my spirit touched this earthly shore,
Or time began with me.

When but a babe (so say the ancient crones
Who nursed me then), I watched the sky for hours,
Smiled at the clouds, and laughed in glee at showers,
And wept when winds were at their wintry moans.

A little truant child, with trembling tread,
I sought the garden walks with wondering mind,
Perplexed to hear the fluting of the wind
In branches overhead :

I loved the wind, I loved the whispering trees,
I loved their shadowy shifting images,
And loved the spots of light that lay like smiles
Around the green arcades and leafy forest aisles.

It mattered little where I went,
Everywhere I was content ;

Everywhere I saw and heard
Sights and sounds divine ;
Everywhere was Nature stirred,
And Nature's love was mine,
And I, what loved I not, O Nature, that was thine ?
I held my peace ; I sang aloud ;
I walked the world as in a cloud.

I loved the clouds ;—

Fire-fringed at dawn, or red with twilight bloom,
Or stretched above, like isles of leaden gloom
In heaven's vast deep ; or drawn in belts of gray,
Or dark blue walls along the base of day,
Or snowdrifts luminous at highest noon,
Ragged and black in tempest, veined with lightning,
And, when the moon was brightening,
Impearled and purpled by the changeful moon.

I loved the moon ;—

Whether she lingered by the porch of Even,
When Day retiring struck his yellow tents ;
Whether she scaled the ancient peak of heaven,
Whose angels watched her from its battlements ;
Whether, like early Spring, she walked the night,
O'er tracks of cloudy snow ;
Whether she dwindled in the morning light,
Like some departed spirit, loath to go ;
Or sifted showers of silver through the trees,
Or trod with her white feet across the heavy seas.

II. GAINS FOR ALL OUR LOSSES.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain :
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

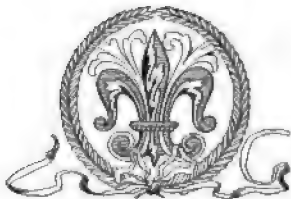
We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign :
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain ;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again !

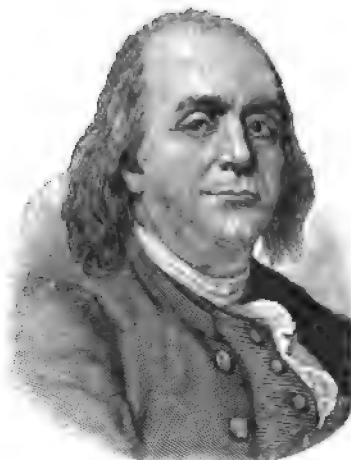
RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

1. Perchance, arcades, luminous, dwindled, balms, worshiped, crones, veined, aisles, isles, battlements.

2. What is meant by "fluting of the wind"? What other terms can you mention for the sound of wind in trees? Name the different phases of Nature mentioned here. Can you explain the losses and gains in the second poem?



CIII. THE SAVAGES OF NORTH AMERICA.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706-1790) was born in Boston, Mass. He was the fifteenth child of a family of seventeen. With but little education, he escaped from the distasteful business of his father, and entered his brother's printing-office. He has told in the best of all his works, his "Autobiography," the story of his struggles and triumphs as no other pen could tell them. His days and nights were passed in toil and study, and his genius soon showed itself in ballads and other articles which took the public fancy. When driven from Boston by his brother's harshness, he went to Philadelphia, where he made a home and a reputation. As he passed along the streets for

the first time, eating pieces of a loaf of bread, his future wife, Miss Reed, saw him and wondered at his curious appearance.

The secret of Franklin's success was in his well-balanced mind and his uniform industry. His writings would fill volumes, and he wrote but little that was not worth reading. His discovery of the identity of lightning with electricity gave him a scientific reputation abroad. His "Poor Richard's Almanac" and "The Way to Wealth" have been read the world over, while his essays and dissertations helped to mold the times in which he lived.

Franklin's public services were inestimable. Bancroft declares him to be "the greatest diplomat of the eighteenth century. He never spoke a word too soon; he never spoke a word too late; he never spoke a word too much; he never failed to speak the right word in the right place." He was Clerk of the Provincial Assembly, Postmaster General for British America, Minister to France, agent abroad for Massachusetts, Maryland, and Georgia, one of the framers of our Constitution, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Perhaps if we could examine the manners of different nations with impartiality, we should find no people so rude

as to be without any rules of politeness, nor any so polite as not to have some remains of rudeness. The Indian men, when young, are hunters and warriors ; when old, counselors ; for all their government is by counsel of the sages ; there is no force, there are no officers to compel obedience, or inflict punishment. Hence, they generally study oratory ; the best speaker having the most influence. Our laborious manner of life, compared with theirs, they esteem slavish and base ; and the learning on which we value ourselves, they regard as frivolous and useless.

An instance of this occurred at the treaty of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, *anno* 1744, between the government of Virginia and the Six Nations. After the principal business was settled, the commissioners from Virginia acquainted the Indians, by a speech, that there was at Williamsburg a college with a fund for educating Indian youth ; and that, if the chiefs of the Six Nations would send half a dozen of their young lads to that college, the government would take care they should be well provided for, and instructed in all the learning of white people. It is one of the Indian rules of politeness not to answer a public proposition on the same day that it is made ; they think it would be treating it as a light matter, and that they show it respect by taking time to consider it as of a matter important.

They therefore deferred their answer till the day following ; when their speaker began by expressing their deep sense of the kindness of the Virginia government in making them that offer. "For we know," says he, "that you highly esteem the kind of learning taught in those colleges, and that the maintenance of our young men with you would be very expensive to you. We are convinced, therefore, that you mean to do us good by your proposal, and we thank

you heartily. But you, who are wise, must know, that different nations have different conceptions of things, and you will therefore not take it amiss if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same with yours.

“We have had some experience of it; several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the northern provinces; they were instructed in all your sciences; but when they came back to us they were bad runners, ignorant of every means of living in the woods, unable to bear either cold or hunger, knew neither how to build a cabin, take a deer, or kill an enemy; spoke our language imperfectly; were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriors, or counselors; they were totally good for nothing. We are, however, not the less obliged by your kind offer, though we decline accepting it; and to show our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and *make men of them.*”

Having frequent occasions to hold public councils, they have acquired great order and decency in conducting them. The old men sit in the foremost ranks, the warriors in the next, and the women and children in the hindmost. The business of the women is to take exact notice of what passes, imprint it in their memories (for they have no writing), and communicate it to their children. They are the records of the council, and they preserve traditions of the stipulations in treaties a hundred years back, which, when we compare with our writings, we always find exact. He that would speak, rises: the rest observe a profound silence. When he has finished, and sits down, they leave him five or six minutes to recollect, that if he has

omitted anything he intended to say, or has anything to add, he may rise again and deliver it. To interrupt another, even in common conversation, is reckoned highly indecent.

Their manner of entering one another's villages has likewise its rules. It is reckoned uncivil, in traveling, for strangers to enter a village abruptly without giving notice of their approach. Therefore, as soon as they arrive within hearing, they stop and halloo, remaining there till invited to enter. Two old men usually come out to them, and lead them in. There is, in every village, a vacant dwelling called the stranger's house. Here they are placed while the old men go round from hut to hut, acquainting the inhabitants that strangers are arrived, who are probably hungry and weary, and every one sends them what they can spare of victuals, and skins to repose on. When the strangers are refreshed, pipes and tobacco are brought; and then, not before, conversation begins, with inquiries who they are, whither bound, what news, etc., and it usually ends with offers of service, if the strangers have occasion for guides, or any necessaries for continuing their journey; and nothing is exacted for the entertainment.



1. Impartiality, frivolous, *anno*, acquainted, deferred, maintenance, stipulations, civility.

2. What is the basis of true politeness? What is the difference between *etiquette* and *politeness*? Were the customs of the Indians here described *etiquette* or *politeness*? How did schooling unfit them for their mode of life? Should one's education be suited to his work?

CIV. THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784) was born at Lichfield, England, and was educated at Oxford, but on account of his poverty left the university before graduation. He tried teaching, but failed in spite of his great learning. He had neither the patience nor the power of imparting knowledge necessary for his work. Next he became a bookseller, then an author, again a teacher, and, finally, for a second time tried authorship, and succeeded. His greatest work was the Dictionary of the English Language, but his essays in "The Idler" and "The Rambler" (from the latter of which the following account of a dream is taken) were excellent, and greatly benefited English prose literature. "Rasselas" gained a lasting popularity. Johnson had vigor and precision of intellect, his reasoning was logical and sound, and his thoughts were original and striking, but he was superstitious, impetuous, irritable, and overbearing. "His contortions, his mutterings and gruntings, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of rage," and his vanity, all added to his notoriety after he had once gained notice. Still, he had a kindly heart, and always wrote to do good.

The vessels in which we had embarked, being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favorable accidents or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last. This necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring,—at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which Nature offered them as the solace of their labors; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful. They all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement for the present moment, and generally entertained themselves by playing with Hope, who was the constant associate of the voyage of life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promise, even to those whom she favored most, was, not that they should escape, but that they should sink last ; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions ; for in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety ; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

In the midst of the current of life was the gulf of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose, and with shades where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass. Reason, indeed, was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape ; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of Pleasure, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

Reason was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulf of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the center. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavored to retreat ; but the draught of the gulf was gen-

erally too strong to be overcome ; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost.

Those few whom Reason was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of Pleasure, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach to the gulf of Intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow ; but few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was that they sunk later, and more suddenly ; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the straits of infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harassed themselves by labors that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown Power, "Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking." I looked, and, seeing the gulf of Intemperance before me, started and awaked.



Sam. Johnson

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1. Incessant, intimidate, embarrassed, credulity, interspersed, circumvolution, insensible, anguish, draught, velocity.
2. What is meant by this dream? What are our vessels? Does not Hope promise more for this life than is here stated?

CV. THE OLD YEAR.

JAMES T. FIELDS (1817-1881) was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He was a noted essayist, editor, poet, lecturer, and publisher. By his personality, as well as through his writings, he contributed much to the advancement of American literature.

The white dawn glimmered, and he said, "'Tis day!"
The east was reddening, and he sighed "Farewell"—
The herald Sun came forth, and he was dead.

Life was in all his veins but yestermorn,
And ruddy health seemed laughing on his lips;—
Now he is dust and will not breathe again!

Give him a place to lay his regal head,
 Give him a tomb—beside his brothers gone,
 Give him a tablet for his deeds and name.

Hear the new voice that claims the vacant throne,
 Take the new hand outstretched to meet thy kiss,—
 But give the Past—'tis all thou canst—thy tears !

CVI. ODE TO ST. CECILIA.



JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631–1700) was born in Northamptonshire, England, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was a Cromwellian, a royalist, a Protestant, and a Catholic, in turn, as his interest required, and wrote forcibly for whichever side he favored. His political pamphlets were fine specimens of versification, but added little to his fame as a poet. His style charms by the negligence of its versification, and his "long resounding line" pleases by its irregularity. Influenced by the false taste and morals of his age, he failed to reach the high level his genius deserved. A few pleasing lyrics, the immortal "Alexander's Feast: or the

Power of Music," and "A Song for St. Cecilia's Day" represent Dryden at his best.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began ;
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 "Arise, ye more than dead !"

Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began ;
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound :
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, Hark ! the foes come :
Charge, charge ! 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining flute,
In dying notes, discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers ;
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

But, oh ! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise ?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race ;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre :
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher ;
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above ;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

JOHN DRYDEN.

1. Jarring, diapason, celestial, choirs, sequacious, pageant, chorded, clangor.

2. What did St. Cecilia invent? When the earth was without form and void, what is here represented as making atoms leap to their proper places? What is musical harmony? What is meant by "The diapason closing full in man"? "When Jubal struck the chorded shell"? "Music shall untune the sky"? Who was Jubal? Who was Orpheus?

CVII. THE ENFORCEMENT OF LAW.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN (1782-1850) was born in South Carolina, of Irish descent. He was graduated at Yale College, and studied law; but his great ability as speaker and thinker brought him into public notice, and he became in quick succession a member of the Legislature of South Carolina, a Representative to Congress, Secretary of War under President Monroe, Secretary of State under President Tyler, Vice-President for eight years, and finally United States Senator for three terms. His character was pure and simple; life was to him a duty, and he was never tainted by even a suspicion of dishonesty. Daniel Webster said, "I have known no man who employed less of his time in any pursuits not connected with the immediate discharge of his duty. His eloquence was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise. His power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner."

It is said that the bill ought to pass, because the law must be enforced. The law must be enforced! The imperial edict must be executed! It is under such sophistry, couched in general terms, without looking to the limitations which must ever exist in the practical exercise of power, that the most cruel and despotic acts ever have been covered. It was such sophistry as this that cast Daniel into the lions' den, and the three Innocents into the fiery furnace.

Under the same sophistry the bloody edicts of Nero and Caligula were executed. The law must be enforced! Yes, the act imposing "the tea tax must be executed." This was the very argument which impelled Lord North and his administration to that mad career which forever separated us from the British crown. Under a similar sophistry "that religion must be protected," how many massacres have been perpetrated! and how many martyrs have been tied to the stake!

What! acting on this vague abstraction, are you prepared to enforce a law without considering whether it be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional? Will you collect

money when it is acknowledged that it is not wanted? He who earns the money, who digs it from the earth with the sweat of his brow, has a just title to it against the universe. No one has a right to touch it without his consent except his government, and this only to the extent of its legitimate wants. To take more is robbery, and you propose by this bill to enforce robbery by murder.

Yes: to this result you must come, by this miserable sophistry, this vague abstraction of enforcing the law, without regard to the fact whether the law be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

1. Enforced, unconstitutional, sophistries, edict, couched, vague, abstraction.

2. What is an "imperial edict"? Who were the "Innocents"? What "tea tax" is meant? Who were Nero and Caligula? What is an "administration"? Is it right to enforce unjust laws?

CVIII. THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TUDORS.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859) was born in Leicestershire, England, of Scottish parentage. As a boy he was noted for his desire for knowledge. He was graduated at Cambridge, and was remarkable for his scholarship and general information. He was admitted to practice law, and held many public positions, being at several different periods a member of Parliament. He accepted the theory that the heroic and romantic incidents in Roman history as told by Livy were founded on ballads and legends, and selected four of these as themes for his verse in the "Lays of Ancient Rome." "Horatius Cocles," "Lake Regillus," "The Death of Virginia," and "The Prophecy of Capys" are everywhere known and read. Macaulay also made more modern subjects the themes of some of his heroic poems, and his noble ballads, "The Battle of Naseby," "Ivry," and "The Armada," are among the best in the language. His brilliant rhetoric, and his wonderful power of illustration, description, and word-painting, make his great work, "The History

of England," as interesting as a novel, but no doubt his public life and his political connections partially unfitted him for the judicial position an unprejudiced historian should occupy; and, while he may not be positively inaccurate, he often gives a partial and one-sided exposition of the truth, so that his history should be read with others of the same period in order to gain accurate information. His other representative prose works are several volumes of "*Critical and Historical Essays*," from one of which the following extract is taken.

It has long been the fashion, a fashion introduced by Mr. Hume, to describe the English monarchy in the sixteenth century as an absolute monarchy. And such undoubtedly it appears to a superficial observer. Elizabeth, it is true, often spoke to her parliaments in language as haughty and imperious as that which the Great Turk would use to his divan. She punished with great severity members of the House of Commons who, in her opinion, carried the freedom of debate too far. She assumed the power of legislating by means of proclamations. She imprisoned her subjects without bringing them to a legal trial. Torture was often employed, in defiance of the laws of England, for the purpose of extorting confessions from those who were shut up in her dungeons.

The authority of the Star Chamber and of the Ecclesiastical Commission was at its highest point. Severe restraints were imposed on political and religious discussion. The number of presses was at one time limited. No man could print without a license; and every work had to undergo the scrutiny of the primate, or the bishop of London. Persons whose writings were displeasing to the court were cruelly mutilated, like Stubbs, or put to death, like Penry. Non-conformity was severely punished. The queen prescribed the exact rule of religious faith and discipline; and whoever departed from that rule, either to the right or to the left, was

in danger of severe penalties. Such was this government. Yet we know that it was loved by the great body of those who lived under it. We know that, during the fierce contests of the sixteenth century, both the hostile parties spoke of the time of Elizabeth as of a golden age.

The truth seems to be that the government of the Tudors was, with a few occasional deviations, a popular government, under the forms of despotism. The authority of Elizabeth rested solely on the support of her people. Those who say that her power was absolute do not sufficiently consider in what her power consisted. Her power consisted in the willing obedience of her subjects, in their attachment to her person and to her office, in their respect for the old line from which she sprang, in their sense of the general security which they enjoyed under her government. These were the means, and the only means, which she had at her command for carrying her decrees into execution, for resisting foreign enemies, and for crushing domestic treason.

There was not a ward in the city, there was not a hundred in any shire in England, which could not have overpowered the handful of armed men who composed her household. If a hostile sovereign threatened invasion, if an ambitious noble raised the standard of revolt, she could have recourse only to the trainbands of her capital and the array of her counties, to the citizens and yeomen of England, commanded by the merchants and esquires of England.

Thus, when intelligence arrived of the vast preparations which Philip was making for the subjugation of the realm, the first person to whom the government thought of applying for assistance was the lord mayor of London. They sent to ask him what force the city would engage to furnish for the defense of the kingdom against the Spaniards. The

mayor and common council, in return, desired to know what force the Queen's Highness wished them to furnish. The answer was, fifteen ships and five thousand men. The Londoners deliberated on the matter, and, two days after, "humbly intreated the council, in sign of their perfect love and loyalty to prince and country, to accept ten thousand men, and thirty ships, amply furnished."

People who could give such signs as these of their loyalty were by no means to be misgoverned with impunity. The English in the sixteenth century were, beyond all doubt, a free people. They had not, indeed, the outward show of freedom ; but they had the reality. They had not as good a constitution as we have, but they had that without which the best constitution is as useless as the king's proclamation against vice and immorality, that which, without any constitution, keeps rulers in awe ; force, and the spirit to use it. A modern Englishman can hardly understand how the people can have had any real security for good government under kings who levied benevolences, and chid the House of Commons as they would have chid a pack of dogs. People do not sufficiently consider that, though the legal checks were feeble, the natural checks were strong. There was one great and effectual limitation on the royal authority, the knowledge that, if the patience of the nation were severely tried, the nation would put forth its strength, and that its strength would be found irresistible.

It has been said that the Tudors were as absolute as the Cæsars. Never was parallel so unfortunate. The government of the Tudors was the direct opposite to the government of Augustus and his successors. The Cæsars ruled despotically, by means of a great standing army, under the decent forms of a republican constitution. They called

themselves citizens. They mixed unceremoniously with other citizens. In theory they were only the elective magistrates of a free commonwealth. Instead of arrogating to themselves despotic power, they acknowledged allegiance to the senate. They were merely the lieutenants of that venerable body. They mixed in debate. They even appeared as advocates before the courts of law. Yet they could safely indulge in the wildest freaks of cruelty and rapacity, while their legions remained faithful.

Our Tudors, on the other hand, under the titles and forms of monarchical supremacy, were essentially popular magistrates. They had no means of protecting themselves against the public hatred; and they were therefore compelled to court the public favor. To enjoy all the state and all the personal indulgences of absolute power, to be adored with Oriental prostrations, to dispose at will of the liberty and even of the life of ministers and courtiers, this the nation granted to the Tudors. But the condition on which they were suffered to be the tyrants of Whitehall was that they should be the mild and paternal sovereigns of England. They were under the same restraints with regard to their people under which a military despot is placed with regard to his army. They would have found it as dangerous to grind their subjects with cruel taxation, as Nero would have found it to leave his prætorian guards unpaid.

The Tudors committed very tyrannical acts. But in their ordinary dealings with the people they were not, and could not safely be, tyrants. Some excesses were easily pardoned. For the nation was proud of the high and fiery blood of its magnificent princes, and saw, in many proceedings which a lawyer would even then have condemned, the

outbreak of the same noble spirit which so manfully hurled foul scorn at Parma and at Spain. But to this endurance there was a limit. If the government ventured to adopt measures which the people really felt to be oppressive, it was soon compelled to change its course.

When Henry the Eighth attempted to raise a forced loan of unusual amount by proceedings of unusual rigor, the opposition which he encountered was such as appalled even his stubborn and imperious spirit. The people, we are told, said that, if they were treated thus, "then were it worse than the taxes of France; and England should be bond, and not free." The county of Suffolk rose in arms. The king prudently yielded to an opposition which, if he had persisted, would, in all probability, have taken the form of a general rebellion. Towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, the people felt themselves aggrieved by the monopolies. The queen, proud and courageous as she was, shrank from precipitating a contest with the nation, and, with admirable sagacity, conceded all that her subjects had demanded, while it was yet in her power to concede with dignity and grace.



1. Superficial, divan, scrutiny, nonconformity, impunity, requisitions, allegiance, rapacity, prætorian, aggrieved, precipitating.

2. What is an "absolute monarchy"? What limit was there to Queen Elizabeth's power? What was the "Star Chamber"? the "Ecclesiastical Commission"? What were "trainbands"? When and for what purpose did Philip prepare the "Armada"? How is the English monarchy limited now?

CIX. PILGRIMS AND PATRIOTS.

GEORGE LUNT (1803-1885) was born in Newburyport, Mass., was educated at Harvard University, and entered upon the practice of law. His literary tastes led him to devote his leisure time to composition, and he wrote many poems of more than passing merit. His leading publications are "The Age of Gold" and "Lyric Poems."

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL (1795-1856) was born in Berlin, Connecticut, and educated at Yale University. His first book, containing "Prometheus," was well received. He practiced medicine successfully, but found time to help edit Webster's Dictionary, to prepare a "Report on the Geology of Connecticut," and to write many poems of spirit, freshness, and force.

I. PILGRIM SONG.

Over the mountain wave see where they come ;
Storm cloud and wintry wind welcome them home ;
Yet where the sounding gale howls to the sea,
There their song peals along, deep toned and free :
 "Pilgrims and wanderers hither we come ;
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home.

England hath sunny dales, dearly they bloom ;
Scotia hath heather hills, sweet their perfume ;
Yet through the wilderness cheerful we stray,
Native land, native land—home far away.

 Pilgrims and wanderers hither we come ;
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home."

Dim grew the forest path : onward they trod ;
Firm beat their noble hearts, trusting to God.
Gray men and blooming maids, high rose their song ;
Hear it sweep clear and deep ever along :

 "Pilgrims and wanderers hither we come ;
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home."

GEORGE LUNT.

II. THE GRAVES OF THE PATRIOTS.

Here rest the great and good. Here they repose
 After their generous toil. A sacred band,
 They take their sleep together, while the year
 Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,
 And gathers them again, as winter frowns.
 Theirs is no vulgar sepulcher—green sods
 Are all their monument, and yet it tells
 A nobler history than pillared piles,
 Or the eternal pyramids.

They need
 No statue nor inscription to reveal
 Their greatness. It is round them ; and the joy
 With which their children tread the hallowed ground
 That holds their venerated bones, the peace
 That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth
 That clothes the land they rescued—these, though mute,
 As feeling ever is when deepest,—these
 Are monuments more lasting than the fanes
 Reared to the kings and demigods of old.

No factious voice
 Called them unto the field of generous fame,
 But the pure consecrated love of home.
 No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes
 In all its greatness. It has told itself
 To the astonished gaze of awe-struck kings,
 At Marathon, at Bannockburn, and here,
 Where first our patriots sent the invaders back
 Broken and cowed.

James M. Prentiss

CX. THE CONSOLATIONS OF LITERATURE.



RUFUS CHOATE.

RUFUS CHOATE (1799-1859) was born in Massachusetts, graduated at Dartmouth College, and studied law. "He was a rapid, impetuous orator, whose eloquence was like the flood of a mountain river." In the Senate of the United States, as well as in the courts, he made a reputation as a thinker and speaker of great power. His speeches in Congress, and a few addresses on public occasions, show the vivid play of fancy, the wonderful gift of expression, and the breadth of understanding which characterized him.

I come to add the final reason why the working man—by whom I mean the whole brotherhood of industry—should set on mental culture and that knowledge which is wisdom, a value so high—only not supreme,—subordinate alone to the exercises and hopes of religion itself. And that is, that therein he shall so surely find rest from labor; succor under its burdens; forgetfulness of its cares; composure in its annoyances. It is not always that the busy day is followed by the peaceful night. It is not always that fatigue wins sleep.

Often some vexation outside of the toil that has exhausted the frame, some loss in a bargain, some loss by an insolvency, some unforeseen rise or fall of prices, some triumph of a mean or fraudulent competitor,

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes ;"

some self-reproach, perhaps, follow you within the door, chill the fireside, sow the pillow with thorns, and the dark care is lost in the last waking thought, and haunts the vivid dream.

Happy, then, is he who has laid up in youth, and has held fast in all fortune, a genuine and passionate love of reading. He recalls the annoyance that pursues him ; reflects that he has done all that might become a man to avoid or bear it ; he indulges in one good, long, human sigh, picks up the volume where the mark kept his place, and finds himself exploring the arrow-marked ruins of Nineveh with Layard ; or worshipping at the spring-head of the stupendous Missouri with Clarke and Lewis ; or watching with Columbus for the sublime moment of the rising of the curtain from before the great mystery of the sea ; or looking reverentially on while Socrates—the discourse of immortality ended—refuses the offer of escape, and takes in his hand the poison, to die in obedience to the unrighteous sentence of the law ; or, perhaps, it is in the contemplation of some vast spectacle or phenomenon of nature that he has found his quick peace—the renewed exploration of one of her great laws—or some glimpse opened by the pencil of St. Pierre, or Humboldt, or Chateaubriand, or Wilson, of the "blessedness and glory of her own deep, calm, and mighty existence."

Let the case of a busy lawyer testify to the priceless value of the love of reading. He comes home, his temples throbbing, his nerves shattered, from a trial of a week : surprised and alarmed by the charge of the judge, and pale with

anxiety about the verdict of the next morning, not at all satisfied with what he has done himself, though he does not yet see how he could have improved it; recalling with dread and self-disparagement, if not with envy, the brilliant effort of his antagonist, and tormenting himself with the vain wish that he could have replied to it—and altogether a very miserable subject, and in as unfavorable a condition to accept comfort from wife and children as poor Christian in the first three pages of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

With a superhuman effort he opens his book, and in the twinkling of an eye he is looking into the full "orb of Homeric or Miltonic song;" or he stands in the crowd breathless, yet swayed as forests or the sea by winds—hearing and to judge the "Pleadings for the Crown;" or the philosophy which soothed Cicero or Boethius in their afflictions, in exile, in prison, and the contemplation of death, breathes over his petty cares like the sweet south; or Pope or Horace laugh him into good humor, or he walks with Æneas and the Sibyl in the mild light of the world of the laureled dead,—and the courthouse is as completely forgotten as the dream of a preadamite life. Well may he prize that endeared charm, so effectual and safe, without which the brain had long ago been chilled by paralysis, or set on fire by insanity!

RUFUS CHOATE.

1. Culture, subordinate, annoyances, insolvency, fraudulent, contumely, phenomenon, self-disparagement, preadamite.

2. What is meant by literature? How will our books comfort us? Where is Nineveh? Who were Clarke and Lewis? How and why did Socrates die? What is "Homeric song"? Demosthenes's oration "Concerning the Crown" is said to have been Choate's model, and his sentences are nearly as long as those of Demosthenes. Who was the *Sibyl*?

CXI. THE SHANDON BELLS.

FRANCIS MAHONY (1804-1866) was born in Cork, Ireland. He published a remarkable series of papers in *Fraser's Magazine* under the title of "Reliques of Father Prout." He is best known, however, by his "Shandon Bells." His other writings show the same fond love for his native land.

With deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee,—
With thy bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming, full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine ;
While at a glib rate, brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music spoke naught like thine ;
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican ;
And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame :
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
Oh, the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee !

FRANCIS MAHONY.

CXII. THE YOUNG GEOLOGIST.

HUGH MILLER (1802-1856) was born at Cromarty, Scotland, and, after receiving the little education of a Scottish country-school, was apprenticed to a stone-mason. His sensations and discoveries while at work are beautifully told in this extract from "The Old Red Sandstone." At the beginning of his career as a workman he came near being ruined by the habit of drink, but his good sense led him to see his danger, and he "determined never again to sacrifice his capacity of intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage."

Most of his leisure time was spent in study, and he soon became a master of good English. Besides "The Old Red Sandstone," his principal works were "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," "The Footprints of the Creator," "The Testimony of the Rocks," and "My Schools and Schoolmasters"—all showing deep research and thoughtful observation, and expressed in clear and elegant English.

I.

It was twenty years last February since I set out a little before sunrise to make my first acquaintance with a life of labor and restraint, and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was but a thin, loose-jointed boy at the time—fond of the pretty intangibilities of romance, and of dreaming when broad awake; and, woful change! I was now going to work at what Burns had instanced in his "Twa Dogs" as one of the most disagreeable of all employments—to work in a quarry. Bating the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods—a reader of curious books when I could get them—a gleaner of old traditionary stories; and now I was going to exchange all my daydreams, and all my amusements, for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil.

The quarry in which I wrought lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay, or frith rather, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir wood on the other. It had been opened in the Old Red Sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away.

The friction of the shovel blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means severe, and I wrought hard, and willingly, that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks, and wedges, and levers were applied, but they all proved inefficient and the workmen had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder. The fragments flew in every direction; and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deep fissures to die. I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, more disposed to be sentimental, perhaps, than if I had been ten years older, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay by their tools. I looked up and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir wood beside us, and the long, dark shadows of the trees stretching downwards towards the shore.

The shore was heaped with rolled fragments of almost

every variety of rock,—basalt, ironstones, hyperstenes, porphyries, bituminous shales, and micaceous schists. Not the united labors of a thousand men for more than a thousand years could have furnished a better section of the geology of the district than this locality. In short, the young geologist, had he all Europe before him, could hardly have chosen for himself a better field. I had, however, no one to tell me so at the time, for geology had not yet traveled so far north: and so, without guide or vocabulary, I had to grope my way as I best might, and find out all its wonders for myself.

II.

In the course of the first day's employment, I picked up a nodular mass of blue limestone, and laid it open by a stroke of the hammer. Wonderful to relate, it contained inside a beautifully finished piece of sculpture—one of the volutes, apparently, of an Ionic capital; and not the far-famed walnut of the fairy-tale, had I broken the shell and found the little dog lying within, could have surprised me more. Was there another such curiosity in the whole world! I broke open a few other nodules of similar appearance—for they lay pretty thick on the shore—and found that there might be.

In one of these there were what seemed to be the scales of fishes, and the impression of a few minute bivalves, prettily striated; in the center of another there was actually a piece of decayed wood. Of all nature's riddles, these seemed to me to be at once the most interesting and the most difficult to expound.

I treasured them carefully up, and was told by one of the workmen to whom I showed them, that there was a part of the shore about two miles further to the west, where



curiously shaped stones, somewhat like the heads of boarding pikes, were occasionally picked up; and that in his father's day the country people called them thunderbolts, and deemed them of sovereign efficacy in curing bewitched cattle. I soon visited the place where the thunderbolts had fallen so thickly, and found it a richer scene of wonder than I could have fancied even in my dreams.

What first attracted my notice was a detached group of low lying skerries, wholly different in form and color from the sandstone cliffs above, or the primary rocks a little farther to the west. I found them composed of thin strata of limestone, alternating with thicker beds of a black slaty substance, which, as I ascertained in the course of the evening, burns with a powerful flame, and emits a strong bituminous odor. The layers into which the beds readily separate are hardly an eighth part of an inch in thickness, and yet on every layer there are the impressions of thousands and tens of thousands of the various fossils peculiar to the Lias.

We may turn over these wonderful layers, one after another, like the leaves of a herbarium, and find the pictorial records of a former generation on every page. Scallops, and graphites, and ammonites, of almost every variety peculiar to the formation, and at least two varieties of belemnite; twigs of wood, leaves of plants, cones of an extinct species of pine, bits of charcoal, and the scales of fishes; and, as if to render their pictorial appearance more striking, though the leaves of this interesting volume are of a deep black, most of the impressions are of a chalky whiteness.

I was lost in admiration and astonishment, and found my very imagination paralyzed by an assemblage of wonders that seemed to outrival, in the fantastic and the extravagant,

even its wildest conceptions. I passed on from ledge to ledge, like the traveler of the tale through the city of statues, and at length found one of the supposed *aërolites* I had come in quest of, firmly imbedded in a mass of shale. But I had skill enough to determine that it was other than what it had been deemed. I learned in time to call this stone a *belemnite*, and became acquainted with enough of its history to know that it once formed part of a variety of cuttlefish, long since extinct.

My first year of labor came to a close, and I found that the amount of my happiness had not been less than in the last of my boyhood. My knowledge, too, had increased in more than the ratio of former seasons; and as I had acquired the skill of at least the common mechanic, I had fitted myself for independence. The additional experience of twenty years has not shown me that there is any necessary connection between a life of toil and a life of wretchedness; and when I have found good men anticipating a better and a happier time than either the present or the past, the conviction that, in every period of the world's history, the great bulk of mankind must pass their days in labor, has not in the least inclined me to skepticism.

HUGH MILLER.

1. Intangibilities, traditionary, hyperstenes, porphyries, micaceous, schists, nodular, striated, skerries, herbarium. *aërolites*.

2. The Old Red Sandstone is one of the series of geological strata which compose the earth's crust. Can you mention others, either European or American? What is the difference between a "bay" and a "frith"? What is a "nodular mass"? an "Ionic capital"? What is a "belemnite"? Do you think that *work* is incompatible with man's happiness? Hugh Miller's career and his high intellectual attainments were striking illustrations of the dignity of labor.

CXIII. SHORT EXTRACTS FROM GREAT AUTHORS.

I. BACON.



FRANCIS BACON.

SIR FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626), born in London and educated at Cambridge, was a man of the highest learning and severest industry. Though a lawyer and a member of Parliament, he gave much time to philosophical pursuits, and wrote clearly, forcibly, and elegantly, in advance of his time. Bacon is regarded as one of the earliest apostles of inductive science. On account of the subjects treated by him, his writings are little known except to specialists who read his "Novum Organum" or his Essays in general. He was poor, and, for accepting bribes, was driven from office, and died in obscurity.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need of much cunning, to seem to know that which he doth not.

Poesy was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind by submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order.

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.

Mahomet made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled. Mahomet called the hill to come to him, again and again; and when the hill stood still he was never a whit abashed, but said, "If the hill will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will go to the hill."

St. Basil

II. ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719) was born in Wiltshire, England, educated at Oxford, and died in London. His simple prose style, "familiar but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious," is a model for all writers, but he contributed no great work to our literature. There is a vein of humor and pleasant satire, combined with an intelligent criticism, in his essays in the *Spectator*. His poems are accurate and polished, but lack the fire and fancy of the great masters. His "Vision of Mirza" shows more poetical imagination than his poems, while his tragedy of "Cato," abounding in great sentiments and sonorous diction, is "an imposing work of art with the majesty and lifelessness of a noble statue."



JOSEPH ADDISON.

Addison's friends describe him as a pleasant, lovable companion. His enemies say he was jealous, envious, and given to wine. The tone of all his writings supports the assertion of his friends.

I am always well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. Sunday clears away the rest of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village.

It must be so,—Plato, thou reasonest well !
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality ?
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into naught ? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us ;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

J. Addison,

III. BEGGARS.

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834) was born in London. He was a nervous, timid lad, eager to learn, but kept from college by an impediment in his speech. Insanity was hereditary in the family. His sister killed her mother, and he himself was for a time in an asylum. His first attempts at composition were failures, and his work attracted but little notice till he wrote his "Essays of Elia," in which he showed a fine poetical conception and a keen observation. Lamb was original, and a master of choice expression and critical taste, which, even in his happy puns and playful humor, kept him from being coarse. The quaint fancy of his essays is well shown in this extract.



CHARLES LAMB.

Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the beggar's robes, and graceful *insignia* of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court-mourning. He weareth all colors, fearing none. He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. He alone continueth in one stay. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuations of agricultural or commercial prosperity touch him not, or at worst but change his customers. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics. He is the only free man in the universe.

No one properly contemns a beggar. No one thinks of

weighing purses with him. He is not in the scale of comparison. He is not under the measure of property. He confessedly hath none, any more than a dog or a sheep. No one twitteth him with ostentation above his means. No one accuseth him of pride, or upbraideth him with mock humility. None jostle with him for the wall, or pick quarrels for precedence. No wealthy neighbor seeketh to eject him from his tenement. No man sues him. No man goes to law with him. If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captain, or a poor relation, I would choose, out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind, to be a beggar.

CHARLES LAMB.

IV. THE VALUE OF EDUCATION.



THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

search and thought, and in their strictly scientific conclusions are of great value.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825-1895) was born at Ealing, a suburb of London. His father was a schoolmaster, but gave the son little school training. He was quick to learn, but studied only when it pleased him. He studied medicine, and received an appointment in the English navy. While on duty he wrote his first scientific articles, one of which the Royal Society published. This brought him into notice, and he soon left the navy and began his work as a lecturer, teacher, and writer. His style is simple, plain, and severely exact. His works are filled with the results of original re-

Plato makes Socrates say that he should like to inculcate upon the citizens of his ideal state just one "*royal lie*."

“ ‘Citizens,’ we shall say to them in our tale, ‘You are brothers, yet God has framed you differently. Some of you have the power of command, and these He has composed of gold, wherefore also they have the greatest honor; others of silver, to be auxiliaries; others again, who are to be husbandmen and craftsmen, He has made of brass and iron; and the species will generally be preserved in the children. But as you are of the same original family, a golden parent will sometimes have a silver son, or a silver parent a golden son. And God proclaims to the rulers, as a first principle, that before all they should watch over their offspring, and see what elements mingle with their nature; for if the son of a golden or silver parent has an admixture of brass and iron, then nature orders a transposition of ranks, and the eye of the ruler must not be pitiful towards his child because he has to descend in the scale and become a husbandman or artisan; just as there may be others sprung from the artisan class, who are raised to honor, and become guardians and auxiliaries. For an oracle says that when a man of brass and iron guards the State, it will then be destroyed.’ ”

Time, whose tooth gnaws away everything else, is powerless against truth; and the lapse of more than two thousand years has not weakened the force of these wise words. Nor is it necessary that, as Plato suggests, society should provide functionaries expressly charged with the performance of the difficult duty of picking out the men of brass from those of silver and gold. Educate, and the latter will certainly rise to the top; remove all those artificial props by which the brass and iron folk are kept at the top, and, by a law as sure as that of gravitation, they will gradually sink to the bottom. We have all known noble lords who would have been coachmen, or gamekeepers, or

billiard-markers, if they had not been kept afloat by our social corks; we have all known men among the lowest ranks, of whom every one has said, "What might not that man have become, if he had only had a little education?"

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

CXIV. BEFORE, BEHIND, AND BEYOND.

ALFRED AUSTIN was born near Leeds, England, in 1835, and was educated at the University of London. He was called to the bar, but paid more attention to literature than to law. His principal books are "The Season; A Satire," "The Golden Age," "Interludes," and "The Human Tragedy." His poems are finished, delicately and often forcibly expressed, and full of earnest purpose and elevated thought. He was appointed Poet laureate of England in 1895.

O the sunny days before us, before us, before us !
When all was bright
From holt to height,
And the heavens were shining o'er us ;
When sound and scent, with vision blent,
Wingèd Hope, and perched Content,
Joys that came, and ills that went,
Seemed singing all in chorus.

O the dreary days behind us, behind us, behind us !
When all is dark,
And care and cark,
Or transient gleams remind us
Of fruitless sighs, averted eyes, ~
Baffled hopes, and loosened ties,
Pain that lingers, time that flies,
And the hot tears come and blind us.

Oh ! is there naught beyond us, beyond us, beyond us,
When all the dead,
The changed, the fled,
Will rise, and look as fond as
Ere Faith put out, and Love in rout,
Foes with vigor, friends without,
Pique and rancor, make us doubt
Hoc tolerare pondus ?

ALFRED AUSTIN.

CXV. A PRAYER OF MOSES.

THE NINETIETH PSALM.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.
Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou
hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting
to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction ; and sayest, Return, ye
children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday
when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood : they are as a
sleep ; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up ; in the
evening it is cut down and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath
are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in
the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath : we spend
our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten ; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow ; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

Oh, satisfy us early with thy mercy : that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us : and establish thou the work of our hands upon us ; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

FROM THE BIBLE.

CXVI. THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE (1802-1870) was born in Preston, Conn., and educated at Brown University. He was editor of the "Louisville Journal," which paper he made widely known and highly esteemed. He wrote as a partisan, but ably and forcefully, with keen satire and pungent wit. But little of his work has been preserved in book form. His poems shew an unusual power of imagination and description.

Gone ! gone for ever !—like a rushing wave
Another year has burst upon the shore
Of earthly being, and its last low tones,

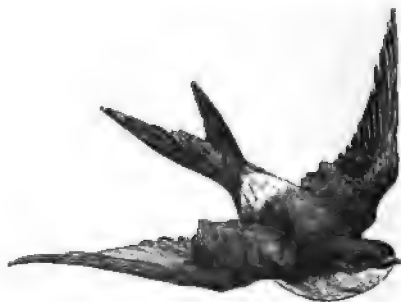
Wandering in broken accents in the air,
Are dying to an echo.

Yet, why muse
Upon the past with sorrow? Though the year
Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide
Of old Eternity, and borne along
Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
Of glory and of beauty—yet, why mourn
That such is destiny? Another year
Succeedeth to the past—in their bright round
The seasons come and go—the same blue arch
That hath hung o'er us will hang o'er us yet—
The same pure stars that we have loved to watch,
Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour,
Like lilies on the tomb of Day—and still
Man will remain, to dream as he hath dreamed,
And mark the earth with passion. Love will spring
From the lone tomb of old affections—Hope
And Joy and great Ambition will rise up
As they have risen—and their deeds will be
Brighter than those engraven on the scroll
Of parted centuries. Even now the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
Life's great events are heaving into birth,
Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
Of heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths
And struggling to be free.

Bright years of hope
And life are on the wing!—Yon glorious bow
Of Freedom, bended by the hand of God,

Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high arch,
A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud,
Tells that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,
Gathering the forms of glory and of peace,
Reflect the undimmed brightness of the heavens.

GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE.



PART II.

CONTAINING FAMILIAR PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE, SUITABLE FOR
READING AND DECLAMATION.

CXVII. EXCELSIOR.



The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device—
Excelsior!

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath ;
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright :
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior !

"Try not the pass," the old man said :
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead ;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior !

"Oh, stay !" the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast !"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !"
This was the peasant's last good-night ;
A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device—
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay ;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,—
Excelsior !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

CXVIII. COLUMBIA.

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and child of the skies !
Thy genius commands thee ; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime ;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire ;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire ;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm ; for a world be thy laws,
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause ;
On Freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the East see thy morn hide the beams of her star ;
New bards and new sages unrivaled shall soar
To fame unextinguished when time is no more ;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind ;
Here, grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend ;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire ;
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image, enstamped on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile on the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey ;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.
As the dayspring unbounded thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion, I pensively strayed,
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired ;
The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired ;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung,
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and the child of the skies."

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

CXIX. LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those

who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract.

The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain,—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom,—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

CXX. THE VAGABONDS.

We are two travelers, Roger and I.

Roger's my dog :—come here, you scamp !
Jump for the gentlemen,—mind your eye !

Over the table,—look out for the lamp !—
The rogue is growing a little old ;

Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept outdoors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you !

A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow !

The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle

(This outdoor business is bad for the strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings !

No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink ;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—
Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink !—
Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty too,—see him nod his head ?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk !
He understands every word that's said,—
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir !) even of my dog.
But he sticks by through thick and thin ;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving
To such a miserable, thankless master.
No, sir !—see him wag his tail and grin !
By George ! it makes my old eyes water !—
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter !

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem ! what a plague a cough is, sir !)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain !
Stand straight ! 'Bout face ! Salute your officer !
Put up that paw ! Dress ! Take your rifle !
(Some dogs have arms, you see !) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier !

March ! Halt ! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.

Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!
Some brandy,—thank you,—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink,—
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features—
You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures;
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife;
'Twas better for her that we should part,—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.

I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
On the dusty road, a carriage stopped;
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before— Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were,—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming.
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—
The sooner the better for Roger and me!

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

CXXI. THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells,—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night !
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight,—



Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.
Hear the mellow wedding bells,—
Golden bells !
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight !
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!
Hear the loud alarum bells,—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad exostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang and clash and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,

By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,—
Of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
Bells, bells, bells!
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells.
Hear the tolling of the bells,—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people,—ah, the people,—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone,—
They are neither man nor woman,—
They are neither brute nor human,—
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,
A pæan from the bells.
And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells.
And he dances and he yells ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells,—
 Of the bells :
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
 To the sobbing of the bells ;
Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
 To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
 Bells, bells, bells,—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Edgar A Poe

**CXXII. SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS
ON ADOPTING THE DECLARATION OF
INDEPENDENCE.**

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish ; I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But

“There’s a Divinity that shapes our ends.”

The injustice of England has driven us to arms ; and, blinded to her own interest, for *our* good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the

Declaration? Is any man so weak, as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or security to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair; is not he, our venerable colleague, near you; are you not both, already, the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what *are* you, what *can* you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port-Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I *know* we do not mean to submit. We *NEVER shall submit!* Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defense of American liberty,—may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us; which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us, on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct toward us has been a course of injustice

and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a *civil* to a *national* war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, if we are true to them, will carry *us*, and will carry *themselves*, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,—and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see—I see clearly through this day's business. *You* and *I*, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to see the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so—be it so.

If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the *hope* of a country, and that a **FREE** country. But, whatever may be our fate, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both.

Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears,—copious, gushing tears; not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I *have*, all that I *am*, and all that I *hope* for in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it: and I leave off, as I began—sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my *living* sentiment; and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my *dying* sentiment—Independence *now!* and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

CXXIII. RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

I. THE ALBATROSS.

It is an Ancient Mariner,
 And he stoppeth one of three:
 “By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
 Now wherefore stopp’st thou me?
 The Bridegroom’s doors are opened wide,
 And I am next of kin;
 The guests are met, the feast is set—
 May’st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny hand :
 " There was a ship," quoth he.
" Hold off ! unhand me, graybeard loon !"—
 Eftsoons his hand dropt he.
He holds him with his glittering eye—
 The Wedding Guest stood still ;
He listens like a three-years' child :
 The Mariner hath his will.
The Wedding Guest sat on a stone—
 He cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner :
" The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared ;
 Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the lighthouse top.
The sun came up upon the left,
 Out of the sea came he ;
And he shone bright, and on the right
 Went down into the sea ;
Higher and higher every day,
 Till over the mast at noon—"
The Wedding Guest here beat his breast,
 For he heard the loud bassoon.
The Bride hath paced into the hall—
 Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads before her goes
 The merry minstrelsy.
The Wedding Guest he beat his breast,
 Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner :
" And now the storm-blast came, and he
 Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck us with o'ertaking wings,
 And chased us south along.

" And now there came both mist and snow.

And it grew wondrous cold;

And ice, mast-high, came floating by,

As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts

Did send a dismal sheen :

Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—

The ice was all between.

" The ice was here, the ice was there,

The ice was all around :

It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,

Like noises in a swound !

At length did cross an Albatross—

Thorough the fog it came :

As if it had been a Christian soul,

We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,

And round and round it flew.

The ice did split with a thunder-fit ;

The helmsman steered us through.

" And a good south wind sprung up behind ;

The Albatross did follow,

And every day, for food or play,

Came to the mariner's hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,

It perched for vespers nine ;

Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,

Glimmered the white moonshine."

" God save thee, Ancient Mariner !

From the fiends that plague thee thus !—

Why look'st thou so ?"—" With my cross-bow

I shot the Albatross."

II. THE CALM AT SEA.

" The sun now rose upon the right ;

Out of the sea came he,

Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.
And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo !

" The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free :
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.
Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down—
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.
All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

" Day after day, day after day,
We stuck—nor breath nor motion—
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.
Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.
About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night ;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

" And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.
Ah, well-a-day ! What evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung."

III. THE PROSPEROUS GALE AND THE RETURN.

"O sleep ! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given !
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.
"The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
And when I awoke it rained.
My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.
I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessèd ghost.
"And soon I heard a roaring wind ;
It did not come anear,
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sear.
The upper air burst into life ;
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about,
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

“ And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge,
And the rain poured down from one black cloud—
The moon was at its edge.
The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side :
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag—
A river steep and wide.
The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze up blew ;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do.
“ Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing ;
Sometimes all little birds that are—
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !
And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.
“ It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,—
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.
Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe ;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.
Under the keel, nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow
The spirit slid ; and it was he
That made the ship to go.

Now swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

“ O dream of joy ! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see ?
Is this the hill ? Is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?
We drifted o’er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray,
‘ Oh, let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep away.’ ”

IV. THE SHRIFT OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

“ And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land !
The hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.
‘ Oh, shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !’—
The hermit crossed his brow.
‘ Say quick,’ quoth he, ‘ I bid thee say,
What manner of man art thou ?’

“ Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale,
And then it left me free.
Since then, at an uncertain hour
That agony returns ;
And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns.
I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me—
To him my tale I teach.

“What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding guests are there;
But in the garden-bower the Bride
And Bridemaids singing are;
And hark! the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!
O Wedding Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea—
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

“Oh, sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company—
To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends—
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

“Farewell! farewell! But this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding Guest:
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the Wedding Guest
Turned from the Bridegroom's door.
He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

CXXIV. THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.
Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.
For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.
And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.
And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.
And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail ;
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

BYRON.

CXXV. THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat—



He earns whate'er he can ;
He looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow—
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.
And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly,
Like chaff from a threshing floor.
He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,—
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.
It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies :
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.
Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.
Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

LONGFELLOW.

CXXVI. AN APPEAL TO ARMS.

It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past; and, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not: it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves! These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask, gentlemen, what means this martial array if its purpose be not to force us into submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? We have been trying that for the last ten

years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light in which it was capable; but it has all been in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, deceive ourselves longer! We have done every thing that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves at the foot of the throne, and implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak,—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not

fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone: it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest.

There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and let it come!—I repeat it, sir, let it come! It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, “Peace, peace!” but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

PATRICK HENRY.

CXXVII. IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land
of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre!

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord the
King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his
rein;

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry: "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-
day;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;
And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white—

Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high; unfurl it wide,—that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His church
such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest points of
war,

Fling the red shreds, a foot-cloth meet for Henry of Navarre!

Ho, maidens of Vienna! Ho, matrons of Lucerne!

Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return!

Ho, Philip! send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,

That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's
souls!

Ho, gallant nobles of the League! look that your arms be bright!

Ho, burghers of Saint Genevieve! keep watch and ward to-night!

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the
slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;

And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

MACAULAY.

CXXVIII. THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom from her mountain height

Unfurled her standard to the air,

She tore the azure robe of night,

And set the stars of glory there;

She mingled with its gorgeous dyes

The milky baldric of the skies,

And striped its pure, celestial white

With streakings of the morning light;

Then from his mansion in the sun

She called her eagle-bearer down,

And gave into his mighty hand

The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud !

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
Child of the sun ! to thee 'tis given,

To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on ;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance ;
And when the cannon-mouthings loud,
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,

And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean's wave,
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave :
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,

And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given !
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet !

Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

CXXIX. BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
But hush ! hark !—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !
Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined !
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier, than before !
Arm ! arm ! it is—it is the cannon's opening roar !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;



And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated—who could guess
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, " The foe ! They come ! they come !"
And wild and high the " Cameron's Gathering " rose !
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's, fame rings in each clansman's ears.
And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.
Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay ;
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife—
The morn, the marshaling in arms—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent !

CXXX. NATIONAL GLORY.

We are asked, what have we gained by the war? I have shown that we have lost nothing either in rights, territory, or honor; nothing for which we ought to have contended, according to the principles of the gentlemen on the other side, or according to our own. Have we gained nothing by the war? Let any man look at the degraded condition of this country before the war—the scorn of the universe, the contempt of ourselves,—and tell me if we have gained nothing by the war. What is our present situation? Respectability and character abroad; security and confidence at home. If we have not obtained, in the opinion of some, the full measure of retribution, our character and constitution are placed on a solid basis, never to be shaken.

The glory acquired by our gallant tars on the sea, by our Jacksons and our Browns on the land,—is that nothing? True, we had our vicissitudes: there are humiliating events which the patriot cannot review without deep regret; but the great account, when it comes to be balanced, will be found vastly in our favor. Is there a man who would obliterate from the proud pages of our history, the brilliant achievements of Jackson, Brown, and Scott, and the host of heroes on land and sea whom I cannot enumerate? Is there a man who could not desire a participation in the national glory acquired by the war? Yes, national glory, which, however the expression may be condemned by some, must be cherished by every genuine patriot.

What do I mean by national glory? Glory such as Hull, Jackson, and Perry have acquired. And are gentlemen insensible to their deeds, to the value of them in animating the country in the hour of peril hereafter? Did the battle of Thermopylæ preserve Greece but once? While the Mississippi River continues to bear the tributes of the Iron mountains and the Alleghanies to her delta and to the Gulf of Mexico, the eighth of January shall be remembered; and the glory of that day shall stimulate future patriots and heroes, and nerve the arms of unborn freemen, in driving the presumptuous invader from our country's soil.

Gentlemen may boast of their insensibility to feelings inspired by the contemplation of such events. But I would ask, does the recollection of Bunker Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown afford no pleasure? Every act of noble sacrifice for the country, every instance of patriotic devotion to her cause, has its beneficial influence. A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds: they constitute one common patrimony,—the country's inheritance. They awe foreign powers: they arouse and animate our own people. I love true glory. It is this sentiment which ought to be cherished; and, in spite of cavils, and sneers, and attempts to put it down, it will rise triumphant, and finally conduct this nation to that height to which nature and nature's God destined it.

HENRY CLAY.

CXXXI. JOHN GILPIN'S RIDE.

John Gilpin was a citizen of credit and renown;
A trainband captain eke was he, of famous London town.
John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—"Though wedded we have
been

These twice ten tedious years, yet we no holiday have seen.
To-morrow is our wedding day, and we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton, all in a chaise and pair.
My sister and my sister's child, myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride on horseback after we."

The morning came, the chaise was stayed where they did all get in—
Six precious souls, and all agog to dash through thick and thin.
Smack went the whip, round went the wheels—were never folks
so glad;

The stones did rattle underneath as if Cheapside were mad.
Now see John Gilpin mounted high upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones with caution and good heed!
Then stooping down, because from fear he could not sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands, and eke with all his
might.

His horse, who never in that sort had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got did wonder more and more.
Away went Gilpin, neck or naught; away went hat and wig;
He little dreamed when he set out of running such a rig.
The wind did blow—the cloak did fly, like streamer long and gay;
Till loop and button failing both, at last it flew away.
The dogs did bark, the children screamed, up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out "Well done!" as loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he? His fame soon spread around—
"He carries weight! he rides a race! 'Tis for a thousand pound!"
And still as fast as he drew near, 'twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men their gates wide open threw.
Thus all through merry Islington these gambols did he play,
Until he came unto the Wash of Edmonton so gay.
At Edmonton his loving wife e'en from the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much to see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house," they all at once did
cry;

"The dinner waits, and we are tired:"—said Gilpin,—
"So am I!"
But yet his horse was not a whit inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house full ten miles off, at Ware.
Away went Gilpin, out of breath, and sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's his horse at last stood still.
The calender, amazed to see his neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate, and thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell; tell me you must
and shall—

Say why bareheaded you are come, or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit, and loved a timely joke;

And thus unto the calender in merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come; and, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,—they are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find his friend in merry pin,

Returned him not a single word, but to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;—a wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear—each comely in its kind.
He held them up, and in his turn thus showed his ready wit—



“My head is twice as big as yours, they therefore needs must fit.
But let me scrape the dirt away that hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may be in a hungry case.”

Said John, "It is my wedding day, and all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton, and I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said, "I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for *your* pleasure you came here—you shall go back for
mine."

Ah, luckless speech and bootless boast, for which he paid full dear!
For, while he spake, a braying ass did sing most loud and clear;
Whereat his horse did snort, as he had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might, as he had done before.
Away went Gilpin, and away went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,—for why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw her husband posting down
Into the country far away, she pulled out half a crown;
And thus unto the youth she said, that drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours when you bring back my husband safe and
well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet John coming back amain—
Whom in a trice he tried to stop by catching at his rein;
But not performing what he meant, and gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more, and made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss the lumbering of his wheels.
Six gentlemen upon the road, thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear, they raised the hue and cry:
"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"—not one of them was
mute;

And all and each that passed that way did join in the pursuit.
And now the turnpike gates again flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before, that Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it, too, for he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up he did again get down.
Now let us sing, "Long live the king! and, Gilpin, long live he!
And when he next doth ride abroad, may I be there to see!"

CXXXII. RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

FRIENDS !

I come not here to talk. You know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves !
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves ! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave : not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
To crimson glory and undying fame ;
But base, ignoble slaves ! slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages,
Strong in some hundred spearmen ; only great
In that strange spell,—a name.

Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini ; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian !

Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor ? men, and wash not
The stain away in blood ? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,
I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy : there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple.

How I loved
That gracious boy ! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once, and son ! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheek,—a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
That pretty, harmless boy was slain ! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance ! Rouse ye, Romans !—rouse ye, slaves !
Have ye brave sons ? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die ! Have ye fair daughters ? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored ; and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash !

Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
Of beauty ruled the world ! And we are Romans !
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king ! And once again,—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus !—once again I swear,
The Eternal City shall be free.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES TO PART II.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT (1752-1817) was born in Northampton, Mass. He was graduated at Yale College, and, after many years passed as teacher, superintendent of schools, and preacher, in various places, he accepted the presidency of his Alma Mater. During his service at Yale for nearly twenty-one years he established new professorships, changed the course of study, obtained gifts of money, and made the college second to none in America. He wrote several ambitious poems, and his discourses and lectures fill many volumes; but he is best known by his patriotic verses, of which the selection given in this book, on page 485, is a specimen.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809-1865) was born in Hardin County, Kentucky. His father was an ignorant backwoodsman. His mother was better educated than her neighbors. Lincoln's boyhood was passed in the wilder regions of Indiana, where there were few opportunities to gain an education, and when he was twenty-one he "could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three; but that was all." Still the circumstances of his early life served to strengthen the essential elements of true greatness, and to develop those qualities that fitted him for the work afterwards assigned him. He was industrious and unassuming, and his pleasant, humorous manner

made him a universal favorite. He always believed in himself, and from his earliest boyhood told his friends, more in earnest than in sport, that he should some day be President of the United States. When he was twenty-one he went to Illinois, where for a few years he worked at rail-splitting and at other jobs for the farmers. His abilities soon obtained for him an election to the Legislature, where he served for three successive terms. During all this time he was preparing himself, by the study of

authors and of law, for still greater work. In 1834 his public career began, and from that time till his death he rose gradually through the various grades of public life until he reached the highest place in the gift of the people. As a man Lincoln was one of the grandest products of American civilization. As a lawyer, his love of justice and fair play, combined with his ability to see the strong points in a case and to present them with great simplicity and directness, placed him among the first in his profession. As a "Servant of the People," it was his work to preserve the nation that George Washington erected, and he did this with a wisdom, an ability, and a spotless integrity that seemed a special providence. His assassination by J. Wilkes Booth, soon after his second inauguration as President, moved the entire nation with a grief that would not be comforted, and North and South alike wept for the friend, statesman, and man, whose name and fame will endlessly remain fixed, like those of Washington, in the hearts of the great American People.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, born at Ogden, N.Y., in 1827, is an attractive and instructive writer for young folks as well as for "children of an older growth." His stories and poems are characterized by a simplicity and naturalness that have caused them to be widely read and universally esteemed. He first gained a reputation, under the signature of "Paul Creyton," as a writer of stories for the young. "Cudjo's Cave" and "The Three Scouts" added to his popularity. His poems are carefully finished, thoughtful, and full of pathos. The selection from his writings used in this book (page 487)



JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

has never been surpassed in its kind. Mr. Trowbridge is a man of great culture, a kindly gentleman, a pleasant friend, and a genial companion.



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849) was born in Boston and died at Baltimore. His parents were strolling players, and died when he was a mere child. His adopted father did everything he could to make him a true man, but utterly failed. Poe was expelled from school and from college. He enlisted in the army and deserted. He was given to dissipation in many forms, and this ruined a genius that would otherwise have placed his name among the first. His prose tales are powerful, but morbid and gloomy, and his poems were colored by a diseased imagination, influenced by his ruined health. "The Raven" is as

original and striking a poem as America has produced, but shows in every line the morbid fancies of disease. "The Bells" (page 490) is brighter and more cheerful, while showing equal power.

PATRICK HENRY (1736-1799) was a native of Virginia. He tried mercantile life, farming, and the practice of law, without success, and was unknown outside of his own circle of friends until he advocated the cause of the people against an unpopular tax. This stirred his inner nature and brought out his undeveloped talent, and his wonderful eloquence placed him among the first orators of the day. (See page 508.) He was prominent in opposition to the claims of England, and, whether in the Legislature of his own State or in Congress, spoke with a patriotic zeal and boldness that swept away all opposition.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE (1795-1820) was born in New York City. He was educated at Columbia College, and studied medicine. He was a regular contributor to periodicals before he was sixteen years old, and his verses show a delicate fancy and an artistic skill that are unusual at his age. "The Culprit Fay" is his longest poem, purely imaginative and without the aid of human characters. His last and most spirited poem was "The American Flag," given on page 512.

HENRY CLAY (1777-1852) was a native of Virginia. He served his state and the nation with great ability and success, as Representative, Senator, and, at the close of the war of 1812, Commissioner to Europe. He was an earnest advocate of that war, and a conspicuous leader in the attempts to banish European influence from the American continent. Greeley classes him as one of the great triumvirate of American Senators. Aside from his eloquent speeches, Clay is best known as the author of the "Missouri Compromise" and the "Omnibus Measure" of 1850. He died at Washington.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD (1787-1855) was born at Alresford, Hampshire, England. The popular character of her writings soon gave her great success. Many of her tales and sketches are widely read, but she is best known in this country by selections from her dramatic works, which show much ability.

TEACHER'S NOTES.

The work in this grade is of no less importance, to say the least, than that of any preceding grade. It may be made of even greater value by a good teacher, since the defects and weaknesses of previous training should here be remedied, while at the same time the pupil is being so impressed through the teacher's personality with the lessons he reads, as to prefer the best in literature. It is not deemed desirable to take up every lesson here and outline the work in it, since that would require many pages. The thoughtful teacher can, with the few following suggestions, adapt the work to the class better than it could otherwise be done.

1. *Articulation*.—A few sounds will doubtless be incorrectly given by the class. Drill on these sounds in the table until the defect is overcome.

2. *Breathing*.—Practice the breathing exercises several times a week, in order to strengthen the lungs and clear the voice.

3. *Thought and Style*.—Be careful to have each piece read first, so as to apprehend the thought and the style of the author. To aid in this, the list of words to be spelled and defined should be thoroughly gone over, and the meaning given as used in the lesson.

4. *Poetic Form and Figures of Speech*.—A careful study of the figures of speech and of poetic form, and their application to each

lesson, will be of great advantage in aiding the pupils to understand the author's style and to compare the different styles of various writers.

5. *Prefixes and Suffixes*.—Do not neglect to trace the roots of words and their connected meanings; and do not fail to consider the values of the prefixes and suffixes, as shown in the Table on page xli. -

6. *Elocution and Gestures*.—Elocutionary reading, when it becomes acting, is out of place in a schoolroom. But elocution, covering the principles of proper reading as taught in the preliminary matter in this book, cannot be too thoroughly practiced. Where the exercise is learned, and declaimed or recited, action and gestures become eminently proper. These are both provided for, and should be constantly taught.

7. A series of written question-forms covering the above should be prepared by every teacher in such a way as to be adapted to the different lessons. An outline of these questions is given below as a suggestion.

I. Is the lesson Prose or Poetry? How do you know?

II. Who is the author? In what age did he live? What books did he write? Which of his works have you read? Do you like this extract? What is it about? Is there any part of it you do not understand? Can you tell anything more about the author?

III. To what class of poetry (Epic, Lyric, Dramatic, etc.) or prose (Essay, History, Tale, etc.) does this selection belong? If poetry, dwell on the "feet" and connect the reading with the length of syllables; find the cæsura, the rhetorical pauses, etc.

IV. What rhetorical pauses are in the — paragraph?

V. Should the — paragraph (or stanza) be read fast or slow, high or low, etc.?

VI. What is the suffix in —? Its meaning? What is the root of the word? In what other words do you find it?

VII. What figures of speech are used in — paragraph? Express the same thought *directly*. Which is the more pleasing mode of expressing it?

VIII. Analyze the piece, following the suggestive questions at the end of the lesson. Question on the meaning, form, etc.

IX. When the subject proves of extended interest, take it in a second lesson as a topic for conversation. Have each pupil outline brief headings of ideas, from which to talk or write about the topic; and, in some cases, make it a Composition Subject later.



